How George Edwards "Scrapped" Religion

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How George Edwards Scrapped Religion

By

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"A REFUTATION OF AGNOSTICISM"
"REVISED DARWINISM" ETC.

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Foreword

THE scene of the following story is laid in the closing years of the last century when the theory of evolution was at its highest ebb as a tidal effect. Whatever disturbances there have been since that period have been merely manufactured tempests—Ariel-Prospero storms—which, with all their dire threatenings and dread lightnings, have harmed no one. For since the days of Darwin, in spite of all the boastings to the contrary, not a single tittle of proof has been added to his theory. That this is so, is shown from the fact that when closely cornered, the present-day evolutionist invariably appeals to Darwin. Hence, the contentions of the present volume are as efficacious as if the scene was laid in the year 1923.

It may be added that this is frankly a novel with a purpose, and those who are frightened by the term would do well to avoid opening the book.

CHAPTER I

Introductory

"HOW did you find Mrs. Edwards, this morning?" inquired Father Ramsay's niece, in phrase somewhat ambiguous, as she looked in at the door of her uncle's study, on her way down street to do her morning shopping for the little clerical household.

The question was an inquiry concerning the health of an invalid, and did not raise in the mind of either questioner or questioned — as possibly it may have done in the mind of the reader — any notion whatever of discovery of anybody missing — either lost, strayed or stolen — made by Father Ramsay in the course of his morning ramble.

Father Ramsay raised a fine intellectual face, still youthful, from the newspaper whose columns he was scanning with evident interest, and replied in like ambiguous terms.

"I found her much weaker than on any previous visit, but," he added after a slight pause, "that symptom would not greatly alarm me, were it not that it is accompanied by great mental depression. Low physical condition attended by lowness of spirits does not warrant very flattering hopes on the part of Mrs. Edwards' friends."

He spoke manifestly with the deepest interest; and while speaking, the shadow of serious — and even troubled — thought gathered on the handsome face. It was evidently a case of illness that touched the pastor more deeply than the ordinary sick call.

"Do you think her depression is due to her prolonged illness; or is it because she has given up all hope of recovery?"

And the same anxious shade of feeling was easily detected in the niece's voice, although there could be easily perceived also an ineffectual effort to conceal it.

"To neither." was the quick response. "Mrs. Edwards, as you know, has borne her illness with the most edifying patience and resignation — fortitude and cheerfulness would express it better. Neither sickness nor death has any terrors for her."

"I wish we could devise some means of reviving her spirits," said the niece in a half-meditative way, which showed that she had been listening with less interest to his last remark than to his first. She was now evidently more engrossed with her own thoughts than with what her uncle was saying.

There is just one person in the world who could do that — and," after a slight pause, "he is the last person in the world who is likely to do it. It is safe to say that within six months Mrs. Edwards will be sleeping beneath the turf in Goshen cemetery, and when the stone is erected over her grave, it might be truthfully inscribed 'Died of a broken heart!' "

He spoke with deep feeling. There was neither anger nor indignation in either voice or manner. But voice and inflexion indicated plainly an infinite regret at what was evidently a deplorable situation in the opinion of Father Ramsay. He appeared like a man who is contemplating a hopeless problem — an unaccountable and irremediable error somewhere on the part of some one. Yet so quiet and subdued was the feeling of Father Ramsay that it was very evident the unmentioned cause of the whole difficulty was not going to receive even severe censure at his hands. The secret of the trouble, plainly enough, lay not in any act of malice on the part of anyone. Rather would a stranger gather from tone, speech, look and gesture, that there had been a deplorable misunderstanding, wrongheadedness, even fatuity, somewhere;

but that Father Ramsay was pleased to lean to the side of pity for the evil doer.

The niece evidently understood him.

"When is he expected?" she inquired in a voice from which she tried in vain to exclude every sentiment but that of the most ordinary altruistic interest.

"They expect him soon — almost any day. I find a paragraph, however, in the morning paper announcing that he lectured last night at Bleston on his new subject." This time there was a slight shade of hardly disguised disgust discernible in the tone.

"George?", she exclaimed in consternation, and with a rising inflection on the word which was half exclamation, half inquiry.

"George!" And the emphatic answer was quite as laconic; but he now turned and scanned the face of his relative on which was plainly written, in a pallor which had driven every vestige of color from it, the sudden shock and horror which his intelligence imparted.

Father Ramsay noticed it and made some attempt to nullify the effect of his words, but his niece, Rose Ramsay, had already disappeared in the flood of radiant sunlight that awaited her on the threshold.

It was one of those ravishing autumn mornings when the hills are ablaze with foliage and the quivering sunbeams can be seen sinuous and trembling, dancing against the azure of the sky, and among the browns, grays, crimsons and yellows of branch and field and tinted leaf; while the blinding sunshine envelopes hill and vale, city and pastoral scene in a sheen of radiant glory such as we fail to find at any other season.

But Rose Ramsay heeded not the glorious sunshine nor the brilliant hues with which it had painted leaf and flower, nor the busy squirrels that seemed to chase each other around the barks of the oaks, and hickories, and elms of the shaded

street. Even the glory of the maples was lost upon her as she moved mechanically beneath their branches, which, in the hot glow of the late autumnal sun, gave so cooling and grateful a shade. Like one in a dream she glided noiselessly as she took the diagonal path through the park, heedless of the glory which the sunlight and foliage had painted against the background of the blue sky above her head. Automatically she gave her orders at the different stores. The susceptible new clerk at the grocery, usually so spellbound by her beauty that he was constantly getting her orders topsyturvy, and so flustered by her presence that he could never muster up sufficient courage to look her directly in the face, felt today, somehow, that he could safely attempt the impossible without being struck blind by the gaze. It was — he told one of his friends later — as though the sun had been thinly veiled by a silvery cloud and you could follow its outline without being completely dazzled, and get some notion of the contour of her face with its wondrous beauty. Now for the first time he could safely say whether her face was round, or long, or oval. Not that a cloud rested upon it; but a sadness sweet and ineffably tender seemed to wrap it like a veil of gossamer which revealed instead of hiding its perfect outline.

Something like a sigh escaped her as she turned at last, all her errands disposed of, to enter the pleasant, well-shaded avenue that led back to the rectory. The thoughts which had been held in abeyance until now — buried beneath the more immediate and imperative demands of her numerous homely errands, now that these were removed — came to the surface clamoring for a hearing, and she found herself squarely facing the reality of her life which she never before had dared to bring directly before her.

"Yes. Father Ramsay was right. There was no doubt of it. Mrs. Edwards was rapidly sinking into her grave and George was the cause of it. His mother was, as Father Ramsay had said, actually dying of a broken heart — and

George was the indubitable cause. Was his mother's the only heart George was breaking?"

Rose Ramsay did not ask herself this question; but the feeling at her heart answered it for her without the asking. An inexpressible sadness swept over her. Her footsteps seemed to drag on the pavement from the very weight of her heart; and of all the glorious sunlight that wrapped her round, not one single ray penetrated to her heart.

On her way back to the rectory she slipped quietly into the church and dropped into her wonted place of private devotion before the great altar. Long did she remain semi-prostrate, her head buried in her hands. Her light figure did not sway, but from time to time it trembled violently as if shaken by convulsions, and now and then a sob shook her frame. The heaving chest showed the depth of her emotion. An occasional sigh told of the great grief that weighed upon her heart. At last, however, the tremulous form regained its composure. The buried face was now raised from the open palms. The troubled spirit had evidently conquered its agitation, for the frame shook no longer. In fact it now had become motionless with the rigidity of a stature. The countenance was tranquil; the eye was serene; the gaze was riveted upon the tabernacle; the whole figure betokened peace, calmness, and sweetness; but a heart tragedy had occupied that brief half hour during which she knelt before the tabernacle. There had been there an altar and a sacrifice — one of those unseen, hidden sacrifices which are so common in the world — one of those acts of self-immolation where the uplifted axe is stayed by no angel hand but is buried in the Isaac of the heart's best hopes and longings, and where the lifeblood of youth's love flows freely even to the last drop. During these sacrificial moments before the altar she had laid down all her dreams and hopes for life's best happiness. All her joy in this world she laid upon the altar of affection. Yes! Let God take all from her; but let George who had broken his

mother's heart; and who, but, perhaps, for her act of self-immolation, would have broken hers also — let George but he restored to God—to religion. There was sweetness, too, in this act of self-sacrifice, and although the heart ached and pained quite keenly, there was evidently there the application of a soothing balm which blunted the unbearable sharpness of the edge.

Had the grocer's clerk but seen her now as she rose from her knees and made her genuflection before the high altar before leaving the church, he might have safely gazed upon her features without fear of blinding. The dazzling brilliancy of her beauty seemed to have disappeared although the beauty itself unmistakably remained; but it was a spiritual look that was now on her face. The outlines were all still there; but the piquancy had departed. The light that shone in her countenance had the look rather of heaven than of earth. When she entered the church she was almost forced to grope her way blindly. She had almost tottered as she moved towards the high altar. But now her step was firm and light, though not quite as elastic, as it had been one month ago. Peace, calmness, resignation reigned — quite evidently — in her soul. She made her way back quietly to the rectory, went directly to the kitchen for a conference with Father Ramsay's housekeeper in commissariats and household plans, and discussed matters with Margaret as calmly as if there had been no priestess or victim before the altar a few moments before.

Margaret, in whose esteem Rose held a place scarcely second to that of Father Ramsay, himself, at once perceived the change that had come over Miss Ramsay. She was a prudent matron, however, and kept her thoughts to herself; but now and then she stole sidelong glances at Rose — glances of awe and reverence now rather than of admiration. The new light on Miss Ramsay's face, which was now pale and almost transfigured, gave her, she said after-

wards, the impression "of marble statuary in a soft, white, ethereal light." And when later that same day Matilda Travers came in, as was her wont, with her usual budget of parish gossip, and, among the items began to discuss Rose's future prospects, telling that every one remarked how attentive to Miss Ramsay, the young millionaire, Bernard Brady, tried to be, and how the famous Judge Keogh had become almost daft about her, Margaret's somewhat confident remark was: "I'm thinking they'll wait a bit; and my advice to them would be to look elsewhere, for if I'm not very much mistaken, Miss Rose has made her choice already" — the premises on which this sage and logical conclusion was built being nothing more or less than Rose's remarkably changed appearance and her quiet but impressive manner during the preceding interview. Margaret's woman's wits, long experience, and careful observation, quiet though they were, often led her to draw more accurate conclusions than were often reached by the most logical reasoners. While Margaret was quietly observing all this, however, and drawing her own conclusions almost unconsciously, her only remark at present was:

"Father Ridgeway and a strange priest are with Father Ramsay in his study and Father Shairp has returned from his trip. I presume they will both stay to dinner," she added, viewing their visit from her own domestic standpoint and its relation to the culinary department.

"I am so glad that Father Shairp has returned. He always carries so much sunshine with him, and his absence always makes Frank despondent," replied Rose, ignoring altogether the prandial problem suggested by Margaret.

"Yes, and Father Ridgeway always tells such good stories. I am sure Father (this was Margaret's usual way of designating Father Ramsay; no matter how many other reverend fathers there might happen to be in question, he was always "Father" by way of pre-eminence) always

seems to be a different man when he has him with him. I always like to hear his ringing laugh in the dining room.'' Evidently if there was worry in the kitchen about unexpected guests for dinner, it was not without its attendant compensations.

''His stories *are* very good'' (with the emphasis on the *are*) rejoined Rose picking up her handbag as if to go; ''but all the same, few can equal Father Shairp in his original sallies. His wit is unexcelled.''

Whatever the difference of opinion there might be about the wit or the stories, an explosion of laughter in three-part harmony, came just then from the direction of the library, Father Ramsay's part being a slight suggestion of falsetto, as if a serious man had been startled into laughter unwarned.

''I suppose Father Ridgeway has been telling one of his stories,'' said the elder woman, at the same time making a somewhat quick movement in the direction of her pots and kettles, as who should say; jokes and laughter are all right in their way, but they are also sure to sharpen the appetite. Margaret was proceeding to describe the ''strange'' priest who had accompanied Father Ridgeway, when our most inconvenient convenience, and most impertinent of servants, which respects neither person, place nor occasion, and which, like conscience, will not be put off without an answer, in stringent terms ushered in a far-off intruder, and persisted in its thrills until Rose took down the receiver. It proved to be a summons from Edith Kingsley, Mrs. Edward's niece, requesting Rose to take her place at the side of the invalid for the remainder of the day, she herself having been called home unexpectedly by the sudden illness of her mother. Such a summons was sacred to Rose, and she started immediately on her errand of mercy.

The ''strange'' priest mentioned by Margaret proved

to be Dr. Johnson, one of George Edward's most intimate college friends, who had just returned from a protracted sojourn abroad. Having learned of Mrs. Edward's condition, he resolved to pay her a visit, and later in the day, he, too, wended his way to the home of the invalid.

CHAPTER II

The Edwards — The Mother

MRS. EDWARDS' mansion was situated in a charming spot. It was separated from the university grounds by merely a brawling brook, which, fed by perennial springs a little distance further up the hillside, ever murmured the same song. Further down the valley, indeed, it sometimes swelled, raged, fumed, foamed, and thundered mightily in its own little way, when spring freshets added volumes to its ordinary stream — much like a tiny terrier that sometimes gets tremendously angry, and barks and growls in its wrathful fury, beautifully displaying the impotent mightiness of its tiny wrath. But here, so near the source of its music and its life, the stream was unaffected by the storms or the freshets, and ever babbled the same song summer and winter through, as it trickled over the pebbles and shelving rocks; so that if it never was dried up by the summer heats, being so profusely nursed at the fountain's breast, so it never lost its existence—the thread of its life was never broken by the icy hand of winter, like other streams less carefully parented or less tenderly nursed. Its music was constant, ceaseless, uninterrupted, and in this particular spot never varied its monotonous little song. In this respect it was unique, and was consequently a source of wonder and admiration to the neighborhood, and even of scientific investigation and considerable thought to the savants of the university.

Today it babbled its gurgling music with a little sadness, or so it seemed to the visitor; or was it that it caught the

sombre feeling from the tall yews along its banks or from the dying foliage on which autumn was so liberally lavishing its hectic glow before death, giving them the flush of florid decay, as if to reconcile them to dying, by the splendor and glory in which she dressed them before they donned their last shroud? Or was it that the sadness which brooded over the mansion close by had extended itself to the particular nymph that presided over this sylvan stream? For a sombre stillness seemed to hang around the stately old edifice. In spite of the rich colorings of the foliage bordering the little avenue and in spite of the glint of the sunshine as it glanced against the barks of the cleanshafted maples, and pierced through the tangled branches of the elms, oaks and beeches, the great brown house with its sombre and stately look seemed to have overmastered whatever there might be of the gay or the frivolous in the entire environment, and over all, the brilliant glories of autumn seemed to have cast its shadows of quiet sombre sadness.

The great door of oak seemed to swing open soberly and sadly and with a measured quiet in response to Father Johnson's ring. The hangings and draperies seemed to have a mute grief of their own. Every sound seemed to be muffled. Conversation was carried on in a subdued tone. Footfalls sank soundless and were lost in the rich Axminsters. A calm oppressive stillness rested upon everything. On every face could be read the tale that illness — hopeless, remorseless illness — was now duly installed as the guest of honor, welcome or unwelcome, in this splendid mansion. The shades were not more than half-drawn as Father Johnson waited in the library with its long row of low cases of books, surmounted by busts of the great men of literature of all time and in all lands, while the servant went upstairs noiselessly as a phantom to announce the visitor.

The subdued voice, the tremulous greeting, the hush of the interior gave an impression of sadness and awe to the

visitor that seemed to be the harbinger of swiftly-approaching death.

A half open door at the other end of the library opposite that by which Father Johnson entered was opened fully but softly, and Rose Ramsay entered.

"I am so glad you have come, Father Johnson, she said quietly and uneffusively. "She was beginning to fear that you might not be able to spare the time, your work is so compelling."

"It should be very compelling indeed to allow me to pass through without calling to see so old and true a friend as Mrs. Edwards, the mother of my dearest friend, George Edwards."

The half darkened room did not permit Father Johnson to see the flush that crimsoned the cheek of Rose — sorely against her will. The sudden and unexpected mention of George's name took her by surprise. But she at once resolved that this must not occur again, at the same time that she mentally rebuked herself. She must keep strict guard for the future and must not allow herself to betray her feelings either to herself or others.

"She will be pleased to hear that you and he (she did not trust herself to utter his name) continue to be such good friends."

"But how is Mrs. Edwards? Is her case as hopeless as report would make it?"

"I do not know what report says; but it could hardly exaggerate the hopelessness of her condition. She is apparently quite strong at times, but the physician tells us her case admits of no hope and even that the end may not be so far distant."

"Does she realize the precariousness — the hopelessness — of her condition?"

"Perfectly. More so than any of us — more even than the doctors themselves — but she is expecting you" and

she showed the way up the broad stairway following closely behind him.

When Father Johnson entered the sick room he looked in the direction of the large oak bed in search of the invalid, and failing to locate her there, his eyes wandered around the room in some surprise in search of her. Upon a curiously contrived chair, or couch, or bedchair, for it partook of the nature of all three, close beside an open window that overlooked the park, Mrs. Edwards lay, or rather sat upright, in an ocean of pillows. The ease with which the piece of furniture was adjusted was a marvel. There was scarcely a possible position which a patient might be supposed to want to assume — to which it did not lend itself. The attendant or the nurse simply moved a lever or released a spring and with the addition or removal of a cushion, the desired change was effected in an instant without the slightest pain. The chair was a contrivance of love and affection, constructed by her son, George Edwards, with his own hands, for he was a born engineer and mechanic and would have distinguished himself in this line without doubt, had he not left the department of industrial science for that of speculative, and exchanged scientific engineering for biology. Perhaps this was why his mother clung to it so steadfastly and could not be persuaded to recline even during the night on her luxurious stately bed. Perhaps, too, it was that she found here that rest, and comfort, and ease of changed position which she could not easly have found in the larger and more elegant couch. Be that as it may she persistently clung to this mechanical wonder and it was the one point of material comfort which she allowed herself during her long and trying illness.

When Father Johnson discovered her, it seemed to him that her wan and worn face was like a little oasis in a wilderness of cushions soft with silk and eiderdown, or like a tiny island in the midst of a many-colored sea. The body

seemed to have shrunk away. The face was small, thin and woe-begone. It was evidently once a face of surpassing sweetness. Indeed much of the sweetness yet lingered, although the curves about the mouth and lips had been ruthlessly robbed of their beauty by the ravishing hand of disease. The lips were drawn tightly back; the cheekbones were markedly growing in prominence, while the hollows of the sunken cheeks beneath showed that there had been much bodily suffering. But the wan face was lit up by a smile of surpassing sweetness and a glow seemed to come back and kindle once more into life the deep gray eyes which turned to greet Father Johnson with a warmth of recognition and welcome. Suffering had made fearful ravages in every feature and had played sad havoc with nose, mouth and lips; but the eyes yet retained their old fire, or if the fire smouldered, they were easily kindled back into a living flame which burned with all the old time brightness and vigor, if only for a moment. The entire look gave an impression which is seldom met with even in a sick chamber — and indeed was of a type but seldom seen. Physical suffering there evidently was — had been — would be yet for some time. But the whole appearance indicated a mental anguish of such tension that the physical pain would hardly be felt; even though it was changing the whole appearance of the sufferer. It was quite evident that this anguish had swept like a torrent over her, completely submerging every faculty, even the faculty for physical pain. It was plain, too, that the tidal wave of suffering had not yet receded; for doubt, dread, fright, even hopeless and inconsolable fear seemed to have set an indelible seal upon her. The ravages of a leaden, hopeless, tragic grief were traceable in her features; yet withal there was a sweetness, and patience, and resignation in the sunken eyes as they looked out from beneath the ashen eyebrows, and their calmness and resignation seemed to light up what otherwise were very caverns

of despair. The whole figure and form pointed to a history of a great and good soul startled — suddenly into calamitous grief — not by any of the ordinary commonplaces of vulgar misfortune — but by trial of a peculiarly searching and fiery kind, which, as if with all the cunning and malignity of intelligent evil, sought out the sensitive points in the soul's anatomy and there applied the torture. She was about fifty-five years of age; but lying on her couch of suffering she presented the appearance of eighty. A grief that wrecks, shatters, undermines, convulses, and crushes the heart had manifestly done its work on that once light, vivacious and elegant frame. Her physical disability had, however, been precipitated by a railroad accident, the shock of which fell little short of paralysis.

"It is so exceedingly kind of you to come so soon," she said slowly extending her thin hand which was as transparent as alabaster. "I had just learned that you had returned from Italy. You see how helpless a creature and how stricken I have become."

"It pains me exceedingly to see you in this condition, Mrs. Edwards, I had read of your frightful accident and can only marvel how you are still alive. Please God, you will soon be well, however. Your physician gives encouragement and hope does he not?"

"From the effects of the accident I might, perhaps, recover; from this" — and she pointed in the direction of her heart — "never."

She continued to point again and again in a hopeless way with the index finger slightly projecting beyond the others to her broken heart. Her emotion was fast arising and she seemed to fling herself into it in an almost desperate way as a swimmer sometimes flings himself into a threatening breaker.

"The wreck of my body might pass; but the wreck of all my love and hope, of all my joy and pride, of all my

religious hope and consolation has made the railroad catastrophe, shocking though it was, appear but a mere trifle. Oh! Oh!'' she added in accents that could come only from a breaking heart or one already broken, ''If it were anything else but that!''

''God has, indeed, permitted you to be greatly tried — and tried where your feelings were the most tender and sensitive,'' said Father Johnson deeply moved by her emotion. The situation was becoming trying.

''Oh! What did I ever do to God, that I should be visited with such a dreadful affliction? Heaven knows I was willing to bear — aye,'' she added with a smile worthy of the the best ages of faith — even of the early martyrs —, ''aye, to bear with joy, any calamity God might choose to send me. Any cross from His hand I would have welcomed. I would have taken it joyously from His shoulders and placed it on mine and gone on my way rejoicing — following in His footsteps — ready to suffer anything — everything for his sake — anything — anything — but this! But this one does not — can not — come from His hands. Oh! if it did — if I could believe it did'' — she added in a voice growing in fervor — in intensity, ''I could take this thorny crown and press it hard upon my brow — I could take the cruel chalice with all its bitterness and drain it to the dregs —. But no — '' she added after a moment's reflection in which her gaze was fixed as if weighing the possibility of such a thing, and then rising with animation to reject the idea — ''No! No! This cross does not come from His hands. He did not make my son an unbeliever'' — and head and voice sank together as if the contemplation of the awful reality was one which utterly prostrated her to earth.

For such grief as this there was no solace but silent sympathy. Sorrow like this Father Johnson wisely thought should have its vent.

"I have examined my life carefully and minutely," she resumed after a moment's pause, "to see if aught I have done has brought this punishment. Perhaps I have not been single minded enough in my purpose, though God knows I have tried to be." She now spoke in a thoroughly subdued voice every word breathing an accent of despair. "It may be that I have taken too much pride — God help a mother's foolish, fond love — in my son's talents, attainments, and nobility of character; and that it is for this—this—this—" and she ceased to speak though she shook her head in a doleful pitiful way.

"You certainly had reason, if mother ever had, to be proud of your son. You were more than justified in your high estimate of him," ventured Father Johnson, seeing her hesitate.

"Ah! God forgive a mother's pride! I believe that was where I sinned," she rejoined with animation. "His father grudged him to the altar; but I had hoped for such wonderful things from George that I believed he would be necessary for the church. I believed that the church—God's church — just think of it — stood in need of just such men. I foolishly thought that in the hour of her trial when danger threatened, his talents — his abilities — would be her strong defense; that he would come like another Loyola and marshall his ranks in her defense; that like another St. Philip Neri, he would raise up an army of sons whose voice and pen would be her strength and bulwark, that wherever the danger was greatest or the enemy pressed the thickest, there he would be in the foremost ranks — and of the foremost rank the foremost — that he would lead her out of bondage and ever bring her victory. I had loved to think that his intellect might place her old truths in a new and captivating light for a flippant and shallow age and a new and unbelieving generation — that like another St. Augustine he would confound and overthrow the modern

Manichean. And now — and now — " — she shook her head in a tumult of grief but continued speaking — "behold how the fine gold has become dimmed, its finest color is changed; the stones of the sanctuary are scattered. Now — now — he is lost to his church — lost to religion — lost to me — lost to His God; and what is worse still," she fairly shrieked, "he is drawing souls with him to destruction. Oh!" she cried in an agony of despair, "If this be my sin — how — can — I — expiate it?"

She sank back on her pillows completely exhausted and overcome by her fearful sorrow. It was difficult to cope with a grief like this, and Father Johnson, while his heart bled for the mother, felt his gorge rising against the son who caused such grief. What balm could be poured into an open, gaping, festering wound of this nature, with any hope of relief?

"My dear friend" he said in a gentle soothing voice, "do not reproach yourself unnecessarily. God can yet do all things for the best. Out of evil He can bring good. His ways are wondrous and incomprehensible. He has — He must have—permitted this for His own wise ends. Meanwhile we shall all storm heaven in George's behalf. We shall keep knocking at heaven's gates, like the beggar at the door of the householder, until at last, if only to be rid of us, heaven will listen to our supplications and restore George to his senses, his religion and his mother."

"An apostate never gets the grace of conversion," she answered almost savagely and sitting bolt upright.

"A willing apostate seldom indeed, if ever; but George has not been wilful. He has been dazzled, blinded, deceived by the false glare and glitter of science. His greatest sin has been in casting away thoughtlessly his religious beliefs. His defection can hardly be called an apostasy. It has not the guilty characteristic of that detestable vice."

The notion seemed to console her a little; but she added

quickly — it was evident from her frequent allusion to it that it was the aggravating feature of his fall from faith — "But he has become even a persecutor of the church — just think of it — an apostate and a persecutor of the faith" — and she sat looking straight before her aghast at the contemplation of the unparalleled combination of wickedness.

"We must not forget that St. Augustine was an apostate and that St. Paul was a persecutor of the church. St. Augustine was not only an intellectual but a moral apostate. Yet God chose both St. Paul and St. Augustine in His infinite designs as His choicest instruments in building up and defending His church."

"This consideration brings me my only solace. Yes. I know that the gentle Monica mourned over the spiritual death of her son even as I do over the death of mine and that heaven at last heard her prayers in his behalf. A slight glimmer of hope comes into my soul at times when I think of this erring son restored by the prayers and tears of his mother. Oh: If only such happiness were in store for me! But, no," and her voice fell, "At least it will not come during my brief stay upon earth."

Her resignation struggling with her despair, touched Father Johnson to the very heart. Fervently he offered an internal prayer that heaven would send some solace into this suffering heart.

"Daily, George shall be held in first remembrance, until he is again restored to his church, as I stand at the altar of sacrifice and offer up the divine oblation."

She was about to thank him, but he continued with a deprecating gesture: "George has always been my best friend — my more than brother. Perhaps, next to yourself, there is no one who sorrows more over the sad turn of events than I do. No one has a higher appreciation of his nobility of soul."

"You forget, Father, there is one who grieves, if

possible, more even than I. But perhaps you do not know. Rose's grief is deep and silent."

"Rose Ramsay?"

"Yes. The dear child is my greatest consolation now. Her grief, however is as hidden as it is profound."

It was evident this was news to Father Johnson, although he hastened to hide his surprise in speech.

"God will undoubtedly in His own good time give George back to you, to her, to all of us. Even natural causes must work to that end. George's mind is too strictly logical to remain in this absurd position, the folly of which he must soon perceive. George has not yet learned to distinguish science from science, or one class of scientific pursuits from another and has confused all in a general motley group; but when he comes to separate, to analyze, to distinguish merits properly and assign credit, he will find that religion has absolutely nothing to fear from real science — from what really deserves to be called science. When his powers of discernment begin to work, he will at once see the wide distinction between industrial science — the glory of our age — and speculative. It requires only a slight examination to see the glory of the one and the meagre results of the other — and that the industrial sciences have no quarrel whatever with religion. The modesty of the great men who have shed so much glory on our age is as striking as their works are glorious. He will then see the hollowness of the pretensions and claims of speculative science, and how much of an impostor it is; and, if George has not changed greatly, I know what short work he will make with impostors. For the moment he is dazzled and bewildered, possibly charmed. He is like a man who goes suddenly into a blinding electric light — a light which is not sunlight. He can see nothing but glare and glitter and all appears marvellous and glorious. He can not yet estimate the true value of the objects near him. Hie eyes have not become accustomed to the blinding

glare. Soon he will begin to appraise them at their true value; and then he will see that what he now considers scientific truth is nothing but scientific conjecture. He may, indeed, like some other noble and candid minds, when imposed upon, travel around the entire circle of doubt and scepticism; but like them, too, he will return, like a tired dove, to the bosom of the ark, there to find peace and rest. It is too bad that his faith has been temporarily unanchored; and now that it is afloat, it is apt to drift for a brief period in the manner I have said; but to the port it will eventually surely return."

While he was yet speaking the tall, well developed figure of a remarkably handsome young man entered the room unperceived by either of them until he approached the invalid's couch. He did not even glance at Father Johnson. He paused with a little start when he beheld the attenuated figure of the woman, but the next moment he was on his knees by her side as he uttered the single word "Mother!" She uttered a little scream of surprise, in which pain and gladness were blended in about equal proportions. "George!" she exclaimed, flinging her thin arms about his neck and resting them upon his brown hair imprinted upon his cheek a passionate kiss.

The moment was too sacred for even the eyes of friendship. It is only at such times that we realize how widely different are the ties of family from those of even the strongest friendship, and how sacred is the love of the former compared with that of the latter. Father Johnson felt this and began to look upon himself as a sacrilegious intruder on the sacred scene — between the broken-hearted mother and the son who broke her heart. He left softly, leaving a message with the nurse in the lobby.

When he returned to Father Ramsay's he simply said:

"There can be no deep seated evil where there is so much filial affection."

"That is my opinion," replied Father Ramsay. "For my part, I have never believed half of what has been said regarding George's religious defalcation. His defection must certainly be an honest one. He must have believed it to be an intellectual necessity. Some people regard it as affectation or false pride. They wonder how so fine a perception as George's could be imposed upon by the vulgarities of the loud noisy and boisterous clamor of the speculative school of science; and think he has succumbed merely to the gabble about intelligence, in order to appear to be above the rest of mankind.

"But it can not be so in George's case. Impossible," was the only answer Father Johnson vouchsafed. He was disgusted at the bare notion.

"And yet it is difficult to believe that it is religious fright. George has certainly not been stampeded into unbelief with the mass of feather-heads. He is too keen sighted not to be able to see the utter hollowness of the modern school and the shallowness of its thought. At the same time he has no place in the panic stricken crowd of shallow intelligence and he is too honest for affectation. It is all a puzzle to me."

"I believe he is simply blinded and dazzled, and has followed out some of his preposterous notions of consistency by leaving the church and avowing his scientific faith. A point of honor with him."

"A strange muddle it is in any case. But whatever the cause, it is going to accomplish one disastrous result — it is going to send his mother to the grave inside of six months."

CHAPTER III

THE EDWARDS — THE SON

THE object of all this solicitude was the young man who entered Mrs. Edwards' sick room unannounced — her son, George Edwards. He was an exceedingly interesting young man. Brought up by his saintly mother in an atmosphere of piety which had not the slightest taint of superstition on the one hand and which was wholly unacidulated by any flavor of puritanism on the other, he possessed an exceedingly frank and open nature. As his friends had already said of him, he was a man of unusual nobility of character, generous to a fault, a hater of shams and pretension, strong in his affections and friendships, and of a wholly unsuspicious nature. Then, too, he possessed what at least passed for extraordinary talents. With his young companions, Frank Ramsay and Walter Johnson, he stood always in the front ranks at school and in college, and this without any apparent effort on his part; and perhaps it was this latter circumstance which, after all, gave to all his acquirements and learning that lack of depth and solidity, or a certain superficiality, which did not penetrate very deeply into the subjects in which he shone so brilliantly as to be the envy of all outside the charmed trio. In this he differed widely from both of his colleagues. As his mother had told Father Johnson, though an only son, she had destined him for the priesthood, but the Jesuits at Woodham — his confessor in particular — advised him that his vocation lay in another direction. With his mechanical skill it was natural that he should turn to engineering; but when he entered the university

he became fascinated with the natural sciences and especially with biology.

Once embarked on the sea of biology he immediately fell under the charm of what was known to a few as Huxleyism, which was the rage at the time in the ranks of the embryo biologists; that is to say he became the dupe of that imposing array of arrogance that boasts much and does little — that is, little of what is of any value. A disappointed disciple of this school had once described the system briefly and appositely as ''All talk and no cider.'' The brag and bluster and browbeating and bullying of the founder of the school, strange to say, imposed upon George Edwards, probably because he never once questioned his pretensions but took them wholly on faith. He deemed it absurd that men of Huxley's prestige could make such an ado over nothing, or that the corypheus of the school should assail so violently and abuse so loftily those who did not see fit to think as he did, unless the Huxleyan position could be maintained impregnably against all oncomers. ''I do not exactly like his sneers'' he was wont to say at first, ''but Professor Huxley was not a man to sneer, unless for strong reasons and for a good purpose.'' ''Why,'' he was accustomed to add, ''there is malice — even brutality — in his assaults upon orthodoxy, and — no man — Professor Huxley last of all men — could use such language and strut so arrogantly without the strongest assurance of his position.'' And when some of his friends contrasted Huxley with the comparative modesty of Darwin, his reply invariably was: ''Ah! I do not like this modesty of Darwin. It is but an angling for praise — a *humilitas cum hamo* — with all his great merits. When there is hard work to be done — hard fighting to be undertaken for the spread of scientific truth — the implements — the tools — that accomplish the work most effectually are the ones to use. When there is a warfare — as there is here — it is a kindness — a mercy — to use the

weapons that do the greatest damage—that are the most destructive—and thus bring the war to a speedy termination.''

In this way, strange to say, he conceived a great admiration for the insolence of Huxley, relying implicitly, for its justification, on the strength of the position which he believed lay impregnable and palpable in the background. He read his works repeatedly, imitated his tone, copied his sneer, quoted his words and idealized the man as the type of scientist *par excellence.* The broad arrogance of Tyndall provoked his disgust. It was too ostentatious; although he admired the scientific spirit which, as he thought, more than atoned for his conceited utterances.

From all, however, he believed he had learned much, as indeed, he had; and like all apostates he became intolerant of Christian beliefs, as at present expounded, and which he had flung wholly aside towards the middle of his second year at the university, in order to become at once, a disciple, an apostle, and a missionary of evolution. ''What had the world been dreaming of all these centuries? How was it possible that mankind had not stumbled on this palpable knowledge and scientific truth before? Now at all events that these truths had been learned, the sooner they were promulgated the better. Christian teaching was evidently absurd and childish in the light of the new gospel of science. Let it be cut down therefore without further delay. Why cumbereth it the ground?'' Such were the watchwords which held him spellbound, and which made the new evangel of science and its preaching a sacred duty. He never paused to question, but went forward with all the zeal and ardor of a young neophyte engaged in a sacred cause. The knowledge and enlightenment which came to him he felt it a duty to extend to the whole world. This accounted, too, for his attacks from time to time on Christianity, and the bitterness of tone in which they were uttered.

On the other hand it must be said that he had devoured

the entire doctrine so greedily and speedily, that there was danger of imperfect digesting of it. He was like one who for the first time has come upon a delightful variety of grape or peach. He ate gluttonously of the new scientific provender. It was to him a dish, captivating, appetizing, exquisite, delicious, new, altogether to his taste. In his joy of discovery and pleasure of feasting his generous heart wanted all the world to taste of this spread banquet. It was in this way that he failed to digest the grateful food. He devoured greedily both because of the famished condition of his mind, as he supposed, and because of the tempting nature of the dish. In this way also he failed to detect not only the more concealed imperfections of the banquet, but even the obvious defects. In his enthusiasm and delight he believed he had reached the millenium.

For Darwin's work he had only the most exalted admiration. The conception of natural selection be held to be the highest point of grand generalization to which the human mind had as yet attained. It was more sublime than the sublimest poetry. It was more entrancing than any of the discoveries in the practical sciences. It distanced electricity in its various forms and varied applications. It was more than the electric spark, than telephony, than phonography. It was with him what Christians claimed for the scriptures — nothing short of divine inspiration — if there was such a thing as a divine existence from which inspiratioin could come. Rather — was it not nature's own inspiration to nature's most gifted and favored son? There was just one thing that could be at all classed with it — and that was Newton's discovery of gravitation. There was one feature in which he thought Darwin remiss, however — he should have had the courage of his grand discovery (for discovery he regarded it) and extended it beyond the bounds of biological phenomena. That he did not do so he regarded as a weakness in the great leader and too great a concession to the old

Judaical notions of creation, which had imposed on the Christian world so long, and which should now be mercilessly flung aside with supreme scorn. "And yet" he sometimes thought with a sort of contemptuous pity, "these poor deluded Christians were not so much to blame after all. They took what was given them (just as he had taken them, unquestioningly); and it was not their fault after all that they had no genius of the Darwin order among them.

This weakness in Darwin, as he regarded it, aroused in him an extraordinary admiration for the broad sweep of Herbert Spencer and Professor Haeckel, who were not satisfied to stop at the boundary line of life but pushed the new doctrine of evolution far beyond the intention of its corypheus and extended it even to the inorganic world. It was while yet entranced — for no milder word would do justice to his state of mind — with the beauties of the new doctrine, that though yet a sophomore at the university, he was permitted to use the mammoth telescope in the observatory, to which it was a rare privilege to be admitted, and from which he descended in a mild form of intoxicated bliss. He had been drinking in deep draughts of science, and it had become like the ichor of the gods in his veins. Verily seeing was believing. Hitherto he had been taking the words and arguments and conclusions of others or scientific faith—on the word of science. It was true they were the "irrefragable conclusions of the men of science — men of whom the world was not worthy"—as he expressed it. But now he had beheld with his own eyes! He had seen — seen in wonder and astonishment — the most profound facts — the very beginning of things. He had seen the great spiral nebula in Andromeda and paltry words could do nothing like justice to his feelings. He had seen with his own eyes. Moses on the mountain, Peter on Thabor, some medieval saints might have had their transports — their ravishments; but what were these superstition-born ecstacies to those of one flushed with the strong wine of scientific beholding, who had

actually looked on new worlds forming? And this was the origin of this earth of ours — of the universe! He had stood by the very dawn of creation and beheld new worlds forming — coming forth fresh from the Creator's hands — but what wild, foolish words was he uttering in the delirium of his joy? What old follies was he mingling with the newer — the diviner wisdom? Had he not seen a process more sublime, more worthy of nature, more worthy of science, than all the old exploded theories of creation? Had not what he had seen thoroughly discredited the old wives' tale completely? Not indeed that the La Place theory of itself had done the discrediting. No; that had left it intact. But the La Place theory supplemented by the Darwinian theory of evolution — but no; not even that; there was yet left a gap between the two. How nobly that gap had been bridged by Spencer and Haeckel by extending the Darwinian evolution to the inorganic world! Here was the thread complete. And he had just seen the beginnings! And then his splendid imagination came into play. He followed down the spiral gaseous mass of nebula from the time it was a faint cloud of luminosity flung off by the sun, and beheld it cooling and condensing and solidifying and hardening as it revolved about an axis of its own, at heavens knows what velocity; though why it should revolve, or why it should cool, or why it should solidify, he vainly asked himself — some day science would find this out too; it had already found out so many things. He likened it in his imagination to the molten flame that one sees in a foundry, only metallurgy had no parallel exactly for this. The revolving — the cooling — the condensing — the solidifying — the hardening had gone on, of course, for ages; who could count them? What a length of time it takes to make a world — a world which was said in stupidity and folly to have been made in six days! What a mind was that of La Place — worthy almost to be placed alongside of Darwin and Newton. Would he ever be able "to do something" as Darwin

had said so modestly of himself? And his mind followed the course of the revolutions of the spiral mass of nebula until in imagination he saw the crust forming still hot — hot as — Hades — just think of Hades crusted over — only there was no Hades — the vast molten mass of our earth, eight thousand miles through — only infinitely or at least indefinitely more before the condensation of its gases — and a thin film of coating forming on its exterior spherical surface. But why it broke off from the sun — or why it should revolve at all — or why it should have an axis to revolve around — or why a thousand other things — were all questions he could not answer just now; science would, some day, answer them all. The thin coating thickens, but oh! through what eons of time it must pass before it does so noticeably; the thin seething mass becomes somewhat sodden; the whirling gas gains character and solidity — the film is now continuous — now it is a thin crust, but this crust, from the revolutions, gains on the molten mass within — gradually — gradually; eons still — and still eons — needed for the work. It cools. It is cooling — at first slowly, but there is a new look about it — the appearance is changing, changing, changing. By and by it is so changed that a fungous growth of excrescence appears. Life! It is life! Where did it come from? No matter. Science will find that out, too, some day. It grows more verdant. It differentiates itself. Now it is grass! — trees! — flowers! — where did all these come from? It is life! The mountains and valleys might — perhaps — be accounted for; but how account for these? Whence came they? Whence the power of life? A puzzle! Yes; but science will find all that out in good time too; trust to it. And then, later when the proper stage has arrived, sentient beings! And then man! What a dream! All from this little, comparatively speaking, mass of gaseous nebula broken and flung off from the blazing sun. Surely this was creation out-creationed. All this teeming life and world from a fragment of broken nebula! Aladdin with

his wonderful lamp is outrivalled by the daily processes which we see all about us if we only will open our eyes. But what ages and periods, and epochs, and eons upon eons, it all takes! And what changes the surfaces of the globe has undergone during all these eons that were endless, and yet that had an end; for here we are after all, men and women rational creatures crowning the sentient even as the sentient crowned the mere organic, and as the organic crowned the inorganic; though why we should be here at all, or why this long, endless preparation for us, through all these endless eons; or where we were when the process was going on, or where life was; or where we were when the nebula began to get loose on the surface of the sun's fiery ball, and finally broke loose because it was not able to hang on, so to speak; or where we were when the spiral nebula began to revolve around its own axis and set up as an independent world of gas, or where life was — these were things that no man could find out; though trust to science to discover them all some day. Here we are now standing on this solid sphere with the sleeping fires in its bosom, upon which the crust was slowly but surely encroaching, though the why and the wherefore of it all would be known only some day when a new Darwin arose.

George did not perplex himself greatly about these problems. Physical science was not to be questioned. All must be taken on scientific faith; and in this glorious faith George, in those days, passed through all the stages of scientific intoxication. The raptures which the biographers relate of the medieval saints were tame in comparison with those of his enraptured mind; for his very soul was a-thirst for knowledge, and he was, as he fondly believed, drinking it in in deep draughts.

When, one day, one of his companions ventured to express doubts about the value of modern scientific theories and to question the validity of many scientific conclusions, deduced frequently, as they are, from merely hypothetical

premises, a flush of anger came to George's cheeks as he said: "Why, who can doubt the formation of this globe from nebula? Any man can see for himself. Why the worlds are forming up there now. I have seen them with my own eyes."

Again on another occasion, when the same companion questioned the wisdom of pursuing such speculations or pinning too much faith to them, giving as his reason, the necessary limitations of our knowledge and our powers, George grew exceeding wroth.

"Do you suppose" his friend, Anthony Pembroke, innocently asked, "that a man of himself can ever fathom the mystery of the universe?"

"Fathom it!", cried George, as if struck by a blow on the face. "Has not man already fathomed it? Do you suppose the present solution does not account for things?"

"It might account for a few things, perhaps; but it does not account for those things; and the things which it does not account for are precisely the things the world is anxious to know about — which should be accounted for," said the other, surprised at his enthusiasms.

"I grant there are still a few things which modern progress has not yet reached," replied George slightly disconcerted; "but they will all come in due time."

His companion concluded that such scientific faith was not to be found in all scientific Israel; and that it was unprofitable to pursue the subject at least until the enthusiasm subsided to the normal point.

When George had finished his course at the university he had already made such a reputation as a scientist, and what was more as an enthusiast on the subject of science, that the faculty and management of the institution decided that he would be an acquisition to the professorial staff; and he was at once assigned to the chair of biology which happened to be then vacant. He at once became regular lecturer on the subject in the university, and soon the students were flocking

to his lectures. Biology had hitherto been a subject from which the students shrank; but with George's enthusiasm and eloquence in the pulpit the seats were soon filled to overflowing. The doctrine of development in his hands became instinct with new life. He even succeeded admirably in many new experiments, such, for instance, as the section making and hardening in embryology; and in one instance, had so succeeded in accomplishing a simplifying process in this work — a matter frequently attempted in vain by his old professor Ayaccio — that the old man was overjoyed and embracing George with emotion said: "I have so loved science all my life that this touches my very heart."

George had hardly been installed in his professorial chair when he turned his thoughts towards a great project which had long occupied his mind. He had so great a thirst for knowledge, that he not only was acquainted with the practical points in his own specialty, but he was well acquainted with the history, development and progress of all the cognate sciences.

One day when he had been reading for the third time Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, he thought what a splendid work this industrious clergyman had done for succeeding generations in collecting the facts and writing the history of scientific development. But thought he, "What a period Whewell covers and how meager the output of science throughout the whole scientific world which Whewell had to record. The strides of science since Whewell's day have been gigantic. If only another Whewell would arise and record the history of this glorious epoch. The output of the scientific world since Whewell's day would have swelled Whewell's three volumes into thirty or perhaps three hundred. Why could not Whewell's work be supplemented by such a history? It was a dream with him even while yet an undergraduate, and he frequently had mentioned the matter to his friend,

Anthony Pembroke, who had returned for a post graduate course in scientific chemistry.

"Why" said Anthony to him, one day, as they were seated under their favorite oak on the campus, and George had broached the subject for the hundredth time; "why not take the work in hand yourself? Few are better equipped for the task. It is in line with your work and you are in love with the subject."

"It certainly would be a labor of love; but it would be triple brassbound presumption in me to even think of undertaking it," replied George, to whom the idea of authorship had never suggested itself.

"Nevertheless no one could do it better."

The idea germinated in George's brain, and the more he thought about it, the more he liked it. Soon it became the dream of his life — the goal of his ambition, and when later he was called to the chair of biology, the faculty was unanimous in its opinion that George should undertake the work. It would be the work *par excellence* of the day. So much so indeed did they regard it that it was determined to undertake it as a university enterprise, and the whole matter was given over in charge to George. It was to be his work and the university was to be its patron and sponsor. The university library was well stocked with original works and works of reference. It could procure the original manuscripts and other necessary matter so that the field should be fully covered. The enthusiasm reached even to the students and many of them volunteered to look up references and verify data. Some of the professors would even like to have become associates in the gigantic labor. The head of each department of science was to act as censor of the volumes dealing with the subjects which were his specialty and finally it was decided that the entire faculty should do what it could to advance the vast enterprise. The work was to be a lasting monument to a preeminently scientific age, to the

university, to its author. Such an enterprise, vast, voluminous, learned, authentic, wholly trust-worthy on every point could not fail to give a prestige to the university far above its fellows.

And it was the unanimous belief that the gigantic undertaking was in the proper hands. With a well-appointed corps of assistants — properly drilled there was no doubt of its successful accomplishment. There was, it is true, some envy on the part of one or two of the older members of the professorial staff in the scientific department, on seeing so young a man selected for so vast an enterprise; but George's old friend, Agaccio, silenced all opposition. The work certainly would entail immense labor and research; but George was promised the selection of his large corps of assistants. The cup of his happiness was full. He was embarked on a great scientific work of far-reaching and enduring historical importance. He was going to leave to posterity a monument not of himself but of the science he so dearly loved. He was going to be of real use to the special branch of knowledge which he had chosen for his life work not only, but to all science and all future history, as well. His success in its accomplishment is the *raison d'etre* of these pages.

CHAPTER IV

Mother and Son

IN ALL this radiant basking in the sunshine of science there was just one dark cloud. The delicious music to which his life was at this time attuned was from time to time conscious of one harshly jarring chord.

George was a most affectionate son. His mother doted on him with all the affection of a great heart. Since his father's death, some years before, George's life was the axis around which all of hers revolved. Her whole soul was centred in the boy. And he reciprocated her affection. His strong athletic frame, like that of his father; his clear and piercing eye which was yet as tender as that of a woman in its glance of affection; his broad intellectual brow — all were something for a mother to be proud of; but she knew there was a treasure richer than all these in the heart which was so sterling and true, so honest and loving, so noble, brave, courageous. He certainly loved his mother in turn. It was the thought, therefore, of the effect upon her of his lapse from religion, that troubled him. What would she think? How would she regard his religion? Would she cast him off altogether? Would she disown him? But no, his heart told him she would cling to him even in the fires of hell if need be. It pained him to pain her. But his duty was plain and imperative; and duty said he must follow his intellect. He had already pained her by failing to become a priest as she had ardently wished; but she had respected his conscientious scruples, and there were no reproaches — not even remonstrance. What would be the consequence

now? It was the same conscientiousness that made him renounce the priesthood, for which he did not feel himself fitted, that now caused him to abandon his religion in which he could no longer believe. He did not, it is true, ask himself whether he had weighed the reasons carefully which he supposed militated so strongly against his faith. He did not deem it necessary to weigh them. The authority of the great men of science was sufficient for him. He overlooked the important fact that those who decried the folly of following authority in matters of religion, had no hesitation, — strange to say — in following authority blindly in matters of science — and against religion. All this George overlooked — or else artfully concealed from himself. The former certainly it must have been for sham he utterly detested. His belief that he could not conscientiously retain his faith was strangely true — in his present state of mind. He would rather die than play the hypocrite and pretend to believe what his intellect compelled him — so he thought — to scornfully reject. His mother would not, it was true, rise to a full comprehension of the lofty reasons that compelled him to fling off the old wornout beliefs. It had hardly yet entered woman's province to discuss the merits of Darwinism or the havoc made by the higher criticism. Nursed in faith and piety as his mother had been, it would be unreasonable to suppose that she could at once appreciate the lofty motives that led him to abandon a faith which his intellect despised. Yes! Pain his mother it certainly would; but here was a case where two supreme duties clashed and he did not hesitate for a moment as to his choice. There was only one which he could follow without being a traitor to truth — and truth he firmly believed it to be. Let the consequences be what they may he must not sacrifice principle — no — not even for a mother's love, or to save his mother pain.

In spite of all this reasoning by which he so successfully

imposed upon himself, his heart was heavy when he thought of her. His mother had, of course, been long aware of his change. She had frequently talked the matter over with him, begged, implored, entreated, prayed. She remonstrated with all the energy and earnestness of which she was capable; but when, as he supposed, the intellect pointed out the path unmistakably, his determined will became inflexible. It was the conviction that all her remonstrances were vain that was now weighing so heavily on her frail life. George's heart was heavy too when he learned of her condition and it told him moreover that he was the cause. Had there been an altar to science George would undoubtedly have gone before it — as Rose had bent herself before the altar of religion — in resignation — and told the scientific deity what sacrifices he was making for its sake — how he was trampling on the heart of at least one noble and brave woman; but he felt all the same that it was the hearts of others he was immolating and that while he was the sacrificial priest he was by no means the sacrificial victim. He wished it otherwise, doubtless. Gladly he would have been the sufferer; but the inexorable law of circumstances rendered this impossible. So there was nothing left but, tyrant-like, to strike the blow, inflict the wound, and trust to time for its healing. Well might he have said: Sweet mistress, science! How cruel — Oh! how cruel are your commands! But then, he thought, it was not science; it was honor; it was duty; it was truth — which he was obeying. And what of Rose? This was a thought which he persistently — and by main forcing of his will — kept in the background and left to the future.

It was the conviction of the part which he had in her present critical condition that led George to seek his mother at the present juncture, and left him bending at the side of her sick couch.

As he bent in the attitude of filial piety and she stroked

his shining hair, the fulness of a mother's love went out unrestrained to her darling child. She seemed to have forgotten everything in the joy of seeing him by her side. Gradually, however, came back the desolate feeling to her heart and the stunning sense that this her son was become an enemy of religion. After the first transport was over and he had arisen to his feet, she held him back from her to contemplate him half in love, half in terror. She was fascinated by the splendid presence and the handsome face on which stability of character was now so plainly stamped; but she shuddered as she thought that in the handsome presence of her son she was beholding an unnatural monster — no other name could express what to her it meant to abandon his religion and then to assail it. Still such an expression of suffering had come into his face, too, that a wild hope sprang up for a moment in her breast that he might, perhaps, be repentant.

"Is my poor prodigal returned at last?", she whispered softly in an agony of doubt.

"Oh! don't, mother; mother, don't", he groaned in anguish. The thought of having kindled hopes which he must extinguish was torture.

"What?" she shrieked in dismay. "Is there then no prayer for forgiveness?"

"Oh! yes, mother; forgive me. Forgive me, I entreat you. I have embittered your life; perhaps, broken your heart."

"Do not ask forgiveness of me; ask it of God whom you have outraged. You know that if you ask pardon of Him you have mine without the asking."

"Mother; there is no God!", he hoarsely whispered — "at least there is none in the sense that I can sin against him."

"Forbear, my son! Forbear your blasphemies!" she shrieked in utter horror. "Spare your broken-hearted

mother at least the agony of being forced to listen to the atheist, whom she has suckled at her breast, like a monster breathing forth his hatred of God! Oh! Oh! that I should have given birth to a child destined to wear the brand of Cain — one cursed and abhorred of heaven! Oh! woe! woe! What misery is mine!''

''I crave your pardon, mother,'' he cried in an agony of grief. His straightforwardness had hurried him into the expression of opinions which he felt must deeply wound her maternal heart. He seemed to himself the monster which she said he was. His candor urged him into an attempt to justify himself and thus betrayed him into the fatal mistake.

She made no attempt at reply. She neither rocked nor swayed after the fashion of some women in a grief that is inexpressible. She sat bolt upright looking straight before her as if dazed — bewildered. Her eyes were fixed. She seemed not to regard his presence. The full consequences of his awful declaration seemed to have come down upon her in all their force and she was reviewing them in utter despair.

''Her son no longer! How could that monster be her child? Oh! what bitterness! Her heart's idol an apostate! — a renegade! — the ban of the church's dread censure upon him — stamping the soul of her child with the brand of hell! And the church forced to take this step for her own protection — against him — its scourge! And then — oh! agony of agonies! No hope beyond the grave either! Other mothers could have hope in another world — but even this was denied her! It seemed as if her soul was a Sahara — an arid waste. 'My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me!' '' Never had she dreamed of such a complete sense of utter abandonment.

''I have but expressed the convictions of my reason'' he pleaded softly — but she heard him not. ''You would not wish me to be at variance with my reason — to say one

thing and believe another —. You, yourself have always instructed me to be faithful to truth. Modern ideas have changed regarding what is to be thought of certain beliefs long supposed to be truth. The intellectual world today has outgrown Christianity. We can not fly in the face of the facts of science. The results of modern research have shown that the foundations on which Christianity rested are blasted for ever. The world has come to a turning-point in its belief in religious matters."

He spoke softly, pleadingly, almost choked with grief at the pain he was inflicting on one he loved so dearly. She listened as one in a dream, or as though she had forgotten what it was that made the jarring feeling in her thoughts. Occasionally, however, a word caught her attention, though she little heeded it — "modern thought" — and "the facts of science" — and "foundations of religion false," and she made a slight effort to arouse herself. He on his part was as keenly anguished at the loss of his mother's affection as she was at his apostasy, and in consequence lost sight of all discretion in his attempts to retain it and justify himself in her estimation. In his confused state of feeling he lost sight of the fact that the arguments by which he sought to justify himself in her eyes were the very ones which kept them sundered so hopelessly, keeping constantly before her, as they did, the greatness of her son's apostasy.

Mistaking the nature of her silence he proceeded.

"We are scaling the mountain peaks of knowledge," he continued; "and from their lofty heights we are getting correct views of the position, which up to the present we have been occupying. Now they look dim and distant and absolutely unattainable. But we have got them into true perspective — in proper relation with their whole environment; and we are able to estimate them as a part of the great whole and assign to them their proper historical value. We have learned their true bearing, their significance, their real

importance. There is a change in the order of things. The world of intellect rejects the Christian creed. The world looks at things differently now from the way in which it viewed them when you were a child. The day will come when you, too, will regard your former beliefs as superstitions,— as they really are.''

''Heaven forbid! But no; the danger is slight. I would freely give my life for religion — aye ten thousand lives did I have them.'' — she was calmer now — ''Oh! no; no,'' she added, while a heavenly radiance seemed to light up her features as with the courage and heroism of the Mother of the Maccabees — ''Oh! no. Science can not drive religion out of the human heart — not out of a poor mother's heart. I know little about the results of what is called modern thought or what you mean by modern progress, as you term it; but I do know the experiences which have come into my own poor life — which have been realities in my own poor heart and soul — and were there nothing else in the world to convince me that a good God — a Divine beneficent Providence — watches over poor helpless humanity, and weighs our needs and wants, and minsters to them, this would convince me beyond all question.''

She paused slightly as if for breath; but in reality recalling the experiences which she was relating. George glad to have her in such quiet mood after her frantic grief made no attempt to interrupt her and she continued.

''I have had — unworthy though I am — I have had moments of rapture in His Divine presence. Perhaps they were given me, like the vision on Thabor to Peter, James and John to sustain me in the hour of bitter trial through which I am now passing. I have stood within the sanctuary of His Divine presence, and if I have not felt the touch of His Divine hand upon my head I have felt in my soul the touch of His peace, of His grace, of the kingdom of His love — a bliss which no man can understand who has

not felt it within the range of his own experience. In the hour of temptation, as well as the hour when peace and joy filled my soul, I have felt the Divine presence, which, though, all the world should contradict, would still tell me that there is a God who loves men. No! No! Personal experiences, too, must be reckoned with. They will ever form a mighty bulwark around religious faith. Were there nothing else to exclude atheism and prevent it from obliterating from the heart of man, the belief in a personal God, they would conquer. I have had moments which I would not exchange for the gold of the Indies, unworthy as I am. The many experiences of my life — to say nothing of the assurances of religion at all — have made manifest that there is a world which we do not see, but which is, nevertheless, more real than that which we see. Yes; I have been on my Thabor, in my holy communions, when the glory of heaven has filled this poor vessel of clay almost to its undoing, and its measure has not been able to compass all the joy and rapture of God's love. I have tasted and felt somewhat of the bliss of St. Francis Xavier or the rapture of St. Philip Neri.''

And George recalled, not without a certain awe, marvels of his boyhood and youth when he had gazed with awe and wonder at the light that shone on his mother's face, especially on the days on which she received holy communion. Was it the rapture that then pervaded her soul that she now meant when she spoke of her personal experiences? George had never heard her speak of these things before. With Catholics they were things not to be mentioned even to the dearest friend; and Mrs. Edwards reference to them was called for by the extraordinary circumstance of the situation. But they were not uncommon in the lives of the saints in the olden times — and George's mother was a saint, as he said, if there was ever such a human being on earth.

As he stood by the bed of his almost dying mother, he felt a surging wave of repulsion rising within him for the

first time against his scientific beliefs. What did they all amount to in the presence of this dying woman — his own mother — this human soul and its individual experiences — its eternal hopes and longings! Of what value were they all to him now in the presence of this calamity which they had superinduced? The glories of science, the splendor of human progress, the magnificence and grandeur of the scientific outlook — how poor and paltry, how shrunken and shrivelled, and shabby and mean, earthly and trifling, they all seemed to him now! He had despised human emotion before — scoffed at all thought of regarding it seriously or as worthy of the consideration of a serious man — and here, now, in the presence of it, the bottom seemed suddenly to fall out of his scientific glory — all his scientific and rational methods. Here in the presence of this spark of immortality lighting up all the hills and valleys of human knowledge what did the glories of science amount to? The immortal reason — was it going to live? The unseen world — would it soon become the reality for her? Verily the bed of death shed a new light on the value of scientific wisdom.

And was it not, after all true? — what his mother had just said? The individual experience was a commodity which could not be lightly pushed aside; it was a consideration which must also be dealt with. In the last analysis, who could tell what passes between the individual soul and its God? Who would dare to gainsay the reality of these experiences? They were indeed arguments which were powerless with the rest of mankind and appealed only to each individual soul as so many isolated entities or individuals; but within the fortress of that individuality, within the citadel of that entity, they were impregnable. No fact of science could war successfully against them or dislodge them. They were not accumulative it was true, and yet in the early church they were most accumulative and were often the guiding light and the only one of many persons to the Christian faith. And

so this proud scion of a scientific age felt himself helpless and powerless — overwhelmed and defeated by the very argument he most despised. He knew that the church never resorted to argumentation of this class, that a theologian would smile at one who should have recourse to them, that the church discouraged them as tending to lead to hallucination and fanaticism, that the theologians would be apt to take his view of these things; and yet, here he felt himself powerless against the experiences and the logic of an individual soul even before he reached the solid and real warfare of the church itself. Yes. He felt it. This was one reason why religion could not as he had foolishly supposed, be banished from the world as long as human experience remained.

But Mrs. Edwards was not yet contented. Perhaps she had noticed the effect of her words upon George; or, perhaps she thought she would appeal to him for the last time. She returned to the subject when she had recovered her strength.

''Far be it from me'' she resumed, in a voice, at first scarcely audible, ''to boast of these heavenly privileges with which my sweet Saviour has vouchsafed to illumine this wretched vessel of clay; but experiences they were, and facts they were, in a science of which your science takes no account — nevertheless they are fully as real. I am not now dealing with delusions. Neither am I dealing with theories, or hypotheses, or assumptions, or conjectures, as your science deals. I am speaking of facts — facts of experience — within the limits of my own individual experience, it is true; but others also have had theirs. Certainly the experience of one soul can not influence another or be accepted by it as argument. From their very nature, being isolated they do not coalesce; but I believe that if you will investigate that great unexplored region of human experience you will find some things which will put your science and its conclusions to the blush — within that large realm of individual experience in which the individual soul communes with its Creator and Redeemer, you

will find a *terra incognita* of absolute, real, positive knowledge and experience far outstripping the facts of the world of physical science. If these are admitted into the hitherto inscrutable arcana which have at last yielded to your research, the experience of millions of souls who sought only the will of their Maker can put your science to the blush so rich in its fauna and flora, if I may so put it, buried in the individual heart and soul."

George was staggered by this direct logical appeal, all the more for the reason that his own observation — when he had not yet thought of observation at all — confirmed her words. But he put aside instantly what he regarded as his weakness, as he thought: "What would Professor Huxley think of such weakness?" The thought fell upon him like a blight. He winced as he fancied the infinite scorn, the scathing irony and the biting sarcasm with which men like Huxley would make merry over this new science of old wives' superstitions.

Still he felt himself pursued — haunted — by the image of his mother which was among the most vivid of his recollections; and one or two remarkable pictures stood out forcibly against the background of memory — pictures which he had seen with his own eyes, too, when his mother was wrapt in her fervent devotions, little dreaming that her prying son — even then the observing and inquisitive scientist — was intently studying her features and making note of the startling phenomena.

There was much, he was forced to acknowledge to himself, in what she had said. There was a region of human experience which science had not taken the pains to investigate — nay had wholly ignored — yea, even scorned and contemned. And yet the phenomena were there—possibly, purely psychological in character — but there surely and unquestionably. Was it not infinitely better that science should probe this region — explore it thoroughly — search Jerusalem with lamps, than

that it should go on foolishly ignoring it? He would urge upon his colleagues the importance and even necessity of investigating here also. Was it not high time for them to face everything, instead of spurning it? Yes. He would, this very evening, bring before his friend, Professor Knowseur the necessity of accounting for these things. But then the cold sneer on the face of the Doctor and the proud scorn on the face and in the voice of Professor Heifel rose up before his mind and his heart failed him. And yet — and yet — he could not but feel that science was but shunning its duty when it failed to investigate here. Was it cowardice on the part of science, concealed beneath the mask of scorn?

They had sat in silence for some time, as George had, in his reverie made no reply to his mother. Presently she moved quietly — perhaps, mistaking his silence and extended her hand pleadingly towards him.

"My son; you will break with this scientific delusion (how the words struck him! Precisely the language science was using about religion!) you will humble your pride and once more bend your knees before your God."

"Mother" he said softly and quietly, "you would not have me be untrue to my convictions. Your counsel — which I have held sacred always — was that I should cherish truth, honor, principle. I could not comply with your present wish without being false to your teaching."

"Alas! alas! how the evil one can pervert truth and dress up falsehood in its garb! Little did I think when I imprinted on your young mind a love of truth and principle and honor, that the angel of darkness would use my own sacred weapon against myself and wrest from my grasp the heart of my child."

"No. No," he vehemently protested. "My heart can never be torn from you. Though my intellect may be forced to reject your faith, my heart can never be false to your love."

"*My* faith is just as true as my love. Why is your intellect not as faithful as your heart?"

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"The world has moved so rapidly within the last half century that in knowledge and wisdom and grasp of truth we are centuries in advance of where the world stood fifty years ago. Love, however, is eternal — it knows no change."

"Not so;" she replied with animation. "With the changing follies of science, even love has been lifted from its moorings. Nay rather, what has changed so much as love? And what is responsible? What but the lax and wild notions brought into the world by a vain science?—this science that uproots everything and drives out knowledge of God and man's destiny?"

He winced perceptibly. His mother's words might sometimes be wide of the real mark; but the mark itself she seldom failed to bring clearly into view and make him uneasy.

"What has caused the husband to be false to the wife? What has given us these lax notions about the marriage tie, but the lax notions we have about God and man's duty and destiny? What is daily ruining homes and wrecking family happiness? What is leaving little children worse than orphans? What is making the sweet and sacred names of father and mother a mockery and a by-word in so many homes and to so many children? What but the loss of faith in love which has gone hand in hand with the loss of faith in religion? The failure of the truth in love which comes as the consequence of the loss of truth in the intellect. Darkness pursues darkness. Falsehood follows falsehood. Let those who are in the propaganda of destruction beware," — and raising herself on her pillows, she raised her hand oracularly and looked like a pythoness.

"The connection is, I fear, as close as you say. It is one of the deplorable consequences which seems to follow

unnecessarily in the wake of scientific knowledge. How it is I know not.''

''Because the knowledge is false'' she replied in a breath; ''or most of it is false and the remainder is illegitimate deduction. It is the knowledge and wisdom which drove the first pair from paradise: 'Ye shall be as gods' with its attendant curse. We attempt to know what in the inscrutable designs of Providence we can not know and then we turn aside from the knowledge which is legitimate and attainable, and which alone can be of any value to us, to grasp the unattainable and what we can not fathom. Who can ever arrive at certainty about this universe unless taught of God?''

A smile, half-contemptuous, formed upon his lips at the conceit, as he regarded it, of a higher power teaching us anything about the universe.

''The teaching which is said to have come from God is, however, flatly contradicted by the teachings of science.''

But like a flash she replied: ''Has science reached the last word? Has it discovered everything? Does it understand the meaning — the true meaning — leaving no room for guesswork — of what it has discovered? Are its teachings certain? If so then I am ready to listen to you and what your science has to say. If not, then in the name of heaven, in the name of honesty, in the name of truth, let it be silent.''

And the proud son of science quailed before the irrefragable argument. This poor woman with death on her trail and without laying great claim to intellectuality had cut the very ground from under the feet of science even in the moment of its proud boast. His boastings were silenced.

''Little did I dream'' she pursued, ''that truth could be thus wrested from its foundations — that such a perversion of truth could reign in man's intellect — that half-knowledge, and guess, and surmise, and assumption, and conjecture should ever undertake to masquerade in the guise of truth —

that it should dare presume to do it —. I have been told by those who know, that science is unfair to religion, that it is unfair to truth; that it cries out vociferously, 'Truth, truth' when there is no truth — nothing but mere surmise; that it decries and denounces religion for adopting what it calls methods that are unscientific, and then that it goes straightway and adopts, in science, the very methods which it decries in religion; that more credulity is lavished on so-called scientific truth than the votaries of religion spend upon all the articles of Christian belief. I know not what your Darwin's hypothesis is, nor what your nebular hypothesis is, nor by what proofs they are supported; but I challenge you, my son, to make an act of faith in them with the same confidence and assurance of truth that I can make an act — of faith in the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and yet the Real Presence is one of the articles of Christian faith, which are taken wholly on pure religious faith; that faith, however, being first founded on strongest reason. And if you can not — which is certain — why, then, have the hardihood to call your fruitless guesses science? Is not science altogether a misnomer? Be honest then and — like religion — where you have only faith or hardly faith, call it honestly like men, faith and not science. It is evidently nothing more. All modern science, speculative science — is nothing more than mere hypocrisy.

She paused more for breath than for a reply; but George who felt the force of this woman's — mere woman's — logic; and what was more, found it unanswerable, somewhat shamefaced that science had not furnished him with an adequate reply, could only make an act of faith internally in Darwin, Huxley & Co., while saying to himself mentally, "Surely these men knew and could give a satisfactory answer. The honor of science demanded, however, that he should make some answer.

"Much in science must indeed, be admitted to be conjecture and hypothesis; but such remarkably sharp hypothesis that they are tantamount to truth," was his answer.

"And you call this science! You call hypothesis truth — and exact a blind faith in it while you malign religion for doing far less. The whole it seems to me is nothing more or less than intellectual pride seeking intellectual supremacy, without anything to justify its absurd claims and hollow pretensions."

"No mother; it is the grandeur of the intellectual world of knowledge on which the twentieth century is brightly dawning."

"Alas! alas! and this is the bright intellect which was once my pride. This is the intellectual glory of my son, to which I looked forward with, perhaps, too much confidence. Alas! there is little doubt that I have sinned in my pride and hope in my boy — the marvels he was going to accomplish for God, for religion, for humanity—and now through that by which I have sinned by that I am punished — a just retribution," — and her head sank before her. "Oh! what a fall was there! God now permits me to be punished through the aberrations of that intellect — that same intellect — in its enfeeblement and folly. But I shall storm heaven. I shall expiate my presumption. You, you, my son, my foolish, erring son, you will one day return to your faith in God and Jesus Christ." Then by a sudden effort almost superhuman in her weak condition, she arose from her chair and stood erect, then flung her emaciated form on her knees, raised her outstretched hands and eyes to heaven a picture of supplication and entreaty that long haunted George's memory — and in a voice intense with emotion and strong with the strength of her devotion and faith, cried, "Oh, God! Lord of heaven and earth! Restore my child — my son, my son, my erring son — not to my arms, but to Thine own and to the bosom of Thy Church. Demand of me any sacrifice. Let

me live and suffer, or let me die — it is all one. But spare! Oh, spare my child. I immolate my heart, my will, my every wish and thought, my very life — aye all the merits which perchance I may have laid in heaven — only let my child be restored to Thee. Strike, Lord! Smite Thy servant; but spare my son; restore my child."

As she knelt with her extended hands half raised to heaven and her fixed gaze looking upwards she appeared the living embodiment of sacrifice and self-immolation, and at the close of her supplication she bowed her head and sank upon the floor as if the victim had been immolated — the sacrifice completed. She permitted George to lift her back gently to the chair and arrange her in her former position. It seemed as though peace and tranquillity had been restored to her mind; as if she had had assurance that her sacrifice was accepted — her prayer heard. Heaven, she knew, would not fail to fulfil its part and she had faithfully fulfilled hers. The strange calm on her face and in her manner, for she said nothing, seemed to show that peace was in her soul. In her voice, in her manner, in her pleading petition during her prayer, in her whole attitude might be read the confident assurance that heaven would accept her sacrifice and grant her prayer. The serenity of her countenance now seemed to warrant an internal assurance of all this. It was all the more easy therefore for George, the object of all this emotion — and anguish, to remain quiet and passive. In fact, bewilderment, consternation, stupefaction seemed to lay hold of him; and when she held out her hand to him, like one in a dream he kissed it in silence. He did not speak. He was too full for speech. But she whispered, as though she were a prophetess "All will be well." And when he replied, in a whisper also, "Yes, mother," hardly knowing what he said or meant, she corrected him "But not during my time here. But all will be well."

She was evidently completely exhausted and George rang for the nurse, slid his arm quietly about her neck and kissed her gently upon the cheek, and when the nurse entered, softly left the room.

CHAPTER V

Rose

IT SEEMED to George that a great gulf had opened suddenly between himself and his mother — or, more properly speaking, as sometimes happens in dreams, he seemed to stand riveted where he was, while she had suddenly, by some unknown power, been transported into some far off, mysterious realm whose dimensions were unlike anything in his experience, which were not exactly those of length, breadth or depth, and which impressed him as ethereal and unearthly. In spite of all his scepticism and lack of faith he could not shake off the feeling of reverence — almost awe — which the interview left behind as the predominant feeling. His mother seemed to him to have flown into another and transcendant realm whither he could not follow her as if she had been wafted on angels' wings (as he used to think of angels before the days of the scepticism) away from mundane things into a spiritual realm of exceeding beauty; and the bond of flesh between them seemed to have snapped asunder. Yet he was not dreaming. He was fully awake. Nevertheless he could not shake off the strange feeling. He staggered — almost fell — as if he had been dropped from an immense height; but managed somehow to fall safely on his feet, and across his life the sun of science and the glow of his scientific pursuits seemed to send a ray of brightness struggling into being, but infinitely different from the light in the realm whither his mother had vanished from him. The gleam, however, was a wintry one; and for many days the scene, or vision, or

transport, or whatever else it was — and its impressions — dwelt in his imagination.

How much, thought George, his devotion to science had cost him! Surely if she rewarded her votaries according to the sacrifices made for her, George was entitled to her choicest gifts. His old friends and college companions now looked at him askance. The older and more venerable among his acquaintances regarded him as a monster not to be contemplated without horror. His bosom friends Father Ramsay and Father Johnson; and Anthony, now Dr. Pembroke — companions of his childhood and staunch and unflinching friends of his boyhood and youth — were now separated from him by an impassable gulf; or at least, so he imagined, although their attentions and friendship were as pressing as ever. Possibly he felt the change in himself, and felt timid under the circumstances. And last of all he had sacrificed his mother's love just now — the last offering laid upon the altar of science — what if it should all prove fallacious? But no. The sacrifice of his mother's love was not the last. There was just one other sacrifice awaiting George, his heart foretold him; and if this foreboding prove true, and he must give up this tie also — surely no votary of religion had brought to its altar so complete and wholesale a renunciation of the heart's most tender relations as he was bringing to the service of science. This last sacrifice was Rose — Rose Ramsay.

Rose! Would she too cast him off? Was religion so bigoted that it would pursue him relentlessly into the very last secret chamber of his affections? Would it tear Rose from his heart along with all else that he loved? Would it intolerantly demand that even she must be surrendered to this insensate hatred of science?

And then too how did matters stand between Rose and himself? Had he ever been really clear with himself on this point? Did he realize how much she was to him? He had

felt so secure in the certainty of her love — at least before the days of his apostasy — that there was no need to be anxious — nothing to do but wait — so certain did he feel that her heart was his. Perhaps it was this very security that had made him careless and that had led him to permit science to come in and engross his life so completely. Had he been at all uncertain of his prize, it might have been better, — he might have proved a better wooer. But as it was he had taken matters for granted; and although his love was as deep as it was undemonstrative, still he had permitted a rival to grow up in his heart; he wooed science far more ardently and devoutly than he did the woman he so deeply loved.

Rose on her part was not jealous of her rival — rather, she encouraged the wooing. She knew no woman could ever supplant her in his affections; and she wished that George's talents should have an ample field for their fullest development. It was only when George's ardent wooing of science began to alienate him from religion, that her fears were aroused. Then she began to perceive — what she had not hitherto suspected — that her scientific rival was far more formidable than if she had been a ravishing creature of flesh and blood. Whatever drew George from religion, drew him, she felt, away from her. The new feature in George's love of science was surely going to raise an insuperable barrier to their union. Surely, surely, the pampered and encouraged rival had treacherously taken her place in George's heart.

On his side George's love for Rose was still as deep as ever. But what if his defection from religion should really affect Rose as it affected his mother? Now for the first time alarm filled his heart. Would Rose actually cast him off — as his mother had done? He knew her religion was as deep as her love, and that she was as devoutly attached to it as was his mother. Would the lover cast him off as the mother had done? He was determined to settle this question before he left Toneton. He remembered with dread how inexpressibly

shocked Rose was when he first began to slacken in his religious belief; and he even recalled with alarm some of the expressions which she had used to intimate her abhorrence of irreligion and scepticism. George's change came about so rapidly and suddenly, like all his judgments — for with him to think was to act — that there was little chance for full interchange of views on the subject. Still he had not been without due warning on the matter. It was his friend Anthony Pembroke who forewarned him of the dangerous risk he was running. Anthony was really anxious for the peace and happiness of his friend and one day under the favorite oak began to question him gravely.

"Does Miss Ramsay approve of your change of belief?" he inquired.

"No; there has not been time, and in any case I do not see how I am going to contradict my intellect. But Rose is a sensible girl and will approve of my action as long as it is honorable and the result of honest conviction.

"You are certainly taking a great risk. I fear it will change your relations," he said very gravely.

"Why should it?" George inquired, slightly alarmed. "Miss Ramsay will not cast me off for a difference of opinion."

"I should not put it that way. Is it not you rather who cast her off? You know her religion is a part of herself—it is her life."

"I do not see what difference it makes about my views on religion. We see persons of different religions marrying every day and living happily."

"Nevertheless, I believe that, in religion, of all things, husband and wife should be one. How can they be happy unless they think alike on this vital point. In my opinion it should be the very basis of their union on other points. Take it away and you have aimed the first blow at a happy union. I do not think much of the marriage union where there is a

wide gaping seam — the most conspicuous of all — which no stitching or cementing can conceal.''

''But it is different from a mixed marriage,'' George earnestly remonstrated.

''I do not understand,'' replied his friend.

''I am a Catholic for all practical purposes.''

''Except for the very practical purpose of practising the Catholic religion. You are not even a Christian, save and except for the fact of your baptism.''

''But it would be quite different from marrying a Protestant or one was was never a Catholic. I know all about the Catholic religion and would not entertain the prejudices arising from ignorance of it, which usually exist in non-Catholic minds.''

''And with all this knowledge you reject it.''

''But I reject it only because it is insufficient to account for things. While I reject it, as you call it, I am satisfied that if there be religious truth at all, it is only in the Catholic church it is to be found. With me it is simply a question of the Catholic church or atheism. The halfway house is gone. No one, at least no one of intellect, ever leaves the church now to join the sects.''

''Nevertheless (if I am a judge of character, and I think I am) I should conclude from what I have seen of Miss Ramsay that her religion with her is vital. It is a part of herself. I have, perhaps, been able to judge more accurately on those points than you. I have observed her with the eye of a disinterested critic; you have seen her only through a lover's eyes.''

George laughed lightly. But he felt somewhat uneasy all the same.

''However that may be, you may depend upon one thing; difference of opinion in religious or scientific matters is not going to make a breach between Miss Ramsay and me.''

Perhaps for the first time in his life George did not speak

exactly what he believed; for down in the depths of his soul there was a slight tremor — which he struggled very hard to ignore — but which told him that Anthony Pembroke had been a close observer and had come very near the truth in his diagnosis of the case.

And now, too, there came back to George — like a leaf blown by the wind which strikes us straight in the face — a speech of Rose's from the past when a friend of hers had been united in the bonds of marriage with a non-Catholic. The words came to him now as if they were uttered but a moment ago; though strange to say, he had never before given them a second thought. "How can such marriages be happy? There can be no union in such cases. If a woman cares to serve God at all, I can not see how she can make a husband happy who denies the God she adores and loves or how he can make her happy."

The whole scene came back to George now and filled him with apprehension for his own lot. All this — the conversation with Mr. Pembroke and the expression of opinion given by Rose — had occurred earlier in George's career, and made little impression on him at the time. But now that his intellectual despotism had completely mastered him, and he had burned his bridges behind him, there was much misgiving at his heart, and he was determined to settle the question before he left Toneton.

When George had sufficiently recovered from the effects on his feelings of the scene in his mother's room he made inquiry for Rose. His cousin, Edith Kingsley, his mother's niece, who was the constant companion of his mother and was to George as a sister, being absent, George inquired of the servants for Rose after he had searched the house in vain. At last he perceived her in the garden whither she had gone as much to avoid him as to breathe a little of the pure ozone after her long hours in the sick room. George had never seen her so bewitching, he thought. The sun was sinking in the

west, its rays glancing from the blazing glory of autumnal leaves, now in all their splendor. The air was fresh and keen enough to be bracing, and the sheen in the atmosphere was like that of the morning, and Rose was evidently captivated by the beauty of the whole scene. In the center of all the golden splendor of leaf and flower painted by the unseen hand of autumn's wondrous colorist, and now gilded by the golden rays of the setting sun, he beheld the outline of Rose's graceful form against a background of magnificent flaming coleus flanked on both sides by beds of brilliant asters which so far had defied the autumnal frosts. The ethereal look of the morning had not yet left her — a look which George noticed instantly. He had never seen her half so beautiful; but it was a strange beauty which reminded him of the wondrous radiance of his mother's face in days gone by. A slight shadow of care would have done for all this what the frost had already done for the foliage which lay black and brown and crumpled all around him; but, like the frost on some of the foliage, its power had so far been ineffectual; or what little had come was simply transfiguring in its effects upon her. The bloom of spring had gone with everything of its blooming, sensuous touch; and nothing remained but the spiritual beauty. The care that would have given the death chill to it all was held in check by her resignation and meekness. Had she been less resigned, doubtless she would have marred the external beauty.

It was difficult for George to understand the change. He had never perceived anything like this in her before. The grace, the outline, the lithe figure attracted him as before; but her appearance gave him the impression of what a year ago he would have called an angelic being. A far off light shone in her eyes. It was not mere beauty cleansed by sorrow and chastened by suffering. It was as though a seraph's wing had touched the face and the quiet heavenly touch was lingering there still. Even the materialistic George

felt a sense of the spiritual coming over him as he gazed at her through the window through which he had espied her.

His heart bounded and throbbed. But it was not hope, nor was it joy; it was anxiety — anxiety to know his fate. Never had he beheld her so lovely. Never had he longed so earnestly to make her his. Never before had he loved her so tenderly. Perhaps for the first time too, his science seemed poor and paltry in his eyes. He even now for the first time regretted his intellectual thraldom — his scientific captivity — which held him with all the ardor of a Circe. He felt a strong disposition to rail against his new mistress for which he was suffering so much. He was at Rose's side in an instant.

Her greeting was that of a friend — simple, earnest, sincere. She made no effort to disguise her interest; but there was something in her manner which made him feel that they were now distant as the poles asunder. There was reproach in neither her voice nor her manner. She held her hand out to him, though manifestly she was under some restraint; and George's heart told him that a Chinese wall of separation had risen up between them.

Now that he stood by her side he realized the embarrassment of the situation. A few commonplaces about his mother's condition and he forced himself to the subject which caused him to seek her.

"I fear my affiliations with science have alienated from me all my friends." He spoke with a marked note in his voice of the sadness which he really felt in his heart.

She made no reply. Her fixed gaze rested on a point half way down the hill slope.

He paused in embarrassment. He bit his lip in disappointment; but she was silent. Evidently there was nothing for it but to go on; she evidently was not going to help him out.

"Mother seems — to — have taken — these — things — to heart — greatly. I — was — surprised to hear — how much —

the thing — affected her,'' he was forced to drag the words from his lips.

She turned and fixed upon him a look of mingled wonder and inquiry.

His embarrassment was becoming unbearable. What did she mean? Why would she not understand him? Plainly she was not going to help him out. And what did her look mean? Surprise? At him? Or at his mother? Pshaw! What a fool he had been! He had not calculated the consequences of his scientific alliance at all. Would she never speak? He was growing desperate. He stooped and broke a shoot from a rose bush beside him, and the thorns pricked him.

''Yes; my mother thinks I am recklessly and wantonly pursuing a course of folly.'' He breathed hard; evidently speaking was an effort.

It was plain that she regarded comment as unnecessary; for she volunteered none.

A string of wild geese stretched across the valley between them and the setting sun; and ''Honk, honk, honk'' was distinctly audible to both; for they both looked up. The leader had evidently lost his way, for he went first in one direction and then in another. They looked at each other and the same thought was in both minds.

''I suppose you, too, believe that I am pursuing a wild-goose chase of vanity and delusion,'' he said with bitterness.

This time, she evidently regarded herself as challenged directly for an opinion and she spoke in the softest and quietest voice imaginable.

''The course must certainly be vanity and delusion which leads away from God;''—her voice was scarcely audible, but clear and distinct.

''But see the blessings which science has poured out on the world in such abundance.''

''You know there is the widest difference possible between

the science that confers those blessings and the so-called science that takes away the blessing of faith.''

How beautiful she looked in the evening light as he looked at her while she spoke with soft earnestness!

''Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I am following an *ignis fatuus* or a rainbow.''

''Oh surely you must know that you are. Why not even now before the harm is done — before it is too late — abandon this delusion? A science that takes from you your faith is like a spirit that is not from on high. In God's name forsake this madness;'' — and she turned to him earnestly as she pleaded in her anxious desire to restore him to his mother and religion.

He was touched by her earnestness and supposed she was pleading her own cause. How he loved her for it.

''It is not impossible that I should retrace my steps,'' he said, reflectingly. If it were a question of for her sake, he seemed ready to make the sacrifice.

''Oh! May heaven grant that boon!'' she cried in eager earnestness. She was thinking of his mother and of his own spiritual advantage. ''You will abandon these false scientific gods.''

''For your sake I would abandon everything save honor. It is not impossible that I should hold science in abeyance with all its intellect-compelling truth. I am not obliged to swear allegiance to it. Such questions can be waived altogether.''

She shrank from him in dismay. He had misunderstood her. The depth of her feelings on the subject of his fall had hurried her into a sad mistake in her mode of expressing them. He supposed she was pleading for herself, and she felt the blood rushing to her face, the witness of her mortification. She hastened to correct his misinterpretation of her words.

''No; no; you misapprehend. It is not for myself I plead; I am not so selfish. Heaven forbid that I should entreat you to forego for my sake what you believe to be truth. No, no.

It is because it is not truth, that I plead. Pardon my words and the earnestness with which I uttered them. But no; there must be no misunderstanding. Were you even now to again become the devout Catholic which you formerly were, we can only be friends — henceforth friends only can we be.''

There was distress manifest in her voice — distress because her words had been misunderstood; but there were also anguish and sadness hidden beneath her agitated manner; nevertheless the words were uttered with a solemnity which thrilled every fibre of his soul.

But, good heavens! What did she mean? Had she cast him aside completely? Had he really lost her forever? And never had she appeared to him so ravishingly beautiful. There was no sacrifice that he would not have made for her at that moment. What did her words imply? Was it really, as she said, too late?

He must know.

''What is there to prevent our old relations to be renewed if I abandon this science that has, it appears, separated us?''

''If you believe it to be truth, you are not the man to trifle with it unless you are false to yourself. You are but deceiving yourself upon this point. But,'' and she moved forward as if to end the conference, ''it is now too late for such a thing. Yesterday it might be; today never.''

She was moving away; but he stepped before her squarely in the path.

''But this is madness. Speak. What do you mean?'' — he spoke hoarsely and in accents of despair. ''Oh this is trifling with too sacred a subject — gambling not with faith, but with love, with hope, with the human heart. I shall renounce all my scientific pursuits without delay — without question'' — and he firmly believed for the moment that he could.

''Were you to become to-morrow all that you have been,

that fact -- no, no, you must not be deceived — so far from reuniting us would be the insurmountable obstacle which must render our union impossible — it is best that you should know it.''

''But it is for my apostasy you have cast me off. I know it is. It is with you the same as with mother. What then is this puzzle?''

''It means that I can not recall my promise.''

''Promise? Madness! What does this mean?''

''It means that I have made a solemn promise to God —''

''Never to be mine —''

''No rather have I prayed Him never to permit me to be yours — to deny me that happiness — to accept the sacrifice — the greatest that I could make — that — that — that — you might be brought back to His love — to His truth. I am sure He has deigned to accept the sacrifice. This is why it can never be as you wish. I can not break my solemn pledge. He has accepted it and I feel He will grant my prayer.''

''Oh what blindness and folly has been mine? Why did not some one warn me of the consequences of my folly? I suppose you have taken vows to dedicate yourself to religion and that all your beauty and all your goodness will be hidden within the walls of some gloomy convent. And to this imprisonment for life I have driven you by my folly.''

He was now really angry with himself and almost cursed the ill-fated love of science that had robbed him of all, science itself excepted, that he really loved.

''No, no,'' she answered eagerly. ''I have no such presumption in mind. I would not dare to offer to God, the shattered remnants of a love that has been wrecked on earthly things. It would be an insult to Him. My work must be humbler far than that of those who have given themselves in the freshness and fragrance of the love of their young hearts

to be his consecrated spouses. This would be too sublime, too glorious for one who has been taken up with earthly loves."

"In heaven's name then what have you done? What are your plans for the future — I have a right to know."

Poor George! He overlooked the fact that if he had the right to know, he should have thought about it before taking the momentous step on his own behalf, which now placed this yawning gulf between them.

She smiled. "What God in His infinite providence may have in store for you and for me I know not. The future is a mystery whose veil I yet dare hardly venture to lift. Of one thing, however, I am certain, our lots part here. Farewell, forever."

She was gone.

George stood transfixed to the spot as if dazed. Here was what a woman could do. She had offered her happiness on the altar of sacrifice that he might be saved! Saved! Bah! Absurd! This was the folly of Christianity. What folly in this woman! And what fanatics religion makes of its devotees! And yet — and yet — was not this precisely what he could not do? Was there not sacrifice — heroic sacrifice — here? The greatest possible sacrifice — even taking the act as a mistaken one! And yet he called religion selfish in its aims and ends! Surely here was something which his science could not dream of — that a woman should sacrifice all her prospects of happiness with the man she loved and by whom she was loved in turn, in order that that man should be eternally happy. This was a vicarious suffering entirely new to him (he forgot that the mainspring of Christianity was vicarious suffering)—she was to suffer that he might be the gainer. It was madness — fanaticism — of course; he could not regard it as aught else. Yet still it was sacrifice — altruism — altruism of the purest type — altruism, too, inspired by this strange religion which science and agnosticism were trying hard to make the world believe was inspired only

by selfishness. He was stunned. He was bewildered. He was heart-broken; that is, as far as his heart could be said to break. Never had the world of life appeared to him so dark and dismal.

When he returned to the university that night, he said to Professor Tait who came to make inquiry about his mother's condition and to make some arrangements regarding the expedition of the work on the great enterprise:

"Science should be the most indulgent of mistresses. To her I have sacrificed today the love of the two noblest women on earth — I wonder if her rewards will repay the sacrifice. I have trampled on the broken hearts of both for her sake."

CHAPTER VI

The Great Enterprise

ONE OF the commonest experiences of life is disillusionment. How often has it happened that after a man has sacrificed everything, duty and conscience included, for the attainment of a particular fancy, in the supreme moment when he clasps the golden prize it is discovered to be clay. The fruit turns to ashes on the lips. Disenchantment and disillusionment arrive at the same moment with the prize; and he finds that all the suffering and hardship which he has inflicted upon himself and others have been the price of a mere delusion. Was George going to experience this very common trial? Certain it was that he had sacrificed to his heart's ruling desire every other affection of that heart. Would he too find that the game was not worth the candle?

Certain it was too, that George was now free to pursue his heart's desire. Much as he loved his mother and much as he loved Rose, he was nevertheless able, with comparative ease, to shake off the pain and misery which his visit to Toneton had brought him. His heart was sore — very sore indeed. If he wished to forget it, a sharp twinge in that neighborhood, as though a sharp sword-blade were piercing it, was a rather painful reminder. But still he was young and hopeful. Whatever Rose might have meant by the strange language in which she informed him of the rejection of his love, a change, he hoped would one day come. When the full glory of his scientific achievements flashed upon the world in all their brilliancy and splendor, and when the full

blaze of scientific enlightenment had driven to the shadows the Christian beliefs, Rose's pledges would automatically crumble to nothingness — Rose would in all probability be inclined to reconsider her rash resolve. One thing there was for which he could not be too grateful — her determination did not include the immuring of herself in a convent. This was much to be thankful for and relieved the situation of its otherwise utter hopelessness. Perhaps if truth were told it was on this very slender foundation all his hopes were built. By the time, too, that his scientific achievement was filling the world with glory, the sun of scientific truth would have ascended so high in the heavens, that its noonday rays would penetrate everywhere, and Rose — for was she not a sensible girl in spite of everything? — would herself see the folly of clinging to superannuated superstitions; or at least the superstitions would have so greatly relaxed their hold upon her that she would look differently on his defection.

Moreover it must be admitted that George yielded more easily to intellectual pleasures than to those of the heart; and while there could be no doubt about the sincerity and depth of his affection for Rose, and while no other woman could for a moment take her place in his heart, his thirst for knowledge, for fame, for intellectual glory was more to him than any heart's desire. In other words love was with George but a secondary passion. It was a weakness — a delightful weakness indeed — but man's place was in the acquisition of fame and glory. These were the serious things of life. Love was only for its idle moments. Like the old Scandinavian warriors who regarded war — war — as the primary duty — since glory and renown came from it — and to whom woman was only the toy of an idle hour, so George regarded the achievements, the wonders, the splendors of science, which intoxicated the intellect with its golden dreams of glory and which was now filling the earth

with its marvels, as the only things really worthy of masculine attention. Hence although his heart felt sore and crushed he rather chid it for its weakness than coddled or petted it. Consequently he was soon immersed in his great study again.

How slowly the History of The Inductive Sciences was progressing! But then it was a great work and required time. It was encyclopedic. His army of assistants was working faithfully too and the first volume would soon be in shape for the printer. It is true this volume was merely introductory and did not go very deeply into matters scientific. But it was splendidly arranged and lucidity before all marked everything that came from George's hands. Nothing but words of encouragement came for the sample specimen pages sent out to the universities and colleges in particular. "The work could not be in better hands" wrote Professor Sayse. "A glorious achievement worthy of science in every way," was the comment of Dr. Dearmont, whose opinion was perhaps the most coveted of any in the field of physical science. "As far in advance of the original work of which it purports to be a continuation as the science of our day is in advance of that of Dr. Whewell," wrote Professor Hatleigh. "A fitting monument to modern scientific glories," was the editorial comment of the N. Y. Sound. "A storehouse of scientific wisdom and learning," wrote the Chicago Wind. "Superb!" whispered Professor Johns in George's ear as he met him at a university function in Pennsylvania. "Beyond all praise," wrote Professor Jaymes. Would not Whewell rejoice in his ashes could he know what a worthy successor he had and what a wealth of rich material was to be given soon to the world. A sheaf of communications all in the "laudate" strain awaited George on his arrival home, filling him with fresh zeal and courage, and in less than twenty-four hours he had thrown himself into his work with

such an *abandon* that the pain had gone from his heart expelled by the joy of the intellect.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these encomiums of his work and in spite of the pleasure they gave him, there were times when George stood aghast at the sight of the vast enterprise he had undertaken. He had yet with him his Christian conscience and the high sense of honor and scrupulosity to duty, which it enjoined. His chief aim was to do his work well and faithfully — to chronicle the real advance in science accurately, to set down naught in malice or unfairness, and to tell the plain truth on every subject. The responsibility he felt was tremendous — the difficulties enormous. He at once began to realize that it was an utter impossibility for him — for any man — to master the entire output of knowledge on any particular subject—whether it were a great division or even a subdivision. The mass of matter was overwhelming. The days of the Admirable Crichtons were gone. The aspiring genius who boasted that he took all knowledge to be his portion, would find that the grasp of his ambition would hardly reach more than one-millionth part of the whole. Not only could no man now master all the scientific knowledge and learning which the world contained; but he could not master all that was embraced in one single department of science.

From time to time as there dawned upon him a full realization of the responsibility of the gigantic task he had so jauntily, lightly and confidently assumed, he found himself forced to stop and ask himself whether he could conscientiously — that is, honorably, for conscience he did not now believe in—go on with the work. It was true he had a trained body of helpers; but what did he know of their ability, faithfulness and conscientious working?

And then this difficulty was supplemented by another still more appalling. He had now been brought nearer to scientific doctrines than he had ever been before and duty

obliged him to examine them more closely. Hitherto he had for the most part taken these doctrines on faith, that is on the word of scientists. Now he was forced to examine them for himself at short range, since he must be responsible for his statements concerning them; and the nearer he came to the grounds for the dogmatism of science the more his ardor cooled. Indeed on many subjects on which he had built many air castles, he found that his confidence of opinion had suffered a severe shock. There were indeed departments of science where skilful and talented men had made everything plain and left nothing to surmise. They conscientiously enunciated the indisputable conclusions from facts that were indubitable. They were careful not to exceed the limits of truth or logic in their statements, and where was conjecture they gave it as conjecture, where was fact they gave it unhesitatingly as fact, where was doubt they candidly gave it as doubt with their own private opinions as to the probability or improbability of the hypothesis proving ultimately to be truth. Their facts were incontrovertible, their logic was impregnable, their premises unquestionable, and their conclusions legitimately drawn. But on the other hand he found in so many departments that the data consisted of a jumbled mass of opinions, in which it was almost impossible to sift the grain of truth from the chaff —and these were unfortunately the departments in which he had hitherto relied on the statements of authority! Dogmatic statements he frequently found on investigation, to be mere hypotheses. Facts were proclaimed to the world which were the reverse of certain. And then, worse still, theories were founded on these doubtful facts — often not even logically derived from them — and paraded before the world as "the teachings of science" on these points. So much that he had supposed to be settled facts and legitimate deductions of science — settled definite knowledge — turned out, on close acquaintance to be mere flotsam and jetsam—

the fluctuating views—of speculation merely; nothing more. Wild reckless statements without solid foundation in fact or reason, he found masquerading in many fields of speculation, dignified by the name of "Scientific Conclusions." And to his utter amazement he found that this was the prevailing system in many fields in which he had supposed that absolute certainty had been actually attained. All this was an inexpressible shock to him.

In the practical or industrial science all was indeed easy. The specialists here left nothing to be desired. Nothing was haphazard or guess, much less reckless statement. If only he could say the same of the speculative sciences! The light that had been thrown on old problems was, he discovered, by no means as full or as satisfactory as he had supposed it to be. And instead of being able to record a long series of glorious triumphs in which nature had been robbed of her secrets and rifled of the knowledge she seemed so loath to part with, he found that his hands were empty, or, if full, filled only with a mass of rubbish labelled foolishly as learning. Even such subjects as geology and paleontology which he had regarded as most exact in their statements — so much so, indeed, as to deserve the name of the exact sciences — contained nothing but a mass of facts which men tried to account for by clever conjecture. What was more, he found that one conjecture in this field was just as good as another. The great problems which he had regarded as solved, he found to be still impregnable citadels stormed merely by guess work.

And then there was the question of his assistants. What of them? Were they really capable of doing the work assigned to them? What were their views regarding the interchangeability of fact and hypothesis? Could he rely upon them — first on their knowledge and then on their conscientious performance of the task? He was completely at their mercy. In a thousand mistakes and blunders and

incorrect and false statements — what means did he have of ascertaining the truth? If the teachers — as he had found — could not be depended upon for accuracy of statement or for honest exposition of the question before them — how about their disciples? If it were so in the dry wood what would it be in the green?

And it was on this particular point of the assistants that George's confidence got the first actual jolt.

"Pixley" said George one day to the head of the department which was to report fully on the subject of spontaneous generation, "is the report ready for inspection on this subject?"

"It will be on your desk at six o'clock this evening," Pixley replied.

The report was in place duly as promised, and when George returned to his room and settled down for an evening's work, he lighted a cigar, leaned back in his easy chair, with his back to the softened light of his student lamp to glance at the contents on the paper.

He felt more at ease this evening than he had for some time, owing to the fact that a special letter of commendation of the work had appeared in the Boston Talk column of the New York *Fame*. As he smoked and read he was blowing away the smoke wreaths with calm contentment, and from time to time, as they drifted away too lazily, he took his cigar from his mouth and waved them off quietly, calmly, majestically, with his hand, with the air of a man who is enjoying the good opinion of the world at large. All at once he gave a start and a frown appeared on his forehead. He muttered something between his teeth. His movement was so sudden that the fine setter lying at his feet jumped suddenly into the middle of the room and gave two sharp barks of surprise and inquiry. He read the passage over a second time with manifestly great care. A glance at the

remainder of the paper and then he flung it down with a vehemence which caused the lamp to tremble!

Next morning he sent for Pixley.

"Pixley, who were your asistants on the subject of spontaneous generation?", he inquired.

"Jones and Smith hunted up all the references; but I read them and compared them all myself."

"Did you take the pains to verify every statement in the report submitted?"

"Most assuredly, Professor."

"And each authority was followed out exhaustively, so that there could be no doubt but that his exact scientific views were given in the paper?"

"Every utterance of the authority quoted upon the subject has been fully explored and no doubt left about his scientific conclusion," was the somewhat stiff reply.

"Did you write that paper which was handed to me last evening?"

"No sir. I did not write it."

"Did you read it carefully before handing it in?"

"Most assuredly. I am not accustomed to neglect my duty"—with a slight assumption of injury.

"But this paper states directly that both Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall maintained as a scientific theory, the doctrine of spontaneous generation. Are you aware that the very reverse of this was the fact?"

"But it was not the fact, they both believed in the doctrine," stoutly persisted Pixley.

"In spite of the fact that Tyndall by his own experiments, refuted Bastian, when he attacked Pasteur? Are you not aware that Tyndall proved by his experiments to his own satisfaction that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation?"

"Nevertheless he maintained the doctrine."

"In spite of his own proofs to the contrary?", inquired

George scenting for the first time the cause of the paper's statement.

"In spite of his own experiments," was the cool reply.

"Do you maintain that Tyndall and Huxley maintained that spontaneous generation was scientifically established?"

"No, — not — as — scientifically established," admitted Pixley slowly and reluctantly.

"As highly probable, or well-nigh proven, then?'

"No, not as highly probable."

"As a hypothesis on which they worked — a good working hypothesis then, perhaps?' '

"No, not exactly as a working hypothesis even."

"And yet in spite of this you 'O. K.' a paper that conveys the intelligence to the world that both Huxley and Tyndall, as a result of their scientific investigations and experiments, maintained the doctrine of spontaneous generation."

Pixley was silent.

"You were well aware that the strongest expression that Tyndall could use on the subject, was that it was not 'impossible.' Supposing I said that it was not impossible that you were a fool, would it be a proof that you had garbed yourself in motley and donned a cap and bells?"

Pixley smiled grimly.

"Not precisely," said Pixley.

"And you are fully aware that Huxley admitted that he could not even make an act of scientific faith in spontaneous generation — much as he wished to do so?" added George.

"I am aware of it."

"Then how dare you present such a statement as this in your paper when referring to the views of Huxley and

[1] This statement is actually made by W. H. Mallock in his "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," and in precisely these words.

Tyndall: 'That it has taken place in the past is the very thing they affirm'?''

Pixley hung his head. He did not deny his guilt.

''But they believed it'' he remonstrated after a moment's pause.

''You were well aware that we are not recording any man's private opinions or beliefs, however eminent he may have been, as scientifically worth notice unless his opinion is corroborated by fact or experiment. How then when the opinion or faith is contradicted so completely by his own experiments that he can not even call his faith scientific?''

''I suppose you wished to give their leanings on the subject,'' pleaded Pixley, who began to regret his intentional error, made perhaps thinking it would not be discovered.

''We want to give their scientific views. In the case of eminent men like Huxley and Tyndall, we might have recorded their private views in opposition to the views forced upon them by science; but the views which science compelled them to adopt sorely against their will are precisely the ones you have omitted. This was misleading and dishonest.''

And George in confirmation of his words took down a volume of Huxley and read:

''Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs strong foundations. To say, therefore, in the admitted absence of evidence, that I have any belief as to the mode in which the existing forms of life have originated, would be using words in a wrong sense.''

''You see pursued George, he dared not make even an act of scientific faith in the doctrine.''

He continued to read.

''But expectation is permissible where belief is not (you see he has not even belief — merely expectation) . . . . . . but I beg you once more to recollect that I have, no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosphical faith.''

"All this you knew" said George turning to Pixley abruptly.

"Yes" aspirated Pixley, now thoroughly repentant.

"That will do, Pixley. You may go."

Pixley was promptly discharged from the work; and on inquiry George learned that he was a rabid heterogenist.

The incident was an object lesson to George in more ways than one. It perhaps shook his confidence in Huxley more than in Pixley. He read carefully the words in which Huxley evidently with the greatest reluctance admitted the force of the Pasteur and Tyndall experiments, which so completely contradicted his views about evolution and the origin of life. But what struck him most forcibly now — it had never struck him before — was the jugglery of words in which Huxley tried to obscure his meaning. Huxley, always so lucid: — whose sentences were usually as clear and limpid as running water in a clear stream! What was it all but the effort to muddy the waters in behalf on his own opinion, which he dared not call even "faith" but merely an "expectation?" "And this was how science was written!" George thought. "And this was the fair nymph who had wooed him from all his religious ties and affiliations!"

The more he pondered the matter, the more discouraged did he become over the work. If it were only within the possibility of his own powers! But now, that he could not place confidence in the honesty of his assistants, was plain. And how could he depend on their judgment even where their honesty was not in question? Some, indeed — like young Digsby in the archaelogical department — were veritable treasures. They loved the labor for the sake of science. Some were even enthusiastic — intoxicated with their work, lovers of truth with a keen eye for accuracy of statement and with soundness of judgment which might be fully relied upon. But others were like Pixley, and especially on the subjects of Geology and Paleontology, he found that

his helpers were not more reliable than Pixley himself. George began to doubt the wisdom of the enterprise and began to have grave scruples about pursuing it. He certainly wished to give to the world only scientific truth and statement without disguise or bias — truth where there was truth, doubt where there was doubt, and falsity exposed where statements or hypotheses had been exposed or discredited.

But now? Was he to become responsible for the false notions which these untutored or dishonest men might introduce? Could he go sponsor to the world for the accuracy of a work brought into existence in this fashion? What was there in it that could be pronounced reliable? Of his own specialty — biology — he could speak in fairly confident terms. Naught was there that was false, at least — naught set down in bias or in doubt; but could he say the same of the rest of the work? It began to harrow his very soul to think of the ignorance that passed for learning and the mass of heterogeneous rubbish — aye rubbish was the term — for which he — or no one else — could vouch. Someone made a statement at random — or a blunder — and statement and blunder were faithfully copied all along the line, took their places boldly as gospel truth and were handed down as the world's choice knowledge and wisdom.

And then he thought — all at once — and the thought caused him almost to explode with laughter at the absurdity of the situation, although the next moment he was shocked at the consequences — it was precisely in this way that Herbert Spencer had given to the world his famous Synthetic Philosophy. Horrors! And it was from data compiled in this manner he drew his philosophical deductions which he tried so hard to foist upon the world! The absurdity of it all made him break out into hideous laughter which he could not suppress. And this was the way scientific and philosophical opinions were framed! And this was

the sort of rubbish that imposed upon the world in the name and with the authority of science! And his laughter died away in a howl of horror and indignation. "Spencer" — thought he — "was a specialist in nothing." He had no pretensions to scientific knowledge. He took what facts were brought to him — true or false — he was unable to tell the difference; and his special work — he wanted all the world to know it — was to draw conclusions from the collations and comparison of them. But what of the facts — and what of their relations — and what of the opinions and doctrines that accompanied those facts? Did they not come from a corps of workers like George's? — save the mark. The thought almost drove George frantic. And this was science! Was it — could it be — that this was all there was to the glorius queen that walked the earth in such majesty as he had supposed — that dazzling science with its kingdom of truth and of glory. Now it seemed to him it was nothing but tinsel and rags. He went almost mad when he thought of the huge imposition upon a credulous world and the colossal impudence of the undertaking.

And yet what was he himself doing? Precisely what Spencer had done. A little more conscientiously and a little more capably, perhaps, but who would guarantee the capability and the honesty of his assistants in separating truth from falsehood? Had he not copied Spencer's method in almost everything? And this was what passed in a credulous world as science! This was the victory that overcame religion — not scientific fact but scientific faith. He felt a nausea for all scientific knowledge with its budget of falsehood rising within him for the first time in his life. He could with difficulty restrain himself from rushing to the publishers and denouncing the whole work as a gigantic fraud, and renouncing further responsibility for it. Never before had knowledge appeared to him so contemptible. Instead of a pure limpid, sparkling stream, the fountain of

scientific knowledge so boasted, so extolled and admired, seemed to him to be mere mudwater and ooze. With difficulty could he persuade himself not to sever his connection with the work without further delay.

A few days later another circumstance of a nature slightly different from the Pixley affair, but still more serious in its consequences came under George's observation and aroused him first to the highest summit of hope and then to the same pitch of nausea. More rubbish, he had learned, as he said himself reproachfully to the delinquent Pixley, was palmed off on an unsuspecting world in the name of science and under the guise of learning than in any other sphere of knowledge. He was bitterly meditating on these things when he was summoned to the telephone.

He took down the receiver instantly.

"Yes." He disdained the conventional "hello."

"Hello" came in response, however.

"Yes," again. "Who is it? With whom am I speaking?"

"Professor Sangeuin. Is this Dr. Edwards?"

"Yes. What is the news?"

"News! NEWS!! NEWS!!! indeed!" rang straight into the room. "The most momentous discovery of science within the century."

George drew the telephone towards him and listened with all his ears lest he might miss a syllable.

"What is the nature of the discovery?" The scientific horizon began to brighten somewhat.

"A fossil remains at Stonefelt! Professor Knowseur has been down to examine it and declares that there is little doubt but that the missing link has been at last discovered. Day after to-morrow we are going to make an excursion to Stonefelt — a body of scientists, Professor Gawkie, Professor Jaymes, Professor Johns and myself go together and we want you to join us at Jungtown."

Here was news indeed. The scientific horoscope was not so repelling after all. Science was after all going to favor her devoted sons. ''Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her'' as Wordsworth had it. George was young, and his spirits were buoyant, and transitions of moods were easy. He was soon walking on air again. The vexations and annoyances of the history were completely forgotten in the prospect of this new and most exciting of expeditions. Was the mystery really at last to be solved? Was the tittle-tattle of theologians to be silenced forever? Was the justification of his own step — cruelly called apostasy — the wisdom of which he had even begun to doubt himself, at hand? George was not easily excited; but he might be pardoned if he felt a slight flutter of the heart and his blood ran to his temples until the veins throbbed. Was he about to be present at one of those rare occurrences — those great and memorable events in the world's history when corroboration of a much debated and much maligned theory was to silence its opponents forever? Was the great generalization which to him was the most marvellous thing in science about to be lifted out of the realm of conjecture, and consequently of controversy? His friends had twitted him with giving up his faith for a chimera. Now science was going to demonstrate to them that he had simply given up childish superstition for a certainty—a proven—scientific certainty, and with these agreeable anticipations George lost no time but began at once to make ready his traveling outfit.

CHAPTER VII

HOPE REVIVED

GEORGE took the night train for Jungtown. He retired early. Pompey, the colored autocrat of the Pullman sleeper, for once deferred to the will of a passenger, and after many dodgings into other people's sections and into the smoking room, while the chaos that precedes order was being created by Pompey, George soon found himself stretched at full length in lower No. 6 of the Pinta wooing slumber, with his train travelling at the rate of fifty-nine miles an hour.

The motion of the coach and its rolling on the rails soon brought sleep — or at least unconsciousness — to George. Rest it could hardly be called — his nerves were so completely unstrung by the trying events of the past few days with their varied and provoking experiences. His mind was full. This agreeable episode after so many disgusting and harrowing ones had an exciting rather than a quieting effect upon his nerves; and his sleep was far from refreshing. It was a confusion of whistles, of passing engines, of stopping at stations and grating wheel-testings with ringing hammers. A flop of the window shade at his feet as they swung around a curve revealed a light or two in passing. He sent the shade up with a click and the full moon in the heavens was racing with his train. Soon it beat the train and crossed its bow — so to speak — and George dozed again. Again a shriek of the whistle and again George awoke with a start. This time he thought he must have discovered a new constellation — the acute-angled triangle of Cassiopeia only was in view with the rest of the "lady in her chair" hiding under a cloud —

and George wondered for the nonce what part of the heavens the new constellation honored with its presence. Again a doze and again a shriek from an engine passing as they swung around a curve, and George opened his eyes wide in wonder and astonishment. It was not a new constellation in the heavens this time. The wonder was on the earth. Far behind in the valley, for they were now ascending a fearful grade, lay what appeared to be a grove of gigtantic azaleas with their soft pink blossoms illuminating the darkness. The scene was beautiful in the extreme as it suddenly sprung on George's vision out of the darkness as if by magic. It thrilled him with pleasure, admiration, and delight to say nothing of the wonder. Never had he beheld anything so beautiful — so unique, he thought — and he had not; for it was the electric lights in the city of Walmesborough over which the train was fast rising and each crystal lamp was, in the darkness, and at that distance, a blooming glory. He then knew that he was travelling through the finest railroad scenery in America; when he remembered that he was ascending the steep grade that would bring him three thousand feet above Walmesborough. The scene was lost in an instant just as it came. Again as they rounded another curve the fairy scene appeared for an instant but was out of sight again in a moment. Again the moon came into view as the train rounded another curve; but not all the challenging of the engine as she strode on in the darkness could persuade the moon to try another race with her. Up the mountain side the train strode. The steepness of the grade was attested by the *snorting* of the iron *lungs* which were evidently being tested to their full capacity. She rushed with a mad determination like a wearied lioness; but George looked in vain for the grove of gigantic azaleas or for a race with Diana — the sky was overcast with clouds. But the darkness now became as interesting as the light in its brilliancy. Great huge cliffs with sheer sides seemed to pursue the train. They came out of the great black breast of the

night. Now they approached so near that their scarped edges were visible even in the darkness. Seamed, and ridged, and ravined, they seemed to look in in contempt on the invasion of their solitude by the roar of the engine. Now they scampered off like a herd of cattle and then from their vantage ground of distance seemed to turn and stand, and look in amazement at the puffing, panting, snorting monster, belching forth its sparks of fire and hot, thick, black breath. And then again, almost instantly they were at his side again with a bound, so close that he strained his eyes in vain to reach their scarped summits. From time to time a train rushed past them in the opposite direction with a shriek; and as they ascended the mountain, from time to time a branch swept off from the main line at an acute angled curve and plunged headlong into the darkness like a railed ravine, while a few straggling lights along its track and far down the valley showed that in the steepness of its plunge there too was life. A narrow gauge track lay along side of the main track and in more than one place a fussy little engine with a long train of freight cars attached, shrieked and whistled and screeched, and tore down the incline — soon disappearing in one of those ravines, as if scared to death by the oncoming monster which seemed ready to crush it like a juggernaut. And still up the mountain the huge train toiled and strove — around curves — now leaning heavily to that side, now to this; but George was always able to tell from his angle with the horizontal, how near he was to the summit and how steep was the grade which they were ascending. He dozed off lightly, wearied with the watching, woke half a dozen times, nodded off again, and lost trace at last completely of the time — the whereabouts — the geography of his position. When he awoke he was at Jungtown. His scientific friends were awaiting him on the platform. The ride — especially the last hour's doze — had somewhat rested his nerves; but he was still in a high state of tension when he reached Stonefelt.

CHAPTER VIII

The Missing Link

THE most distinguished scientists of the continent of America and a few from across the Atlantic, who had happened to be visiting in the United States had already arrived on the scene and the interest was intense. And it was a strange enough freak. One portion of the body was petrified, while the remainder was of the ordinary fossil character; but the petrification ran through the full length of the figure in a somewhat whimsical fashion.

It was a fact. Some workmen engaged in tunneling on the new branch of the Great Gun railroad had unearthed the treasure. They little dreamed of the value of the discovery to science. Some of them in their ignorance imagined the remains to be those of a man recently buried, and thought that they had unearthed a recent crime, so perfect was the body. But when they touched the figure they found it to be stone. It must have petrified instantly, for the flesh was still on the bones and the hair on the head was so perfect that the single hairs could be counted.

Professor Goodsir was the first to arrive and he instantly recognized the great value of the discovery.

"It long antedates the stone age," said he audibly as he viewed the wonderful discovery.

"And begorra, was there an age when men were made of stones?" inquired Pat O'Shaughnessy in open mouthed astonishment. He was slightly deaf.

"What ignorance!" exclaimed Bill Staples in manifest disgust. "Don't you see one of them there before you. What

did you think he was made of?'' Bill prided himself on his learning and wisdom.

''But what did he live on?'' queried the incredulous Pat.

''Yerra, what did he have to live on?'' replied Bill, in somewhat ambiguous phrase. He evidently believed with Talleyrand that language was given for the concealment of thought.

''Musha what do ye mane at all, at all?'' asked Pat, who evidently disagreed with the great French diplomat and would have amended his famous dictum, by saying that language was given to conceal the absence of thought — as frequently happens to famous orators.

''He manes all right,'' interposed Jim Dooley, who had not yet spoken.

''Does he mane that they didn't ate nothing or that they didn't have nothin' to ate in ordher for to live?'' persisted the aspiring archaeologist, not very particular about the arrangement of his phrases.

''And who knows whether they had anything to ate in these far behind times. Oyeh! who can tell? But sure enough he didn't have to have anything. Can't you see that for yourself?'' Bill was supposed to have a remarkable head for seeing through a millstone, but this stone man was a little too much for him. He felt that he was fast in danger of losing his fame for omniscience. This stone man he found a sore puzzle to him, which probably accounted for his lack of lucidity of expression on this occasion.

''Let's ax' the savvy about it,'' said Pat, the incredulous.

And they did.

''No, no. Men were not made out of stone, my good man,'' condescendingly replied Professor Goodsir.

Bill Staples who took this to be a direct impeachment of his own learning and veracity at the same time, felt nettled. He chafed considerably under this flat contradiction in the

presence of his companions among whom he passed for a savant.

"But men are made of mud," he said a little testily.

"Begorra, I'm afraid your name is mud," interpolated the incorrigible Pat in an aside to his companions — *sotto voce*. And the manner in which he winked and shook his head was eloquence itself.

"No not of mud exactly, though that might express it. The analysis of the human frame discloses the presence of many constituent elements," replied the Professor loftily — grandly.

"Well he's made of clay anyhow. The science people admit it," replied Bill, proud to display his knowledge of science. "And clay hardened is stone; isn't it?" he asked triumphantly.

"Quite true," replied the Professor blandly. "But men were never made of stone. They become petrified sometimes after death."

"I told you so," said Pat triumphantly. "This here chap was one of those hardhearted customers that turn to stone even while they're alive."

"No, no, no. This man turned to stone after his death," corrected the Professor.

"Begad, yes!" said Jim Dooley. "There was a 'uman in the Bible 'at was turned into salt. I fergit what her name was."

"Oh yes;" said the Professor, smiling benignly on the group. "That foolish story about Lot's wife. That is sheer nonsense, my friend. That is one of the Bible myths."

"I never heard tell of any 'mits' in the Bible before," chimed in the archaeologist. "I thought it was only when men begin to shovel snow in the winter or when they drive horses that they began to ware mits."

"My dear friend," replied the savant, "I mean that this is one of the impossible things which we read in the

bible, one of the things which never could have happened.'' The professor was one of those men to whom is was a pleasure to dispense knowledge as they went.

''And why cudn't 't hav' happen'd?'' asked Pat bridling up, and taking up Jim Dooley's quarrel without as much as by your leave to Jim.

''Because it is against the laws of nature, my good friend,'' good-naturedly replied the Professor, turning to the archaeologist.

''The laws ov nature'' echoed Pat, half in bewilderment, half in contempt. ''But this man became a stone, ye say, whin he was dead. Where's the diffrince betune 'em? The body's the same dead or alive, except the sowl. And she was dead, I believe,'' he added reflectively.

Professor Goodsir was slightly staggered. He was not looking for dialectics, much less for logic.

''The chemical action of the earth,'' he replied, ''and the natural forces with which the dead body may have come in contact have hardened it into the substance of stone — just as fire hardens clay into brick or stone.''

''You don't mane to tell us,'' said Pat, stepping back in horror — real or assumed — that this yere chap was burnt down in the hot place. Heaven save us!'' and he eyed the precious fossil askance, as if he expected to see the blue sulphur flames. ''But no,'' he added, as if trying to reason himself into courage, ''How could he get out?''

The professor was puzzled to know whether it was fear, fun or ignorance; but concluding that it must be the latter, he smiled commiseratingly on the group.

''Don't fear hell fire, my good man. Nothing more frightful than the chemical action of the earth or the mineral substances with which it has come in contact has hardened this body into stone.''

''I don't see,'' grumbled the archaeologist between his teeth, ''what diffrince there is betune the earth changin' this

man into stone and th' other elemints changin' the 'uman int' salt.''

''This, my friend, has evidently come into contact with minerals of a very powerful chemical action and there may have been some properties in the body itself, some condition of the remains which invoked the chemical action,'' said the Professor.

''But yer honor minshin'd something about the fire dhryin' or hard'nin' the mud. There's no min'ral business there, is there?''

The Professor felt himself growing warm under his laundried collar although the breeze was bracing. It was evident this man, Pat, was a sceptic and did not swallow down without a question the scientific dictum of every great man.

''I don't see,'' pursued the archaeologist, seeing the Professor was silent, ''why it wud be transgressin' the laws ov nature for the elemints t' change the' 'uman int' salt, any more than it 'd be for another elemint to change this chap to shtone.''

''But your Bible calls the changing of the woman into salt a miracle,'' protested the Professor.

''A merakle; did ye say?'' Pat sharply rejoined. ''Now I'm not much on readin' the Bible meself; but for all that I don't b'lieve it ses a word about a merakle. It only ses it happin'd.''

As the Professor, somewhat crestfallen at having been confronted with the charge of belying the Bible, walked reflectively away, the seer said, as if to cheer up Bill Staples for his discomfiture, ''Bill, wud all his larnin, I don't b'lieve the savvy knows any more about 't 'n we do.''

CHAPTER IX

Scientific Conference

BY THE time George arrived the fossil treasure had been removed to the great hall of the Lyceum at Stonefelt.

All the savants of any note, east or west were present, or had been present and given their opinions; all or nearly all agreeing in the importance of the discovery. All had investigated the wonderful phenomenon. It had been carefully examined and scrutinized and microscoped and telescoped. The younger members were especially enthusiastic.

A new era had dawned as they stood on the threshold of life. A representative of Professor Hansel of Trumbull in Switzerland, who was the alter ego of the world-renowned Professor, and who shared his views and almost his fame, happened to be travelling in the United States at the time and was present at the gathering.

It was, of course, an informal meeting — partook nothing of the nature of a convention or a congress — and savants were coming and going all the time. They had seen, wondered, and been made captives of science. Those, however, who represented the highest knowledge and who stood highest as authorities in science, remained for a more thorough and searching inquiry into the nature of the discovery, and with a view to making the importance of the discovery known to the whole world.

George first inquired the views of Professor Knowseur. That magnificent embodiment of scientific wisdom and knowledge beamed condescendingly on the inquirer.

"What did he, Professor Knowseur, consider was the significance of the discovery, was it?" said the renowned savant, by way of preface to his answer. "Why sir, the importance of the discovery was inestimable; the benefits to biological investigation, incalculable; the discovery far outstripped all others in the realm of paleontolgy. The impulse it was about to give to further biological speculation could be appreciated better ten years from now than today. Would that Darwin had lived to see this day! Would that Huxley might have witnessed this glorious discovery! Darwin now took his place alongside of Newton — there before them was the confirmation of his well-reasoned speculation — the proof of his grand generalization — the most confirmatory evidence of his great hypothesis. Hypothesis! Why it was no longer hypothesis. This discovery had lifted it out of the rank of hypothesis and made it a clearly established, incontrovertible fact. Beyond all manner of doubt, the missing link had at last been found."

Other distinguished professors gave like testimony. Little groups of savants might be seen everywhere throughout the town. In twos and threes and fours they might be met on the sidewalks, in the hotel lobbies at the railroad depot, on the stairway of the Lyceum, in the lobby, before the doorway, and in the Lyceum itself — all discussing the famous discovery. George attached himself to one or two of these groups in succession and everywhere he found the enthusiasm the same. The precious treasure itself was safely guarded in an apartment of the Lyceum and special watchers were appointed to relieve each other in their charge over its safe keeping. Only the most trusted were selected for the task and for them it was a labor of love. The newcomers were admitted after much ceremony and only by ticket from the committee appointed on the day of its removal to the Lyceum.

A general meeting for the exchange of views and a free discussion of the event so momentous to science was announced

for eight o'clock of the evening of the day on which George and his companions arrived, and the interest was not only unprecedented but the enthusiasm was intense. There were no speakers on this occasion — merely a chairman and secretary elected and brief rules drawn up for the methods of carrying on the discussion. Questions might be freely asked and answered — the chairman was simply for the purpose of keeping order and that there might be as thorough a determination of the views of the speakers as possible.

Professor Granier was elected chairman.

"The segmentation of the vertebral column differs slightly from that of man and also from the Hylobates and the Gyropitheca, and consequently it is not easy to place it — in point of evolution," gravely asserted Professor Knowenthal in answer to the chairman's inquiry of his opinion upon that point.

"Have you carefully examined the dentition and the structure of the nostrils, Professor Knowseur?" said he in turn, turning to that distinguished savant who was a specialist on that subject.

"I have taken considerable pains to examine these points closely and they have somewhat puzzled me," replied the learned professor.

"In what particular?"

"I find that the nostril in its structure resembles more the Catarrhine than the Plattyrhine ape, while there seems to be neither four nor six, but five — just think of it? — five — premolars in each jaw."

"Bless me! That is most wonderful," exclaimed the chairman.

"This is most extraordinary. Have you examined minutely? According to all the laws of evolution this dentition is impossible," said Professor Knowenthal.

"Nevertheless it is a fact."

"If this be so we have a most wonderful discovery —

doubtless nothing less than the missing link; for this change in the dentition and the nostril structure must have other accompaniments. This discovery grows more and more in importance,'' and Professor Knowenthal's eyes bulged out with wonder so that his spectacles stood in imminent danger of being shifted from his capacious nose bridge.

''I suggest that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to go now and examine whether my statement is correct,'' said Professor Knowseur.

''We do not question your statement; we are only astonished at it,'' said the chairman.

''Nevertheless as it is an important matter — a paramount point in establishing its antiquity and the place in the evolutional series which this unexpected specimen holds, it is well to have my statement corroborated,'' urged Professor Knowseur.

And the committee of three was appointed by the chair, which duly returned and corroborated the Professor's statement.

''Have you noticed the extraordinary capacity of the brain case?'' — this was the way in which Dr. Solomon, who put the question, always spoke of the skull.

''Certainly; certainly. Who could fail to notice it?'' replied Professor Knowenthal, the gentleman addressed.

''It is far more capacious than that of the Neanderthal.''

''Far more capacious; far more capacious. And it is of far higher antiquity,'' said the learned Professor, tapping his snuff box.

''Its capacity can not be less than ninety-six cubic inches at least,'' said Dr. Solomon, whose specialty was braincase capacity.

''I am entirely of your opinion. It upsets the theory that there is a steady advance in the size of the human skull as civilization advances.''

''It conforms, however, with the statement of M. Broca,

that the skulls of the troglodytes were far larger than those of modern Frenchmen,'' said the chairman.

A slight titter went round the room at the expense of the modern Frenchmen; but it was confined to the younger and more thoughtless members of the meeting.

''The importance of the discovery can not be overestimated,'' said the chairman when he had suppressed the levity.

''Certainly not. It brings us a full century nearer to the solution of the question of man's exact place in nature, and will make us acquainted with his immediate ancestors.'' It was Dr. Solomon who spoke and there was general applause.

''But what of its antiquity? Where is Professor Petra?'' asked the chairman.

''Here,'' said that important geologist. His air was that of a young man who was satisfied with himself and satisfied with the world of science at least.

''Surely Darwin was wise when he said that the ancestor of man would be found in the Eocene epoch,'' said the chairman, with an interrogative rather than a declarative emphasis on his words.

''Assuredly this can not be more recent than the upper lias,'' suggested Professor Knowenthal.

''Upper Lias be hanged!'' said Professor Petra. ''It is not an hour younger than the Lower Trias.''

A murmur of applause went round the room.

''I would be willing to bet my laboratory that it will be found to date back at least to the Eocene epoch,'' said Dr. Solomon encouraged by the previous enthusiasm.

''Who has examined the stratum in which it was found?'' inquired the chairman.

''I have,'' exclaimed Dr. Petra. ''There can be no doubt of its antiquity.''

''How do you estimate it?''

''Where do you place it?''

"How old do you call it?"

"What is the character of the deposit?"

It seemed as if the whole hall was speaking at once.

"My friends," cried Dr. Petra in exultation, "the troglodyte is but of yesterday compared with it."

"I told you so," exclaimed many Professors at the same time.

"The Neanderthal is young in comparison."

"Precisely as I reckoned it," said Professor Knowseur.

"All quaternary deposits must sink back into second place in this case," continued Dr. Petra.

All were expectation.

"It is a contemporary of the Belemnite," he concluded dramatically.

The hall rang with applause at this announcement.

The enthusiasm ran high. On all sides it seemed to be conceded that science had made gigantic strides forward within the past three days. Darwin was vindicated. Doubters were silenced. And doubtless could the stone carcass that caused all this commotion and enthusiasm come to life, or could he have realized what he had done for this earnest body of scientists, he would have unhesitatingly declared that life was worth living—or at least that death was worth dying—especially at so remote a period of the planet's history. As Bill Staples said, "This man found that this day — 111,000,000,000,000 years after his death was really the happiest day of his life. In fact," said he, "I don't know but to be of sech use to science and t' make the science fellers feel so good, I might be willin' to have lived and died in the Cambrian days an' been buried all these years and sinturies, and ehras, and ipochs and ehyons of incal'lable and inconcaivable time, away under the rocks unbeknown to any one; for his was truly a great and glorious resurrection."

Still throughout all this enthusiasm three or four members sat wholly unmoved. They seemed to be neither

convinced by the evidence, nor moved by the rhetoric, nor touched by the enthusiasm. In fact they were still incredulous. And their names, too, stood in the forefront of science as unmatched in their specialties. The certainty which took possession of the souls of the others, did not reach their judgments. They had already expressed their opinions about the importance of the discovery and its value to any science that claimed to be accurate. But they found the tide of enthusiasm to be so strong that their efforts to stem it would be fruitless and might only make matters worse. They had already incurred the wrath of many distinguished members of the present gathering by the doubts they had so freely expressed. They wisely concluded that in the present state of enthusiasm of the assembled scientists it would be worse than useless to remonstrate; and when it was unanimously voted by the others to hold a mass meeting tomorrow morning at ten o'clock and draft an address to the world at large declaring the importance and magnitude of the wonderful discovery, they mentally resolved to be absent; perhaps to draw up a counter declaration for the expression of their own views. In an unfortunate moment, however, Professor Knowenthal's eye rested upon Professor Wiseman, unmoved in the midst of the enthusiasm.

"Eh? What you now tinks, mein Herr Wiceman?", inquired that redoubtable scientist.

They had met before and crossed swords at science congresses in Germany and England; and Professor Wiseman deemed it inhospitable on his native heath to carry on a controversy with the pugnacious veteran.

"I do not care to give an opinion just at present," quietly replied Professor Wiseman.

"What? You yet have some doubts, maype?"

"I am certainly not convinced that much value should be attached to the discovery of these remains."

There was a general consternation and pity throughout the hall.

"Oho! Oho! So mein Herr Wiceman does not pelieve vat he sees mit his own eyes." — and Professor Knowenthal laughed derisively but yet goodnaturedly as became one who had the best of the argument and could afford to be generous.

"And what tinks mein Herr Tacetur?", said he turning to that distinguished scientist. "Is he, too, reactionism?"

"I think we should, to safeguard the name of science, wait until more sober moments before venturing to give to the world an opinion on this discovery. This hotheaded enthusiasm is not the best atmosphere for the growth of healthy opinions," replied the scientist quietly. A murmur of dissent, it was, that went around the hall this time.

"So-o-o-o? Perhaps you will refuse to endorse the opinions of these distinguished gentlemens — the pink and flower of das world scientific today."

"These gentlemen are entitled to their opinions; but I think I am entitled to mine. And in the name of science I protest, and in the name of truth I protest, against giving to the world views which may be erroneous, and which are most likely to be, because so hastily arrived at."

"Ho! Ho! Herr Tacetur thinks we have been too hasty," and he glared around at the audience and bulged out his eyes and pursed his lips impressively — as he imagined.

"I think we should follow the wise maxim of Gratiolet in these matters."

"And what may Herr Gratiolet have said upon such matters," he asked in a more subdued manner.

"His advice is, I think, wise. It as you must know. Professor: Il est dangereux dans les sciences de conclure trop vite';[1] and I think our distinguished body has arrived

[1] Too rapid conclusions in science are dangerous.

at its conclusions too rapidly,'' said Professor Tacetur with much energy.

''You vish to be obscurantism, perhaps?'' persevered the Professor a little abashed at the quotation so directly against the hasty conclusions of the meeting. ''You vill, no doubt, soon be advocating the creations of speeches (species) and preaching das Gospel von Adam.'', and the Professor's laugh was now frankly derisive.

''I move,'' said Dr. Petra, rising, ''that instead of waiting until tomorrow morning, we here and now draw up our manifesto to the world on this subject.''

''Good! Good! was heard from all sides except from the little group of reactionists and the motion was seconded and carried.

Thus it was that the enthsusiasts were provoked into then and there drafting a statement of their views regarding the new discovery and its transcendant importance to science, because of the light it threw on the high antiquity of man and the position which the fossil remains held between the human family and the ape family.

In all probability had there been no doubt thrown upon the importance of the discovery or no opposition to the views expressed, the body of distinguished gentlemen would have remained content to have given out, each his own personal and private views in the matter as the result of tomorrow's conference; but this slight difference of opinion had made Herr Knowenthal determined, and Dr. Knowseur was his spokesman.

''I propose, my distinguished colleagues,'' said Professor Knowseur, ''that we draw up a statement in the name of this distinguished body and give it to the press for publication.''

''Capital idea!'' said the chairman. ''The day for science is a great one — perhaps the greatest in its annals; and this superb discovery should be made memorable.''

The idea was taken up with all the more enthusiasm on account of the attitude of the reactionists — as they were styled; and George Edwards was selected by the assemblage to draw up an elaborate statement setting forth the discovery, its tremendous importance, its wide-reaching influence on future studies and investigations; and giving the unanimous conclusions of the assemblage on the antiquity and the comparative anatomy of the fossil as well as the relative position it held in the evolutional series — showing how far it was human and how far it was simian.

George was selected because of his distinguished ability in the literary field which was recognized by all, and the proof of which was that he had been chosen the continuator of Whewell. But George unfortunately was not convinced by what he had seen. He had not had time or opportunity to make investigations on his own behalf; and at the same time he was not very deeply impressed with the slender grounds on which the enthusiasm seemed to be based. In fact he had grave misgivings about the whole matter, and he was in full sympathy and accord with Dr. Wiseman, Professor Tacetur, Professor Smith and a few others, who had been called obscurantists. He was of opinion that the conclusions had run far — very far, indeed — in advance of the evidence. It was true he had not been able to examine the fossil remains very closely. And it was true on the other hand there was a profound archaeologist of world-wide fame, gravely guiding enthusiasm up to the boiling point. There was a renowned geologist, testifying unhesitatingly, nay jauntily, to the classification of the stratum in which the remains had been found. There was a distinguished — at least in the press — biologist and comparative anatomist, whose views George had always held in the deepest reverence and veneration; and there were two other distinguished men — men whose names were household words in the scientific world, all shaping the enthusiasm and by fresh announcement of what they had seen with their

own eyes adding to its volume. Still George's sympathy was wholly with the two or three reactionists and "obscurantists" who believed that the scientists were arriving at conclusions "trop vite." The process was precisely the reverse of what he regarded as scientific.

However, he had decided to wait and examine at his leisure the fossil remains, and question it — in a scientific sense — as to its origin, its history, its antiquity, its grade in the family of bipedal vertebrates, whether simian or human; and in advance of this private investigation, he did not choose to commit himself to any view, much less to draft any statements which should voice the high pitch of the present enthusiasm. He therefore politely declined the honor on the ground of his late arrival, and his utter unacquaintance with the special features of the petrified specimen. There were others, he suggested, who had closely examined it, and he advocated Professor Knowseur in his stead.

"You forget," said George, "that I have but just arrived and that I have not had an opportunity of making myself acquainted with virtues of the human or simian, or simio-human, figure that has come to us so unexpectedly from the realm of time."

His objection was regarded as valid and his suggested substitute was chosen in his stead.

Professor Knowseur drafted immediately a rough outline of the statement which was to be sent to the press, and the substance of it was as follows:

> **We, the undersigned scientists of the United States of America, of Canada, England and Germany have the distinguished honor to announce that we have investigated in a most thoroughly scientific manner the petrified remains discovered at Stonefelt, and have no hesitation in declaring the following facts:—1st: The antiquity of the fossil**

remains is proved by all methods of science to be no later than the Eocene epoch. 2nd: The conformation of the braincase, which is unlike anything now in existence or anything which paleontology has hitherto furnished, clearly proves that the remains hold a position between the lowest species of man and the most advanced species of ape, and therefore it can not be other than the missing link. 3rd: The same conclusion is imperatively compelled by the peculiar dentition discovered, as well as by the nasal structure; both of which hold a middle place exactly between man and the Gyropitheca family. These points are established beyond question. **GREAT IS DARWIN: TODAY HIS THEORY IS PROVEN TRUE.**

At this point Professor Knowseur, who was reading his statement, was interrupted by an outburst of applause which shook the building, and the assembly broke out into prolonged cheers.

Before the cheers had subsided, a messenger entered the hall in haste and called for Professor George Edwards, and on George's presenting himself, the messenger placed a sealed packet in his hand. At the same time he delivered to George a smaller note with a similar seal. The smaller note was addressed to himself. He tore it open and read:

Dear George (My Sometime Friend):—

I send this accompanying document to you because I am not acquainted with any of the distinguished savants who have honored Stonefelt with their presence, except yourself. The statement in the accompanying document is true beyond all question, and should any of the dis-

tinguished scientists feel inclined to doubt the matter, the prison records and other documents on the subject are open to their examination.

Your old friend,
Sarx Campbell.

George wonderingly tore open the seal of the large package. He found maps and other documents, and among them one in Sarx Campbell's own handwriting. He hurriedly glanced at the letter for evidently letter it was, and here is what he read:

To the Renowned Scientists Now Assembled at Stonefelt.

It becomes my painful duty to inform your distinguished body that you are wholly misled with regard to the nature and character of the petrified remains—or corpse—found near Stonefelt last week. There can be no possible doubt that the body that has been unearthed in the excavation is that of a man who had been for many years an inmate of this prison, and who died in it about seventeen years ago. He had been incarcerated for a disgraceful, unmentionable crime; and as he came of a distinguished family, he wished to hide from the world his disgrace and his last resting place. Consequently, at his own request he was buried, as the prison records show, at a depth of fifteen feet in a shale deposit at a point precisely a° north and x° west (prison code). I have gone over the grounds today with an expert surveyor and verified the spot. The prison records leave no doubt of this. Enclosed herewith I send a certified copy of the case, of the burial, of the survey, and maps taken at the time of burial, etc. I shall be happy to place the originals at your disposal should you deem it advisable to call at the prison where they are carefully kept.

I have been absent from town and returned only last evening. When I learned of the excitement, I made all possible haste to disabuse your renowned assemblage. Regretting that my absence precluded the possibility of

my correcting the unfortunate mistake sooner, I beg to remain

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

Sarx Campbell, Supt.

Dammerno Prison, Stonefelt.[1]

Nov. 5, 189—.

George was astounded at this information. He felt all his enthusiasm for science oozing out at his fingers' ends as he read the extraordinary news. He had been almost carried off his feet by the wave which swept over the entire body around him with two or three exceptions. In fact he had been obliged to do violence to himself in order to be able to decline the honor of drafting the important statement to the world at large on the glorious discovery of science. To be so intimately connected with so important a discovery was to make his name immortal; and it was only his sense of truth and right and honor that withheld him from accepting the honor. How thankful he now was!

He beckoned Professor Knowenthal to him and quietly put the document in his hand.

"I fear there has been a great mistake," said George. "The remains seem to be modern. Read this."

Professor Knowenthal's eye caught the seal and his enthusiasm vanished in a twinkling. His countenance fell as he read the first words; and when he read the explanation his jaw dropped and he stood with mouth open, looking into space. At last he recovered sufficiently from his shock to say:

"Who brought this? Who wrote this?"

"You can see by the seals that it is from the State Prison here. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the document. The Superintendent is a particular friend of mine and I am

[1] The press reported a disillusionment of this kind which occurred some years ago in Kansas, much to the consternation of enthusiastic Darwinians.

well acquainted with his handwriting. There is no mistake about his signature.

"I could not believe it, my friend. There must have was some great mistook somewhere."

The professor was completely dumfounded by the news, and when confused his English came less readily.

"I fear not. The only mistake there seems to have been was in the misinterpretation of the character of the find. But we can inquire at the prison and examine the documents for ourselves," said George conclusively.

Professor Knowenthal groaned.

And George was right. The examination of the prison records and a later examination of the shale deposit showed that there could be no manner of doubt, about the Superintendent's explanation. And thus was another glorious fact of science cruelly smothered at its birth, or as Bill Staples, who never until now had been able to conquer his grudge against Professor Knowseur, phrased it: "Anither pregnant fact of science died a-bornin'."

CHAPTER X

Returning Home

IT NEED hardly be said that the second discovery totally eclipsed the first. Indeed no one was so anxious to have the first completely obliterated from history as the very men who, but an hour ago, were so clamorous to have its glories proclaimed to the ends of the earth.

The absurd denouement had rather a sickening effect upon George Edwards. The science for which he had given up his Christian faith, his mother, the woman of his love, was treating him to some strange experiences. He was forced to confess that on close acquaintance it was daily becoming less attractive. Now that he had been admitted to the very arcana of the scientific world and seen its inner workings he began to distrust all the dicta of science. The unreliability of his assistants upon whom so much depended in his great work, had disgusted him — he could not conscientiously give to the world as truth statements resting on so insecure foundations. And now, here were the very savants themselves — the men of science whose names to him had been sacred — of whom he spake only with bated breath — the men whose opinions to him were the very gospel of science — whose every uttered statement had been to him as an article of his scientific creed — and had he not seen them now at short range, dealing with real facts, and beheld with his own eyes the entire wretched business? And this was how scientific opinion was made! What enthusiasm over nothing! What a farce from start to finish! How quickly — alas! *trop vite,* as Professor Tacetur had said — they had jumped to their ridiculous

conclusions! They saw in the discovery precisely what they wanted to see and were not at all scrupulous about the corroboration of their views before announcing them as facts. They were mistaken about the antiquity of the alluvial deposit— about the nature of the fossil remains as they called it — about the paleontology — the physiology, the biology, the anatomy—even, of what proved farcially enough to be merely a recent corpse. They had not deliberately prevaricated; but the results would have been the same as if they had, had not the timely intervention of the prison superintendent turned their solemn and lofty Scientific conclave into a ridiculous farce. How untrustworthy then, must all scientific conclusions in the region of speculation be regarded, since here fact itself proved to be but proven fiction. Two settled convictions remained present in his mind: The facts of science were far more unreliable than the facts of history, perhaps even of fable; and next the opinions of scientists could not be relied upon since scientists stood ready to read into facts real or supposed, their own preconceived views and theories. It was sickening — the whole wretched business. And this was what men called science! Science — he bitterly reflected — so far from being the mistress who keeps the keys of knowledge is but the mere merry-andrew of learning.

And then the Cardiff giant in all its varied history came to his mind — the world imposed upon by a huge hoax, a gigantic imposture, which would in all probability never have been detected but for the confession of the impostor himself. He recalled other instances too, local in their extent, but just as real, in which clumsy imitations of the Cardiff giant had deceived the local scientists and brought science into contempt. It is worse he thought than Dickens' fiction of "Bill Stumps His Mark" — worse than Walter Scott's description in The Antiquary. And he recalled that ridiculous scene in which all the romantic dreams of Jonathan Oldbuck about Roman camp discoveries with Julius Agricola

standing in the Pretorium and so forth, were rudely and farcically terminated by Edie Ochiltree's: "About this bit bouroock, your honor; I mind the bigging o't." Did he not see with his own eyes the counterpart of it in science's farce-comedy — enacted just now with real actors on the stage?

And this he thought bitterly, and this is the way in which scientific opinion is made! What proof have we — what assurance that those other boasted truths of science which do not admit of verification do not rest on the same grounds as that on which stood the missing link? Was it not a mere accident — no, real providence — that rescued science from its unseen danger — unseen it is true — but which should have been foreseen? And how many other "truths" resting on similar foundations were not thus rescued? Had it not been for the timely intervention of the superintendent, this absurd story would have taken the world by storm, — heralded on the wings of the press — accepted by a credulous world which questions nothing that comes to it in the name of science; and the gigantic absurdity would have settled down quietly and taken its place among the accepted facts and conclusions of science which were incontrovertible! And once it had so taken its place what chance was there that it should ever be dislodged? And then how many accepted conclusions — yea, even facts — stood on no firmer basis. They were now accepted by the world and who could now gainsay them? And his heart sank within him as he gazed at the sad deplorable helplessness of the world so completely at the mercy of the speculative scientists. And then the recurring — ever-recurring — thought, that for this he had rashly flung aside all that was good and beautiful in his life.

There was for him just one consoling thought throughout it all — he had taken no part in the imposture. That was the one bright spot in all the darkness. But would he, when the time came for his own personal investigation, have discovered the worthlessness of the huge humbug? Of this he

could not be sure. Eminent biologist though he was, was he capable of determining the real value of the wonderful discovery as it had been farcically styled? He could not assure himself that he would. And if he could not offer this assurance to himself, what scientist could say that he might not be mistaken? Assuredly no one. For he stood quite as high in his departments as the most renowned scientists stood in theirs. And if this were so — and it was, without a shadow of doubt — what was the entire sum of the knowledge said to be accumulated in the department of *speculative* science worth anyway? It might be truth — yes, and it might just as easily be falsehood. It was simply the turn of a die. There was no guarantee whatever that would ensure truth; and to a mind like George's, on fire with the desire for truth, this was an agony. And what was more, even when the scientist happened to blunder on truth he was no more able to say that it was truth than he was to say falsehood was truth. Assuredly my Lord Bacon was right. It was folly to enter the field of speculation at all. It was all a piece of guesswork; and you were not one whit more sure you were right when you guessed the truth, than you were when you guessed false.

Still it was an exceeding satisfaction to him to know that he had been on the side of Professor Wiseman, Professor Tacetur and Professor Smith and the others who had resisted the enthusiasm throughout. Here, he thought, were men with the true scientific spirit and at the same time with the true critical instinct — men who loved science for its own sake — for the sake of truth — and who did not wish to use it merely for the sake of bolstering up a favorite theory — men who shrank not from applying to science itself the scientific method, as it was called — the same rigid scrutiny and exacting criticism which science insisted on applying to other departments of knowledge. These men were the salt of science. Such men were the hope of science as well as its crown. They never put forward anything as fact or certainty of conclusion con-

cerning which there was any doubt. They did not undertake by a false outcry to browbeat other men into an acceptance of their favored theories. They raised no false cry of intellectuality in order to dragoon the world into acceptance of their views. Such men were the safeguard and warranty to the world in its implicit acceptance of what as specialists they might give forth as scientific truth. And how few there were of them!

And yet, here too — was there not danger? While their scientific integrity and honor were unimpeachable, could the same be said of the infallibility of their judgments? Were these as secure as their honor and good faith? Had he not just heard men whose names stood as high in the scientific world as theirs, ranting in the rankest terms about the paramount importance of the gigantic humbug? — and doubtless some of them were sincere enough. This was the very mischief of it. What then the guarantee, where there was no process of verification whatever, to test the truth of their wisdom? The whole foundation seemed to tumble from under his scientific castles and the whole scientific field of speculation seemed to him to be nothing more or less than a mere mass of guesswork. Where then was scientific truth to be found in these matters? Assuredly, assuredly, a thousand times, Bacon was right — such speculations were fruitless and bootless.

And were the enthusiasts of a preceding generation in any better condition? Assuredly no. Nay rather were they not worse? For did they not have the success of their theories at heart?—their zeal in the propagation of their theories—their pet theories — was intense — hence all the more easily were they a prey to delusion, deception and imposture? Did they not often read into their facts meanings which could not be found there—but which they wanted to find there—like so many of their friends at Stonefelt? And was not this the very charge which had been made so frequently against them — that they fitted their facts to suit their theories — that they

conveniently overlooked all else except what suited their special needs and views? Nay was not this the specially peculiar sin of Darwin himself — that he selected not by a natural selection but an artificial and vicious selection the phenomena which seemed to favor his theory, and resolutely closed his eyes to all else?

These were the thoughts that absorbed George's whole attention on his homeward journey. His frame of mind was not an enviable one as he stepped aboard the Cortland Street ferry boat for Jersey City, homeward bound. He forgot completely where he was and what his surroundings. He was totally oblivious of everything in life but the immediate subject of his thoughts — when — suddenly, a crash — a cry; and then many cries of horror restored him to a realization of things. He turned quickly and followed the rush of people to the lower deck. It took some little time before he was able to reach the scene of the disaster, so dense was the crowding. It was difficult to understand what the danger or calamity had been — whether to his own ferry boat or to some boat with which his had come into collision. The crash was evidently that of his boat striking another; and now the people were crowding to the side of the boat in such numbers that it was impossible for him to reach the point of the disaster. Quick as lightning the thought occurred to him that the impetus of the boat's motion must have carried it beyond the scene of the disaster, and that he was more likely to reach it by returning to the point of his meditations on the upper deck. He reached it with a bound in an instant. He had reasoned rightly. Sure enough, he now stood nearest to the scene of the trouble. A small tug had, through mistake of signals or from some other cause, got in the path of the ferry boat, and there she now lay cut almost in twain by the force of the shock. George took all this in at a single glance, though the night was fast closing in. The search light from a steamer close by had been turned on when the cry of alarm

had been sounded. It was evident however, that mostly all hands had been saved; but there before him in the water was a sight which almost froze his blood in his veins. There was a desperate struggle going on — a struggle of life and death. Evidently — George interpreted the situation at a glance — some one had been in danger of drowning — and some one else had jumped in to rescue him. As usually happens in such cases, the drowning man handicapped all the efforts of the rescuer and both were in imminent danger of going down for the last time. The drowning man was clinging with all the tenacity of death to his rescuer with his arms clasping the arms of the other, thus rendering him utterly powerless. It was a frantic struggle. A few moments more and the rescuer could hold out no longer. Quick as lightning, George who, thanks to his university training, was an expert swimmer and diver, tore off his overcoat and frock, snatched a life preserver from a rack at one sweep, slid down the side of the boat, and dove into the water beneath the struggling pair, coming up directly in front of the rescuer, who seemed to be losing heart and fast losing strength. A word of encouragement and caution to be quiet was spoken to him. George slid the life preserver under his chest. The chance of rescue gave the rescuer new heart. He no longer strove with the drowning man, and George simply contented himself with keeping the double burden from sinking by sustaining the rescuer's chest. The boat had now steadied herself and they were alongside of it. A rope was flung from its side. George reached out with his left hand and caught it instantly. He placed it in the rescuer's hands, who, although powerless to swim or even make a stroke, could easily, notwithstanding the deathly clutch of the drowning man behind him, cling to a rope. George placed it securely in his hands, and as those on board drew up the double burden, George lifted them out of the water; and over the side of the boat were soon drawn the rescuer and the rescued in safety. It was a desperate

feat and required rare presence of mind to act sapiently in the matter so long had the struggle been going on in the water. But they were lifted safely over the side of the boat and restoratives quickly applied. A rope was thrown to George, who quickly clambered over the side of the boat nothing the worse for the adventure except for the wetting. Indeed the plunge in the water was the very best remedy for his nervous tension and throbbing brain.

On the recovery of the drowning man, George to his great surprise, discovered him to be no other than his old friend — or rather worst enemy—the president of the New University, Dr. Hunter. He had been on board the tug, which was a private one, and which was making its way out to a steamer in the middle of the bay. Dr. Hunter and his friends had arrived too late for the tender and wished to take a farewell leave of some friends on board who were just starting for Europe. George was dumbfounded to discover in the victim of the disaster this man who had once been his friend, but who recently pursued him with deadly hate. The incident — or rather accident — however had a determining influence on George's resolution at this juncture, and his relation to the great work which was in process of operation.

CHAPTER XI

Dr. Hunter

IT WAS Carlyle who said "The Corn Laws are too mad to have a chapter." Not so Dr. Hunter. His very madness it is that entitles him to a chapter. Not only is he entitled to a chapter, but to an entire volume to do him justice — and doubtless, this he will have some day. Here he is merely introduced — and this for the purpose of showing his influence on the fortunes of George Edwards.

Dr. Hunter was not by any means without ability; otherwise he never could have attained the commanding position which he held as an educator. Nature had endowed him with a certain facility of speech of which he was very proud and which he carefully cultivated, so that he had at last achieved what was by no means an unpleasing delivery and address. The affectation of his address was, it is true, nauseating to people of taste and judgment; but in the silly seventies and stupid eighties, there were many, as everybody knows, who were ready to worship an affectation of any kind — even of wickedness. There was, it is true, very little that was solid in his discourse; but here again he was apt to catch the fancy of some; for while there might be little that was instructive, there was much of what might be called "Fourth of Julyism" — the subject of it, and indeed of all the high-flown oratory of the man, being in the last analysis, Dr. Hunter himself, and whatever enterprise he happened to be prosecuting at the time of his address.

Most people laughed at his vanity and self-applause; nevertheless he succeeded after a fashion.

Joined to all this was a spirit of pugnacity and overweening vanity, together with an intermeddling officiousness, which made him a scourge to those with whom he might happen to be laboring. When yet a young man he was employed as professor in a small university at the head of which was a man of solid ability and sound judgment. But Dr. Hunter was not satisfied with fulfilling merely the duties of his own office. His intermeddling officiousness was forever interfering with the discipline, and he was forever so obtruding himself into the workings of the university — which the outside world soon began to regard as his own personal feoff, — that for the sake of peace — for his pugnacious spirit was ever creating endless disturbance — the head of the institution determined that the university must rid itself of him in some way. He had, as has been said, some ability and address — and there was not at the time an over supply of talent in the field, so that when the University of Valley Forge was established it seemed nothing short of a particular dispensation of Providence especially arranged for the relief of the old institution, and his superior regarded it as his bounden duty to recommend Dr. Hunter as especially fitted for the office of President of the New University. It was a clear case of *promoveatur ut amoveatur*. Peace at any price — was what Dr. Strong was looking for, and he drew a sigh of relief that was distinctly audible to all present, when the appointment to the new office fell to Dr. Hunter.

The new institution to which Dr. Hunter had been appointed was forced to fight a hard battle in the struggle for existence — and its survival was certainly, at first at least, not a survival of the fittest. Schemes in which his own personal vanity played the most prominent part, enterprises in which the doctor's name should be constantly in the foreground, were entered upon without calculation of the means by which they were to be carried out. A pugnacious, tyrannical, and overbearing temper — allied to a ridiculous vanity,

an absolute ignorance of the value of money, a reckless expenditure of it when in hand, a total inability at first to find resources for the support of the institution — all these would have swamped the new university in spite of its endowment fund but for the generosity of George's father who, again and again had come to the aid of Dr. Hunter and his university in the sore hour of need. More than once had Mr. Edwards, by his liberal gifts of money — which indeed, might be said to be largesses — saved the institution from financial ruin. But Mr. Edwards did more. He enlisted his friends in its behalf. Not only that but day after day he replenished Dr. Hunter's private purse from his own, thus enabling the Doctor to cut a prominent figure in the various educational forces of the land. The poverty of his struggling institution, whose finances he was so successfully mismanaging, was such that he was often short even of his carfare, to say nothing of his railroad and other expenses. It was only when Mr. Edwards invested a respectable sum in stocks which rose rapidly, and registered the purchase in Dr. Hunter's name, turning over the income to him as his own, that Dr. Hunter began to feel self-supporting, so to speak. The investment proved to be valuable beyond even the expectations of Mr. Edwards, and thus through the bounty of his patron, Dr. Hunter became independently wealthy.

Mr. Edwards was now dead, and his son, George, was the only one to whom Dr. Hunter could repay the debt of gratitude to the deceased benefactor whose generous bounty had raised him from a condition of starving poverty to affluence. The manner in which he repaid the debt to the father in the person of the son is too long a story to be detailed at length here. It is, however, the best index to the Doctor's character.

There is no hatred equal in its malice to that of the man who has wronged you. Forgiveness of the man whom you have injured? Never! At least so it was with Dr. Hunter. In a matter of some moment he had made the mistake of

deciding against George in an affair between the latter and one of his companions, when George was yet a student at the university, and not five months after the death of George's father. George was clearly in the right and all the evidence in the matter was palpably on his side — so much so, indeed, that Dr. Hunter's decision was followed by an indignation meeting by the whole university, with the full sympathy of the entire faculty, excepting the president. But George's opponent possessed the art of flattery in an eminent degree (an art which George held in abhorrence) and he brought it to bear with telling effect on Dr. Hunter's vanity. The Doctor was not so blind, however, that he did not discover his blunder almost immediately. He did discover it; but it was too late. The wrong was done and he never forgave George for it. He knew he could never justify his action to himself; but he undertook to justify it in the sight of others, and he never afterwards failed to put all George's qualifications in a false and evil light.

Nevertheless he never openly assumed an attitude of open hostility towards George. He was too astute for vulgar enmity. No one had ever heard him utter a syllable against George. He never used words of disparagement. But whatever the uplifted eyebrows, whatever the raised hand in depreciating gesture, whatever the averted head, whatever the innuendo which led you to imagine almost anything — whatever these and a thousand other tricks of malice and cunning — worse by far than the blackest and vilest slanders — could accomplish, were effectually used whenever the name of George Edwards was mentioned in the presence of the doctor. The refinements of the doctor's beautiful slanders were models of ingenuity.

At first George was wholly unsuspicious. But it seemed that every fresh opportunity for his enmity merely whetted the doctor's appetite for it; and George was at last forced to admit to his own heart the unwelcome intelligence that Dr.

Hunter was pursuing him with relentless and unsleeping hatred. Indeed to such an extent had the doctor carried his mania, that even the success of the History was not allowed to stand in the way of his enmity. Even its success must be sacrificed to this passion for persecution. There was no chance to assail George's ability for the accomplishment of the task; for his transcendant talents were acknowledged on all sides. The Doctor had indeed long tried in vain to undermine confidence in George as editor-in-chief of the great publication. He coveted for the university the honor that should accrue from the publication of the work, and the prestige which it would add. For this reason, almost in spite of himself, he was forced to admit to himself in secret that the work could not be in better hands. Now, however, that his enmity to George had grown to such proportions, he found that it was no easy task to belittle George's abilities. Consequently, in order to gratify his hatred, he was forced to begin to belittle the great work itself. "It had never fully received his sanction," he now began to declare. "It was but a fad of Professor Edwards" — a fad which he himself — in his good nature mistakenly — even foolishly — indulged in the distinguished professor. Yes; there was no denying the great talents of Professor Edwards; but even the most learned professors are liable to have fads and foolish notions; and he, against his better judgment, had weakly yielded to Professor Edward's "whim." The fact was that he had been as enthusiastic over the work as his feelings towards George would allow; and he had hoped that when the work was published, the glory of it would be easily appropriated by himself, as head of the University.

That this would be the easy task he had pictured to himself, he now began seriously to doubt. There was nothing more evident than that wherever the great work was spoken of the identification of George Edwards with it was complete. The complimentary press notices which appeared so

frequently, all spoke of the editor as the only one capable of bringing such a work to light; and Dr. Hunter's name was seldom mentioned in the connection at all; or if it was, it was usually for the purpose of congratulating him on having so able a colleague as Professor Edwards, and on the lustre that must accrue to his institution from the publication there of a work by so distinguished a man.

This grated harshly on the nerves of Dr. Hunter. That in his own university, there should be a transcendent glory, the credit of which would not be ascribed to him, was not within the range of his calculations. From the moment in which he realized that the name of George Edwards was so completely identified with the forthcoming work that it was evident his own share of the glory would be merely that of the sponsor — not that of the father — he began to regret that he had ever allowed the university to embark in the enterprise at all. However it was now too late to suppress it. There was only left to him to disparage and depreciate its value. This he did with a liberal hand.

George was even surprised to find that some papers that had at one time been the most enthusiastic in its praise now began to speak slightingly of the work. "Its importance had been greatly exaggerated;" "It was the work of a young and ardent enthusiast;" "Mature judgment could find nothing in the theme or its development to commend;" "Had not the press been altogether too hysterical in its notices of what would probably prove to be a very tame affair;" "The wisdom of Dr. Hunter in witholding his sanction from a work whose success was problematic was deserving of all praise;" "Dr. Hunter's goodness of heart had overruled his usual converva-tism and sound judgment, and he had yielded against his best convictions, consent to the work, simply to humor the en-thusiasm of the young professor" — these, and many other like comments now began to appear in one or two organs with which Dr. Hunter was very closely allied, and George's friends

declared that the comments were "inspired." One friend of George's in particular determined to investigate the matter. He impersonated the role of Sherlock Holmes for George's benefit. So successfully did he play the sleuth that no doubt was left of the doctor's connection with all the adverse comments.

When George candidly confronted Dr. Hunter with his perfidy, there was flat denial on the Doctor's side. He even went so far as to charge George with having insulted him by entertaining the notion of hostility.

When the true state of affairs fully dawned upon George, he set to work with renewed energy. The Doctor's opposition — all the more that it was covert — had the effect of redoubling his zeal. What he had begun in the interests of science, he now pursued because of the attacks that had been made upon his work. He was now thoroughly aroused and although all his enthusiasm inspired by science had completely evaporated he was resolved to continue the work until at least he should discover that he was teaching falsehood.

He surmised rightly that his act in saving the life of Dr. Hunter had cut off forever all hope of the doctor's forgiveness. He fully realized now that the doctor was his enemy by the two strongest titles known to hatred — first Dr. Hunter had wronged him, and next George had done Dr. Hunter the greatest possible favor; he had saved his life. The first was sufficient cause to make the doctor his enemy for life; the second made the breach irreparable. In saving his life George had brought the Doctor under a new obligation, and this, to the Doctor was an unpardonable injury. For his timely rescue he never forgave George, but rather he pursued him with renewed hostility. There was here, therefore, a stronger incentive to pursue the work on the history.

George returned to the university in no enviable frame of mind. All the enthusiasm so deep and ardent — with which

he had commenced the work, had died out completely. Science, his fair mistress, for which he had turned his back upon all else that was dear to him, was certainly repaying him strangely. Fortune, on the other hand, he found quite as fickle as science. He found himself in an awkward predicament. He had begun the work out of a thirst for scientific knowledge and a zeal for the diffusion of scientific wisdom. Both he found had vanished completely, and for the best of all reasons; yet he felt constrained to continue the work. The farcical proceedings at Stonefelt, now that the excitement of the river episode was over, came back to him with renewed interest. On the other hand, however, there was not only the hostility of Dr. Hunter as an incentive, impelling him to continue the work, but there was another equally strong. He shuddered as he thought of his mother with her keen intellectual perceptions, learning of all this. He recalled the grave questioning of Rose: "Are you sure you are right?" He shrank in imagination as he seemed to look into the keen penetrating eyes of Father Ramsay, whose glance seemed to read the very soul, and whose eye was no keener than his mind was logical. Indeed well was it for his work that he thought of these things for his disgust with science — speculative science, at least — was growing deeper and deeper hour by hour. As those thoughts about his friends came up before him, he felt the necessity of self-defence against their imaginary attacks; and thus he was thrown back upon the arguments by which he had first imposed upon himself. He resolved to stick to the sinking ship until her fate was hopeless. He soon forgot all about the Stone fossil, and his confidence in the old arguments seemed somehow to revive.

No doubt intellectual pride was the predominant influence now at work in his mind, and in order to justify himself, he began to reconstruct the old defences of his position, with the result that he soon found himself forgetting all about the late

fiasco and making an act of implicit faith in Darwin and natural selection.

"After all" he argued with himself: "What harm has been done? The men who passed judgment on the Stonefelt find were not Darwin or Huxley even though some of them are the leaders of thought at the present time."

So successfully did George argue with himself that he soon threw himself again heart and soul into the work of "The History," if not with the same zest and enthusiasm, at least with as much zeal and perseverence as before. How much of this zeal was a refuge from haunting thoughts can only be surmised. Only this is certain: the more he found himself haunted by the torturing thoughts, the more deeply did he plunge into his work.

CHAPTER XII

Among the Specimens

THROUGHOUT all his scientific doubt and enlightenment in all their varied stages, there was one supreme fact which seemed to have a preponderating influence in riveting George's convictions of the infallibility of science in general and of evolution in particular. To it he clung through all the adverse arguments of his friends and it was his sheet anchor in all seasons of doubt and misgiving. It was his beacon light as he groped his way through the mazes of scientific gloom. When all his other arguments began to waver and grow unsteady he always looked back with confidence to this one.

It was this. One day in the early years of his scientific illumination, in conversation with one of the professors of science in Studleigh University, he expressed some doubts on the conclusiveness of Darwin's theory, on the difficulty of proving it, and on the imperfection of the geological record which gave no line of specimens — no evolutional series — unbroken.

"We have many fossil specimens, 'Les Ossemens fossiles,' as Cuvier styled them, but so incomplete that nothing can be made out of them," said he.

"But there is one line in which there is completion — complete completion, if I may so put it," said the professor.

"Really?" inquired George. "It would certainly lend an air of probability to the theory if even one line of fossils was complete. But may we ever hope for this? The dog series and the pigeon series have proven dismal failures."

"Come and see," was the professor's reply.

And he led the way to the museum of natural history in connection with the metropolitan art museum, going at once to the section which contained the alleged models of the evolution of the horse.

George had read of this before. He knew the stress which the late Professor Huxley had laid upon it, how it had been accepted without question by science generally, and how much faith had been implicitly and absolutely reposed in it. He had no doubts about the genuineness or importance of the collection; but he had hardly expected to find it so complete.

"Here," said the professor; "we have symbolized or rather copied the original fossil remains discovered by Professor Marsh."

"These then are not the originals," said George.

"No," replied the other. "The originals are in Yale, where you can examine them when you happen to be there. These, however, are such faithful imitations that they serve the purpose as well as the originals."

And George gazed long, wondered, admired, and was convinced.

From that day forward, whenever he found his scientific faith waxing cold or beginning to waver, or when he found other proofs of evolution halting and cataleptic, he turned in thought to this fountain of scientific faith and his doubts instantly vanished. A pilgrimage to the museum was like a tonic to his scientific constitution. His evolutional and Darwinian system seemed to be at once invigorated, and he walked again erect.

On his return from the chase to Stonefelt to see the missing link, his Darwinian system, so to speak, was completely disordered. Doubts on the security of his position assailed him as they had never done before, and when he had been tortured beyond endurance by the farcical role

which his favorite theory played on the occasion, and the ridiculous figure cut by it, he at last bethought him of his old refuge in the hour of temptation. He walked down to the museum, sought his favorite section; but somehow the view of his favorite gods failed in their usual effect upon him. Where before there had been unquestioning faith, the spectre of scientific suspicion — even scepticism — seemed now to haunt him. Doubts of various kinds began to perplex him. Misgivings to which he had hitherto been a total stranger thrust their ugly features before him. Was it that the Stonefelt fiasco had shaken his faith in all fossildom? What proof was there of the Marsh fossils, that was stronger than that at Stonefelt? For once, the magic of his gods, the worship of his scientific idols, lost its power over him. He remained uncharmed. There was a heavy feeling at his heart. He thought of the Stonefelt assemblage of savants. He thought of Father Ramsay. He thought of Father Shairp. He thought of his mother at home, and began now for the first time to feel that after all his course had something — perhaps much — to do with her illness which was of so oppressive a nature.. He thought of Rose — of their last conversation — and of the marked change in her appearance which had abstracted some of her beauty and nevertheless, at the same time, made her still more beautiful in his eyes — a mystery, by the way, which he had never taken any pains to explain to himself. His spirits were heavy and he was about to walk dejectedly away, when he was accosted by an entire stranger who held by the hand a little boy with bright eyes and an animated expression on his face as he gazed at the wonders in the Section.

George cast upon him a look of admiration for the boy was certainly a striking figure, and then he looked at the father. The child was apparently about five years of age.

"These are, I presume the original Marsh specimens?", inquired the father, accosting George, as sometimes men who

are entire strangers to each other will do when they are in presence of a wonder common to the human race at large.

"I rather think not," replied George. "The originals are in the Yale museum and the Smithsonian institute at Washington. The catalogue, I believe, says these are mere imitations."

"They are certainly interesting. A splendid menagerie. I wonder some enterprising Yankee does not get a complete set and have the entire zoo rounded out and perfected. There would be so little difficulty."

But they were interrupted by the boy who came to his father in a state of excitement and said, his eyes beaming with joy,

"Oh papa, there are such nice toy dogs here with noses like pigs and hair like horses."

"They are horses, my boy," said George admiring frankly the child's enthusiasm.

"They are not horses, for they have no hoofs," said the boy protesting.

"They are not such horses as we have now; but they are horses as they were millions and millions and millions of years ago," replied George with a slight caress under the boy's chin.

"They are too little to be horses, and they have claws like dogs instead of hoofs. Why the littlest horse I ever saw was Sam Mitchell's little pony and the whole lot of these would not be as big as Shet (the pony's name) was" persisted the boy.

"But the horses were only so large in those days," explained George condescendingly.

"And were the men all boys in those days too?" asked the boy with evident interest in the subject which was taking on for him a new and interesting aspect.

"I wish my papa had remained a boy. Then I would have some one to play with all the time."

"But papa plays with you, does he not?" interposed the father.

"Oh yes when you are home. But you are most of the time at the office. How funny to have all the men little boys with little horses to play with," he continued evidently struck deeply with the Lilliputian idea of the human family and of the horse kingdom.

"It is not certain that men were small like the horse," said George.

"Men were probably always as large as they are now."

"But why should they not be small if the horses were small? And if the horses were small and grew big, why were not men small and grew big too?", inquired the child curiously and with the intensity of childhood.

George gave a slight start. All the enthusiasm for his favorite science had come back to him with the questioning of the boy. It was such a delight to instruct unsophisticated childhood, especially in the scientific problems, where everything was, so to say, mathematically correct and almost admitted of mathematical demonstration, — or at least as George thought it did. His spirits were up again as his mind went back to the eons of time when the little eohippers sprawled over the eocene rocks and browsed on the eocene grass and herbs. His strong power of imagination came back to him, and he conjured up before his vision whole herds of these diminutive horselings roaming over the now mysterious eocene world — whatever it was — and he saw them in hot haste running over the plains, pursued by their larger and more numerous enemies.

But now at the questioning of the child his faith seemed suddenly to have sustained a shock. "Why did not men grow like the horse in the process of evolution." Why indeed? Had he taken too much for granted in this matter that seemed so plain, so susceptible of mathematical demonstration- Had he been too precipitate in giving such un-

equivocal assent to what after all was not proven — as it appeared now to him for the first time? He felt as if he had been stung by an adder. He disengaged himself instantly from the child and bowed a polite good day to the child's father.

When he had buried himself in another apartment where he was the sole occupant, he gave way freely to his thoughts. He faced them fully though his heart sank within him. Upon what evidence, he asked himself, had he placed such implicit faith in this complete proof of the new cult?

Were they really fossils of a time so distant that the mind reeled at the mere thought of it? Were they genuine — precisely what they declared themselves to be in such flaring characters? Why, yes; surely they must be. Had not men with the highest reputation as scientists — the leaders of thought in this realm — had they not, unhesitatingly pronounced them to be what the labels and the guidebooks said they were? Why then question their genuinity? Did not even their very appearance corroborate the statement? Yes, yes; to be sure. But—then—had not scientists with world-wide repute—with international fame—men who were looked up to as the leaders of thought—men ready to make affidavits and proclamations without number or end, testified to the authenticity and genuinity of the Stonefelt giant from an examination of which he had just come? And was it not true that but for the timely and providential interference of the superintendent of the prison, this gigantic fraud would have been blazoned to the world, gazetted to the ends of the earth as the sure and unquestionable fossil remains of an eocene man? What greater proof was there for the eohipper? In all probability if the truth were known — if there had been anyone to tell the story of these little eohippers — it would have made the credulity of the scientists as ridiculous in this case as it was in the other.

And then came the question of the boy. Surely, surely, *ex ore infantium and lactentium*,[1] etc. No master of the schools, no scholastic philosopher, no Plato or Socrates could have gone more directly to the very root of the question than this lisping child. Yes indeed. Why, why did they grow? Why did men not grow? What was in the law of evolution? What about the change of claws to hoofs? — as the boy had suggested? How had it been brought about? Why had it been brought about? Was it progression or retrogression? Progression, surely it had been called; how did it mean progression? His mind was for the first time completely perplexed on the very point which before was so clear to him. Surely, science had been hasty, had jumped at conclusions too rapidly; it had accepted theories unproven for proofs positive; it had taken unquestioningly facts that were only facts in seeming, and accounted for them in any haphazard sort of way, and proclaimed to the world its own slipshod reasoning as proven — demonstrated — truth, worthy to be placed alongside of any mathematical demonstration. The world indeed looked dark and dreary to George, and especially that world of science which, so lately, had showed him the hilltops tinted with gold and sunlight, flushed with scientific glory—glowing, splendid, serene and beautiful even to the point of dazzling splendor.

But suddenly there came to him like a flash, the thought of Professor Huxley's prophecy on this subject. He had heard it repeated so frequently that he could never forget it. It had been boasted that Professor Huxley a year or two before the fossil horses had been discovered, had accurately described what the ancestors of the present horse in past epochs might be supposed to have been. And now when a year or so later, the fossils were discovered, they fulfilled the requirements of Professor Huxley's prophecy to the very

[1] From the mouths of babes and sucklings, etc.

letter. What indeed could be stronger than this — a prophecy of science and its exact fulfillment. George for the moment was himself again. But soon the doubts returned.

CHAPTER XIII

Professor Huxley's Hippodrome

IN THIS fluctuating frame of mind George, on his return home, dropped in to call on his old friend and companion Dr. Jones, who called occasionally at the university and between whom and George one of those friendships based on mutual likes and dislikes had sprung up. The conversation drifted towards the subject of which George's mind was so full. The beacon light of his hopes never seemed to be so trembling or fitful as just now.

"The new discovery did not pan out after all," said the doctor, using some of the most expressive slang of the day with little compunction.

"To what discovery do you allude?", asked George in his primmest terms.

"To the fossil man of Stonefelt — the missing link — you know, about which so much of a fuss was made in the press. The professors really thought that they had actually found something," and he laughed heartily at the idea.

"They did find something but it proved to be a mare's nest," said George quietly.

"Yes; yes; I believe had it not been for Professor Knowenthal, the scientific world would have had another Bathybius on its hands, and science would again be made the laughing stock of the world.

"You mean science came dangerously near being made the laughing stock of the world by Professor Knowenthal, do you not?"

"How is that? Was it not he who discovered that the 'find' was a mere modern man." He was now thoroughly interested.

George laughed in a sickly sort of way.

"You are trying to be ironical, at Professor Knowenthal's expense are you not?" he inquired, now fully in earnest. "Could it be possible?", he asked himself, "that this foolish version of the foolish affair had got abroad?" This was the height of absurdity.

"Not at all," replied the Doctor promptly. "I met Professor Knowenthal in New York the other day — only yesterday, I believe — and he told me how wild the young men were — the younger generation of scientists — over the supposed importance of the remains, until he came; and how he was obliged to dampen their ardor and quench their enthusiasm, by showing them that the supposed fossil could be nothing more or less than a petrified man—probably recently buried; and that this proved really to be the case. Some officials from a prison or something near by, had shown conclusively that the 'find' was really the body of a man who had been buried only about seventeen years ago, thus corroborating the views which he — Professor Knowenthal — had held from the very outset."

"It can not be possible that the Professor has undertaken to give out such a version of the matter. Why he insisted upon browbeating us all into an acknowledgment that we had at last discovered the missing link. He yielded only when it was shown beyond question that the supposed fossil was a man recently buried."

It was now the doctor's turn to laugh, and he did most dangerously; George thought. When it had subsided however, he said, "That is just what I would have supposed, but he was so strong in his protestations and regrets that I was for once thrown off my guard completely. The protestations and regrets were all against the credulity of the young

generation of scientists who are ready to take anything and everything on faith and without sufficient proof."

"I was not aware that this was a characteristic of the Professor," said George, now quite serious.

"It is a characteristic of all science and of all scientists," replied the doctor with energy.

"They do not accept all things on flimsy grounds," replied George, manifesting signs of alarm.

"They don't don't they?", replied the doctor with spirit. "What about the hippodrome?"

"The hippodrome!" echoed George now thoroughly alarmed.

"Yes, Professor Huxley's hippodrome; or more correctly, the Huxley-Marsh hippodrome."

"I suppose you mean the demonstration of the evolution of the horse. That is unquestionable — a proof as strong and cogent in its conclusiveness as any mathematical demonstration. That is beyond doubt." He wished to draw the doctor out on the subject.

The doctor laughed again, even more heartily than before.

George affected to be offended or hurt, though in reality he was in a state of mental torture.

"You do not mean to say that you pin your scientific faith to such a flimsy bit of texture as the reasoning involved in the horse business."

"It is equivalent to a mathematical demonstration, is it not? So I have always regarded it. There is no link missing in the evolutional series and what is there to disprove it?"

"My dear sir, you do not mean to say you are in earnest. This is certainly the worst case of 'hoss trade' in the annals of the equine race."

George was or at least pretended to be offended, and

the doctor hastened to explain, without, however, sparing George's feelings in the least.

"For a piece of bold buccaneering, perhaps, there is nothing equal to this imposition even in the history of science. It is the worst piece of horse jockeying on record."

The doctor looked him squarely in the eyes. It was the look of a man that is sure of his ground and wonders why others do not see things in the same light as himself. George remained silent, however, and the Doctor continued.

"You are not so easily imposed upon, Dr. Edwards. You have not given the matter much thought evidently, since you reason so lamely."

"On the contrary I have given it much thought."

"I am surprised at your conclusions then. You were present at the conference?"

"Yes."

"There was even a resolution proposed and drafted to proclaim to the world the news — the wonderful discovery at Stonefelt, was there not?"

"But it never came," protested George.

"But who prevented it? Was it the scientists?"

George hung his head.

"You know it was not. You know the protest came from men who do not pretend to know anything of science. You know that the information was unwelcome to the scientists. You know they accepted it reluctantly. And you know that they would never have accepted it had they been able to disprove or get around the testimony that showed they were mistaken."

George nodded a reluctant assent, and his face was a study.

"How then can it be said that we are disbelieving the Stonefelt fossil on the authority of the scientists? Are we not disbelieving it solely on the authority of those men who had nothing to do with the scientists, who had to override

the preconceived opinions of the scientists — and who found the scientists in flat contradiction. And the scientists yielded only when they could not deny it without making themselves ridiculous.''

George groaned heavily.

''We are simply disbelieving it in spite of the authority of the scientists. And yet it is only on this same authority that we are asked to believe all about the hippodrome. Why may not the scientists be deceived quite as much in one case as in the other? At all events a prudent man would hesitate before pinning his faith to a proposition on their authority. That at least is evident.''

''You put the case strongly, but not unreasonably,'' said George and his faith in the hippodrome — the star witness of evolution — was shaken. ''But,'' he added, however; ''False in one point, false on every point: is too sweeping a principle in this case.''

''But that is not the only ground on which scepticism is justifiable in the hoss trade,'' resumed the doctor.

''I admit that is quite sufficient to warrant doubt in the authors of the theory. But it is true, however, that the matter — aside from the doubts as to the genuinity of the hippodrome — seems to be all right, does it not?''

''Not at all. The reasons assigned by the theorists for the modification so called are still more open to question.''

''What do you mean? I had always supposed that the reasons were the best part of the argument, that is, if arguments were needed.''

''The eohippers have five toes, the orohippers four, and the horse has but one. This is a remarkable modification to say nothing of the intermediates,'' said the doctor.

''Yes but fully accounted for by a reasoning conclusive and convincing,'' replied George.

The doctor laughed heartily again. ''Why should the claws change to hoofs? What connection can there be be-

tween the horse and these finds? The answer given by science is all fancy, and its ready acceptance by the world does not bespeak great intelligence or large critical faculty on the part of the world. In fact it simply shows that the world is not very particular about what it accepts as truth when it comes from a professor of science. This is not to the world's credit."

"You are, of course, familiar with the explanation given for the change," replied George.

"Not with any explanation that explains why the claws should change while all the rest of the anatomy remains unmodified — except as to size," was the reply.

"Well it is all the same thing. The reason why the toes disappeared and only one toe — so called — remains," and a smile came over his features, "is that one toe makes for greater swiftness."

"The five toes are supposed to have shrunk to four, the four to three, the three to two, and the two to one. What is the proof of all this?"

"The fleetness of the horse," replied George, half interrogatively, half affirmatively.

"The ever present evolution fallacy *idem per idem*.

"How do you know that one toe is a decided advantage over three?" And the Doctor turned around suddenly and looked George directly in the eye.

George looked puzzled but did not reply.

"Who knows that a three-toed horse would be handicapped in a horse race with a single-toed specimen?"

"That is the reason assigned by the authorities on the subject."

"And why should we be foolish enough to accept it on the mere word of the authorities? Proof, evidence — that is what we want."

"But does not a single-toed horse have a great advantage in speed over any other kind?", asked George.

"Does a man with a wooden leg have an advantage over a man with five toes?", laughingly asked the doctor.

George laughed.

"I hardly think that will serve as an argument," he said. "This is trifling with a serious subject."

"I did not put it forward as an argument exactly; but it is no more absurd as an argument than the reasons for the advantage of a single toe over three toes. You will be telling us next that it is a like advantage to have shoes and that this is why men wear shoes. Yes, possibly, the next evolutional term of man's progress is that he will be born with his shoes on. This would effectually do away with the disadvantage of being born with five toes and pulling off and on one's stockings."

George laughed but did not reply.

"I suppose you take it that man wears shoes because it gives him an advantage over the man in his bare feet; and that as the man cramps his toes and packs them away in his shoes, the horse cramped his and packed them away in a single toe. The reasoning in the one case is about as sound as in the other."

"But I can not accept the analogy at all," said George with a marked degree of expostulation and some symptoms of being bored.

"I did not expect you would accept it. Nor would I let you if you felt so inclined. But I wanted to show you the absurdity of the position of science on this question. It is assumed that the horse has an advantage in speed in his single toe — so called; and the explanation given by no less a personage than the late Professor Huxley, is that the single toe of the horse, as it is called, is a survival of the fittest, and that it is the fittest because it possesses advantages for running which three toes or two toes or five toes do not. Now what is the proof of this bold assertion?"

"The proof is in the evolution of the horse."

"Exactly, a vicious circle; the most vicious circle in all science — and it has many of them. The proof that the three toes coalesced in one, is that the coalescence was necessary for speed, and the proof that this coalescense made for speed, is that the toes coalesced — *idem per idem.*"

"There is much in your objection, I concede. I have frequently thought exactly in that way myself. I have never been able to discover other reasons, I confess," admitted George.

"Certainly; there never was so big a humbug in the line of scientific explanation palmed off on an unsuspecting world than the explanation of the hippodrome and the causes thereof. The necessity of a single toe, we are told, is due to the speed of the horse. But the ostrich is swifter than the horse. It can outrun any horse. Why would it not be of like advantage to the ostrich to have one toe like the horse instead of three? It might want to run, too, over the plains sometimes — in fact does run over them. It is passing strange that, if the horse has modified its three toes into one toe for the sake of swiftness, the ostrich did not have the wit to do the same. Why did not the toes of the ostrich modify themselves into a single toe? Why was the horse specially favored, and not his pursuer? Was it a square deal that was handed to the ostrich?"

There was something tantalizing in the Doctor's manner. One thing was evident to George. He was not greatly overawed or alarmed by the proof from the eohippers. George was determined to find out whether his indifference to the cogent piece of evidence was real or merely assumed. He was determined to draw him out.

"How shallow we are! and how easily we take anything for a proof! How narrow a line separates truth from falsehood. Surely, as you say, if a single toe is a good thing for the horse in this matter of swiftness, it is a little singular,

that not only the ostrich, but all animals that have to run quickly, are not evolved in this advantageous way.''

''Shall I tell you why?'', asked the doctor, with a quizzical expression.

''By all means if you will.''

''Because science wanted to make out a case for the alleged evolution of the horse. It had those fossils on hand — or ordered them to hand — and wanted an explanation. It was forced to give one, and this was the best that offered itself.''

''But this was a foolish one.''

''Truly so. Better give none at all than give a foolish one. I believe I could have invented a more plausible one myself. But I for one, have somewhat grave doubts as to the genuinity or meaning of these fossils.''

CHAPTER XIV

Sciences, History and Politics

"YOU do not mean to intimate that they are not what they are said to be."

"I mean to say"—and he spoke deliberately and with marked emphasis that the atmosphere in which the eohippers were discovered was not exactly a healthy one for unbiased scientific opinion—to say nothing of truth—or one in which unadulterated and undiluted truth reigned supreme.

"This is rather a serious accusation against scientific men and scientific truth; and I confess here, at least, I can not follow you."

"Nevertheless there was a pretty grave scandal in scientific ranks in those days; and the scientists did not wholly succeed in keeping it from the outside world either." He paused reflectingly for a moment and then resumed.

"Their scandals would be no concern of ours did they not affect the truth of questions in which we are all vitally interested. But it is of the utmost importance to know whether they have palmed off on the world impostures, or whether they have been as faithless to duty as they were accused of being; and therefore whether they are entitled to our credence when they make scientific statements. It is to be regretted that there seems to have been a jugglery of science and fossils which is not reassuring to the honest and sincere seeker after scientific truth."

"You astonish me, Doctor."

"The past would be sacred if it did not cast its baleful shadow on the present—would be sacred even in its errors—

even if they were malicious; but the truth must not be permitted to suffer, even to hide the scandals of science.''

And he reached towards a massive volume which he extracted from one of the drawers of his library case and turning to the heading ''Professor Marsh'' in his portfolio (which was nothing more or less than a well arranged scrapbook of scientific comment) he handed the portfolio to George. And this in part is what George read: It was an editorial from an influential daily paper of a large city.

''Before an appropriation is made for continuing the geological survey it would be well for Congress to inquire into the conduct of the business. Very serious charges have been openly made against the director of the survey, Major Powell, and Professor Marsh of Yale College, who is connected with the work and is now president of the National Academy of Sciences.''

''It is a shame'' cried George, ''the way the church tries to persecute the votaries of science and hound them everywhere. This is doubtless the snarl of a church organ, and the 'very serious charges' are doubtless the work of the clergy. It is a shame that science is permitted to be attacked in this way and interfered with in its glorious mission of enlightening mankind.''

''Well, this is at least one case,'' the Doctor replied, ''where the church, or religion, or Christianity is not guilty. The charges seem to be made not by the church or the adherents of any religion; they come from the ranks of the scientists themselves. It is wholly a family quarrel. Read and see.'' And George read:

''The charges are made by Professor Cope of the University of Pennsylvania and are supported by Professor Williston of Yale, Professor W. B. Scott of Princeton, and Dr. Frazer of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.''

''Whee-e-e-e-o-ow!'' whistled George. ''This is a pretty kettle of fish.''

"You see it is not the church or the clergy, this time at least," said the doctor. "However read the charges. You will see what a beautiful environment they make for the birth of the new scientific truth."

George resumed his reading:

"The charges are that Major Powell has turned the survey into a politico-scientific monopoly (Heavens! What a combination! interjected George), run on machine methods (George almost gasped); that he has plagiarized and duplicated the work of state geologists and past surveys; that in order to obtain appropriations for the survey he has made it an asylum for Congressmen's sons; that he has provided sinecures for journalists in order to disarm criticism (George groaned audibly); and that he has doled out money among college professors and other scientists to secure their good will towards himself and the survey."

George stood transfixed. He had been stunned completely by what he had read. His one beacon "the horse show" as it had been often called had been the sheet anchor of all his scientific hopes for the future, for the truth of the cause which he had espoused, and for which he had flung away religion so contemptuously.

"This is dreadful," was all he could utter. "Why did I not hear of this before?"

"You were somewhat reluctant to hear of it now, and seemed to resist my efforts at enlightenment with a somewhat bad grace," replied the doctor, with evidently very little compunction for his blasting enlightenment.

"However," he added still impenitent for the grief he had caused, "you have read only about Major Powell. Professor Marsh it was who was the star performer. You have not read about him."

George resumed the portfolio and read:

"As for Professor Marsh it is charged that he schemed with Major Powell to get elected President of the National

Academy of Sciences, so as to use that institution for their mutual purposes, and that it has been used to boom the survey; that through connivance with Powell he has stored immense government collections at Yale, and so mixed them up with the college collections that they can not now be separated; that the various scientific works which he has prepared are not original with him, but either the work of his assistants or else bald plagiarisms; that he has been allowed $60,000 per year by Powell and a salary of $4,000; that he has retained the salaries of members of his field parties; and that he has used questionable methods in prosecuting his scientific work.''

George heaved a long sigh at the close and took a long breath. Alas! alas! for his great work! How speedily it was crumbling in his hands!

''What do you think of your incontrovertible argument now?'' inquired the doctor.

George's only answer was a deep groan.

''It would seem that a scientist might be able to discover a great many fossils at the rate of $64,000 a year, to say nothing of his spoils from his henchmen,'' pursued the doctor unrelentingly.

Still George did not answer. His mind was too full.

''A fair sized menagerie might be purchased. The only thing I regret is, that he did not give us the worth of our money — for it was the people's money. Instead of beggarly little eohippers he should have given us mammoth sized specimens. He could easily do it at the price. I do not like such stinginess. The man that could cheat his patrons with diminutive little orohippers, would not hesitate to filch from his subordinates as has been charged,'' and the doctor laughed at his own humor.

''Why do they permit the miserable impostures to survive?'' inquired George with fiery indignation.

''A survival of the fittest, of course. What else did you

think it could be? However, it may be that they are all right. I have only warned you against too easy credulity."

"They are shameless impostures," cried George vehemently.

"Do not arrive at that conclusion too quickly. It would be a mistake to rush into the opposite error. It would not mend matters at all. To me the proper attitude in this matter is one of healthy intelligent scepticism that challenges at every point. This is the only remedy against deception."

"You are perfectly right, and I only regret I did not adopt it long ago."

"Meanwhile, however, it is just as well for you to know the opinion of Marsh entertained by his colleagues, nay by his fellow-professors at Yale; and he turned to another part of the portfolio and returned it to George. It proved to be a letter from Professor Williston of Yale, also to Professor Cope. The letter had found its way into the press during the discussion. It read:

"I wait with patience the light that will surely be shed over Professor Marsh and his work. Is it possible for a man whom all his colleagues call a liar to retain a general reputation for veracity? I do not worry about his ultimate position in science. He will find his level, possibly fall below it. There is one thing I have always felt was a burning disgrace — that such a man should be chosen to the highest position in science as the President of National Academy of Sciences . . . . . . Professor Marsh did once indirectly request me to destroy Kansas fossils rather than let them fall into your hands."

"But this may be a calumny," said George.

"I do not vouch for it. It is his colleagues that are speaking. I only wished to put you on your guard," said the doctor.

George felt as though he had been stung by ten thousand adders. His Gibraltar of science yielded without a single

blow. Dewey at Manilla found neither so easy nor so complete a victory. He instantly capitulated before the words that told of the shame of science.''

''What a shame!'' he muttered between his teeth, as if it were a personal insult. The honor of science was blasted, ruined. ''Graft!'' he cried bitterly. ''Graft and science! What a combination! Ye gods!''

And he thought bitterly of two or three sentences that haunted his memory. ''He had been allowed $60,000 a year and $4,000 salary.'' Who could not, who would not be virtuous and a scientist on $64,000?

And then that other sentence that bit like iron into his soul, bringing death to all his hopes, ''He has used questionable methods in prosecuting his scientific work.'' Its very vagueness made it all the more dreadful. It tainted all his work and made everything suspected. And then there would come from his colleague's letter those haunting words, ''A man whom all his colleagues call a liar.'' Here then was the ''Fanaticism of veracity'' which Huxley used to boast of as the requisite of the scientific spirit — nay as the ruling spirit of science or as the same authority put it, ''Veracity was the very code of morality.'' And this was the morality of science! And then horror of horrors! And this was the man who verified Professor Huxley's descriptive prophecy of The Ancestors of the Horse! This man was the friend of Huxley. It seemed to him as though some wicked demon had steeped a brush in all the slime and filth of immorality and unveracity and swept it across the fair face of the science of whose beauty and truth he had boasted.

''It seems to me that after all they have not much to boast of in comparison with the apostles of Christianity, have they? — those apostles of modern science,'' the Doctor resumed. ''You used to say bitterly that the apostles of Christianity were too credulous. I doubt whether they were more credulous than the apostles of science in our day. And

one thing is sure, they were not addicted to graft. They gave their lives for their belief. And no one in his senses ever accused them of what is laid at the door of the father of your hippodrome.''

''I have been an ass,'' cried George bitterly. ''I have got my deserts. You may tease me to your heart's content. I deserve all the chastisement and all the contempt which you can visit on me.''

''That reminds me,'' said the doctor, placing the last straw on the camel's breaking vertebrae, ''that the affair got into poetry and some good natured, humorous doggerel got into print on the subject by way of raillery of the scientists in their distinguished and dignified roles.''

And the Doctor turning to another part of the portfolio, (evidently he had been painstaking in his selection), and returned it to George pointing to this stanza, purporting to be from Professor Cope to Professor Marsh:

Your ignorance of Saurians is something very strange;
The mammals of the Laramie are far beyond your range;
You fail to see that certain birds enjoy the use of teeth,
That pterodactyls perched on trees, nor feared the ground beneath
You stole your evoluted horse from Kowalesky's brain,
And previous peoples' fossils smashed, from Mexico to Maine.
To permian reptiles you are blind in short, I do insist
You are — hinc illae lachrymae — you are a plagiarist."

There were other verses of the same kind, all showing that the immaculacy of science was not what it was boasted to be; and that the men who supposed that the ways of science were all innocence and all its paths peace and harmony, were but slightly acquainted with the real nature of things and had not gone very far beneath the surface. The concluding stanzas even constituted a moral plainly printed, showing the need of it in this very guileless region of knowledge. It read:

"Moral"

"So science walks, with gait serene, her crown an olive sprig
Intent alone on holy truth and otium cum dig."

"You are aware that the discovery was even a matter of prophecy and that Professor Huxley described accurately what the ancestors of the horse would look like — if they were ever discovered — and this about a year or so before the discovery.

"I believe I heard something of this."

"Does this suggest to you anything remarkable except Professor Huxley's wonderful gift of prophecy," he asked, shutting his left eye very hard and looking very hard with the right.

"I have regarded it as a very remarkable prophecy, even with Konalesky's discoveries to guide him," said George. "Don't you?"

"I find just one fault with it, it was too accurately verified. Had the fossils been less true to the description, I might have greater faith in them." And he winked oracularly as before.

CHAPTER XV

Taking New Soundings

IT WOULD be impossible to describe the impression made upon George by this appalling discovery. It was singular, he thought that he had not become acquainted with these ugly facts before; for these were real facts of history; and alas! too, of science. There was no denying them. They were matter of public record; but when collated in the way the doctor had done, — and there was no questioning its propriety — they were appalling. Perhaps, even he himself, had he been familiar with them, might never have placed in this crushing synthesis the entire body; but now that he saw them placed in such juxtaposition the effect was overwhelming.

His heart was under the sway of various conflicting emotions for some time after the discovery. Grief, disappointment, a crash of all his scientific ideals and all his scientific hopes came first. While in the presence of Dr. Jones he maintained complete control over his emotions but when he was alone they rushed upon him with all the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. He had loved his work for the work's sake. He had so loved it, because he believed he was engaged in the propagation of truth and truth in its most unquestionable form, scientific truth. And now he saw the lofty edifice crumble in an instant. His roseate views of life and of science in particular were completely clouded. It seemed to him as if the sun had gone out of the scientific world, even out of the world of all things. All had gone down in a cloud of blackest darkness.

And then his mind rose in indignation against what he called the deceivers in science, the schemers, the plotters, the quacks and adventurers with which he saw the entire domain thronged. As usually happens in such cases, he rushed to the other extreme. He loved truth for its own sake. His intellect demanded it. He could not rest satisfied with anything like a counterfeit of it. And here, where, like Othello, he had garnered all his hopes, and squandered the best desires of his heart, lavishly — luxuriously, he had found imposture. How had the gold become dimmed and the beauty of the lily faded! And his heart went out in execration of the methods — the falsity, the imposture, the fraud, cheating, trickery, knavery and cunning. Indignation — scorn — filled his heart. He wished to rush out and proclaim to the world the falsehood of the gigantic imposture of this proud pretender. The very crimes which it denounced in others it practiced to the full itself. His heart was too full. Never was there such an awakening. And like all undeception, it carried him too far. The effect of his skaken confidence was sweeping. In his indignation he arraigned all science without exception.

And then came sweeping over him a deep sense of shame for the manner in which he had flung aside so contemptuously his religious belief. Swindled! Was the expression on his lips. Had it been the syren of pleasure, he would not have felt half so indignant; but he had given up the crystal purity of truth that was sacred for that which proclaimed itself sacred. A scientific gold brick had been offered him and like any other rustic he had been deceived — for it he had given up the pearl of great price.

And then with mantling blushes of indignation — the fiercest, against himself — his mind reverted inevitably to the mother whose heart was breaking for his infidelity, his faithlessness, his shallowness, his shame. His heart for the moment became the fierce playground of passion. Ugly

thoughts arose for the first time in his life. Wild, Ishmaelitish feelings seemed to get the control. Curses sprang to his lips, imprecations were kindling in his throat. A whirlwind of blackest pessimism swept over his soul. Bitterness, disappointment — almost rage — seized upon him; and for the moment he seemed to lose control of the emotions, and his reason for the nonce was eclipsed in the swirling tide of passion, like the sun hidden by the cyclone.

And what wonder! All for which he had lived, all for which he had given up all that was worth having in life, all that he had foolishly sacrificed, squandered — the fortune from his work, — the prestige from scientific knowledge — the monument to posterity; all — all — were gone.

It was with a hevay heart and a clouded sky overcasting his pleasant outlook on life that George returned to his apartments and flung himself on a couch in a condition closely bordering on stupor.

In something like a half-hour he rallied from his dazed condition, and reached out for a little book which lay at his elbow. It was a gift from Rose a year before, and had the words "Tolle Lege" written in her hand upon the flyleaf. He opened the book at random and lighted on Chapter V., Book VI of that extraordinary work which contains so much biography, so much philosophy, and so much dogmatic teaching, as well as so much spirituality — St. Augustine's Confessions — and read the opening words of the chapter:

"And in this thing also I could not but prefer the Catholic doctrine, that I found that it was with more modesty and without deceit, men were commanded to believe what was not yet demonstrated . . . . whereas among the Manicheans believing was ridiculed, and evidence was promised; and yet after all many things most fabulous and absurd, which could never be demonstrated, were imposed to be believed.' '

He sprang up as if stung by an adder. What was this?

The old Manichean spirit embodied in modern scientific progress? Surely modern times could not boast of even the quality of novelty. Was it not the same old story precisely? — although he had supposed that it was entirely new. Was this not a characteristic of error — always — everywhere? And yet the modern movement seemed to think it was altogether new — unprecedented.

And then was it not the same with the church to-day? Was it not with "modesty and without deceit" that she "commanded to believe what was not yet demonstrated?" And did not the modern Manichean "ridicule" in season and out of season everything that savored of believing without demonstration, even as the ancient Manichean had done? Indeed was not this the supreme hobby of the modern scientific Manichean? "Believing was ridiculed, and evidence was promised," he read again. Was not this precisely the situation in your intellectual world today? And how magniloquently the age "promised evidence," too, like the Manichean! Yes and how like her, too, in spite of all her pretensions and assurances — in spite of her grandiloquently promised evidence," wherever she "asked assent!" How "many things most fabulous and absurd, which could never be demonstrated, were imposed to be believed" by this bullying science? He read the passage over again. Surely, surely, he thought, there is nothing new under the sun, even the vagaries, and pretensions, and absurdities of modern error.

George now seemed to feel the scales falling from his eyes; nevertheless his soul still hankered after the knowledge which demonstration gives. The intellectual fleshpots of Egypt still had their attractions for him and he yearned for this satisfying kind of knowledge; but lo; he found what he had supposed to be intellectual treasure-houses, empty. He had looked for demonstration in religion — petulantly cried and clamored for it; quarrelled with its mysteries, which

flatly refused it, revolted; and now — he found it not even in science. His mind seemed as if hanging over a precipice — ready to drop from a dizzy height — whither he knew not. The intellectual world seemed to him to be a blank or what there was of it seemed to him to be tottering and unsteady. He opened the book again; and this is what he read:

"Hence my interior was gripped with so much greater solicitude, what I should now hold for certain, by how much the more I was ashamed to have been so long deluded and deceived with the promise of certitude, and to have all the while with childish error and heat, prated upon so many uncertainties, as if they had been things almost certain. For that they were absolutely false I did not fully know till afterwards; but I was now sure that they were uncertain, and that I had formerly taken them for certain."

He was startled. Had the writer photographed his (George's) own position? Surely, he thought, this is but a repetition, after all of the old spirit of heresy, of unrest and unbelief. Modern error can not claim even the wretched merit of being new. One of the strongest grounds on which the modern movement appeals to a thoughtless world is, that the human mind, for the first time in all its history, has risen to the full height of demonstrated truth — that it is now for the first time equipped by knowledge, by attainment, by its modern grasp and methods — for the task of dealing adequately with profound or abstruse questions. And lo! here was the Manichean — thirteen hundred years ago — making the selfsame boast, debating the same questions in the selfsame manner, using the same sophistry against Christianity and the same foolish words about his own enlightenment. The present had not even the merit of originality. The human mind had not advanced one single step, not only in philosophy and wisdom, but even in its methods of presenting error. How he himself had, with childish error and heat, "prated upon so many uncertainties, as if they had been things almost

certain!" Yes; surely error is the same in every age, falsehood can not vary or change its features. The hippodrome, as Dr. Jones had felicitously styled it, how certain he had regarded it! and now behold in what discredit and uncertainty it was shrouded. He could have taken his oath on the evidence in favor of it. And now. . .? And so with Darwinism. How sure he felt now that it was all "uncertain," and that he had "formerly taken it for certain."

CHAPTER XVI

Getting Acquainted

MEANWHILE matters at Toneton proceeded without change. Mrs. Edwards seemed to grow neither better nor worse. The same placid manner, however, which succeeded to the strong emotion of George's visit still characterized her. After the strong emotional scenes through which she had passed, first in her interview with Father Johnson and then in the interview with George, all semblance of emotion seemed to have subsided — indeed was conspicuous by its total absence. She was the gentle, patient sufferer again. She rarely left her chair, even for sleep. If she spoke of George — which she did but seldom — it was without reproach or regret, and not so much with a calm, patient resignation as with a hope that by no means fell short of perfect confidence. The disease too seemed to be stationary, and the physicians began to think it was not impossible that she might eventually rally.

Dr. Pembroke — Anthony Pembroke, George's university companion, who had taken up the practice of medicine at Toneton — was now installed as regular physician; and as he was devotedly attached to George and sent him a private bulletin daily — supplemented by a semi-weekly letter of details — George felt that his household matters could not be in better hands, especially as the physician's and nurse's care were very steadily supplemented by that of Rose Ramsay and George's cousin, Edith Kingsley. His mind was therefore easy on that point, although his heart was sore on account of his enforced absence from her side. He was advised, however,

by the physicians — and indeed his own heart told him plainly — that his absence from the side of his mother's sick couch was, under existing circumstances, far more beneficial to her than his presence there could possibly be. It sent a pang through him to think so; but his disenchantment, rude though it was, was not yet complete, indeed had hardly well begun. The realm of science and intellectuality — as he styled it — still possessed a strong fascination for him. Like Augustine held fast in the chains of sensual dalliance, George was still held fast in what he still regarded as "intellectual" thraldom. And even when his mind was perturbed by doubt of the soundness of his position, he felt that in his unsettled state of mind, he could not with prudence or safety attempt any change in his mental attitude.

Rose was the same gentle, self-sacrificing nurse, whose slightest wish was to each of her companions the equivalent of a command. The greatness of her sacrifice seemed to have given her greatness of soul; or, perhaps it would be more correct to say that the greatness of her sacrifice was due to her greatness of soul — without which, she certainly could never have made it. Whether she ever had internal struggles with herself, whether regret ever had come to her for what many would call a foolish resolution, no one ever could tell. If regret there was it never betrayed itself in her manner or exterior. She went about all her daily tasks with the same sweet, gentle care and forethought as before, and the same purifying touch which had seemed to etherealize her beauty seemed to renew itself daily — the spiritual charm was ever there.

But if the corpse of a pure, unselfish love was an attendant at Mrs. Edwards' sick chair, there was also the birth of a new and ardent affection in waiting there also. Dr. Anthony Pembroke, while awed by the presence of Rose, felt himself fascinated by the presence of her companion, Edith Kingsley; and had there been any disposition on the part

of the physician to neglect his charge, there was an attraction in the attendant which would have kept him constantly at his patient's side. It was a quiet every day attraction; and in spite of all that poets and novelists have written about the path of true love, this one certainly did "run smooth." Possibly Cupid did not have the courage, alongside the tragedy in Rose's heart, to dare perpetrate another.

Nor was the intellectual side of life neglected by the little group of friends at Toneton. Father Ramsay's natural tastes had long since led him to study the serious questions of the day, and to master what some people called their intellectual difficulties with a grasp and thoroughness which made him at least a quarter of a century in advance of his day. His Catholic club, consisting of the Catholic students at the university, afforded him much intellectual enjoyment, it is true, but as he had distanced his contemporaries in his grasp of the true meaning and solution of the great questions which men were asking their own hearts, he longed for a companionship in his studies and researches — a kindred mind with which he could exchange thought on these deep problems.

Accordingly when one year previous to the date at which this narrative commences, Providence — in the person of his bishop — had sent to him as an assistant, a powerful six-footer, deep-chested and broad-shouldered, with an arm that was iron in its muscle, and a keen, flashing gray eye, Father Ramsay thought: Had I wished for an athlete — a master at football, at baseball, or at the art of fencing — I would be apt to find my wish realized in this magnificent Hercules. The last thing he dreamt of in this giant who stood before him, was the congenial intellectual companion for whom he had long been longing. What interest, he thought, could the higher criticism, or the knight-errantry of latter-day speculative science, have for this splendid Titan with his powerful chest and iron muscle?

Never, however, was first impression more mistaken than

was Father Ramsay's on this occasion; or perhaps, it would be more correct to say Father Ramsay in his opinion was both right and wrong. For while Father Shairp proved to be the athletic giant which Father Ramsay had pictured in his own mind, he had not neglected the intellectual side; — the real giant in him was intellectual rather than muscular. When, at supper, each anxious to know where the other — with whom he was to live in such close relationship — stood on mooted questions, Father Ramsay tentatively, through curiosity, broached the subject of modern infidelity and the dangers which threatened religion from that quarter, the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, muscular representative of the church suffering — which should be militant — entered so earnestly into the subject, and such a flood of scathing eloquence fell from his lips, that Father Ramsay opened wide his eyes in admiration and wonderment, and he began to think that perhaps, his hope of a sympathetic mind in his researches into modern errors, was not quite so forlorn after all.

When, after supper, Father Ramsay invited his new assistant to smoke a cigar in his study, and the young priest looked over Father Ramsay's library, the surprise was mutualized. Father Shairp opened his eyes as he read the titles of volume after volume of the leading works by the leaders of modern infidelity. On taking down an occasional volume which especially appealed to him, he found to his delight unimpeachable evidence that the library was for something else besides show or ornament; for as he took down volume after volume and glanced rapidly through it, he found that not only were there many passages underlined in various scorings, but there were also marginal marks and marginal notes and comments, as well as other proofs of a careful and critical reading. To his great surprise he discovered that Father Ramsay's system of marking and notemaking corresponded exactly with his own, and even the brief marginal criticisms

at which he glanced in passing, showed that Father Ramsay had, like himself, gone directly to the bottom of the fallacy in every instance, instead of contenting himself with the shallow, superficial criticisms which were so much in vogue. And here, strangely enough, was the first bond that cemented together in everlasting friendship the gentle, refined and intellectual Father Ramsay and the young athletic giant, who had come to him as assistant.

"I see you read Darwin, Huxley, and all the modern infidel school," said the young assistant."

"I take them up occasionally, but have been unable to devote as much time to them as I would like," and Father Ramsay straightened himself up in his chair and shifted his left knee over his right.

"I perceive they occupy a corner in your library as unique as the nook they occupy in the world of thought."

"Yes; very true; they do occupy a peculiar section in the world of modern opinions. They certainly are not entitled to companionship with the solid works of philosophy or history, or even any of the cognate sciences. They are entitled to a special place by themselves, but one would hardly call it a position of honor."

He drew a short breath. Presently he added: "Do you know, I think the best work to be done by the clergy in our age lies along that line of thought."

"These are precisely my views," said the assistant. "But I find that the priests are so busy — so completely occupied — so head-over-heels in the material work of religion that there is little time left for the moral work, less for the spiritual, and none at all for the intellectual work."

"We are in the brick and mortar age of the church in this country just at present. By and by we shall have the debt-paying age — in many places we have it now."

"Why I have never seen anything like how young priests become absorbed in brick and mortar. I have seen the

brightest intellects we have had in San Anselmo become veritable slaves of these things and perfect drudges collecting church funds. Some of them are even perfect computing machines in the matter of expenditure.''

''Certainly that accounts for the marvelous growth of the church in this country. The devotion of the priests to the labor of upbuilding religion has accomplished wonders.''

''But there is other work for them now,'' said Father Shairp, sententiously. ''What is the use of building churches if we have no one to fill them? And if the present infidel propaganda of what is called the modern school of thought is permitted to go unchecked or pass unchallenged it is certain to sweep over the Catholic Church too with disastrous results.''

''The storm, for us, is still at a great distance,'' said Father Ramsay, thoughtfully.

''Not so far off as it seems. A thousand agencies are at work hastening the time when the rising flood will reach our people, safeguarded even though their position is. At present the great breakwater of Protestantism which more or less broke the force of each threatening wave as it rose against Christianity, is being swept away, and we are now almost fully exposed to the ravages of the tide.''

It has hardly touched the masses of the people as yet,'' — and Father Ramsay beamed happily in the thought that there was some one besides himself who recognized the danger, and that one was to be his assistant.

''I wish I could think so,'' Father Shairp rejoined meditatively. ''It has already reached them, I fear, through a different channel. They have no intellectual difficulties it is true. But through the roadstead of Socialism and Progress it is fast reaching them. Intellectuality and progress with the classes; Socialism and Progress with the masses. These are the present day Shibboleths.''

Father Ramsay lifted his eyebrows in astonishment.

This young man had diagnosed the disease even better than he himself had.

"The pity of it all is," he said with feeling, "that neither will discover the hollowness of it all until it is too late."

"It certainly behooves us clergymen to look well to our defences," he added after a pause. "The enemy is skilful and cunning although their engines of war are no more formidable than the old Spanish war vessels."

"So formidable, however, that in some minds they have succeeded in creating a panic. Why some are already advocating a compromise."

And the young man laughed heartily.

"Poltroons there are, of course, in every body; but in this case the enemy has made a great deal of noise, and to some men noise seems to be the equivalent of power. The Christian Jericho — if we are to listen to a few — is ready to surrender to the mere clamor of the scientific marchers."

"Of course it is the old adage: empty vessels make most sound, all over again. But at all events I am more than pleased to find that we both agree in our opinions on the importance of the subject and that we take the same view of the whole modern movement. It has been the wish of my life to do something, even in a small way, to stem the tide of folly."

CHAPTER XVII

The New Assistant

NOR did the bond of sympathy slacken on further acquaintance. Nor did Father Shairp's powers diminish on closer familiarity. The ease with which he went to the bottom of abstruse problems was marvellous. The listener was charmed by the precision of his views and the lucidity with which he presented them. He threw a light on subjects deemed impenetrable to the ordinary intellect. His mind was as steady in its light as a planet — and as brilliant — cold in its logic as polished steel, in its reasoning power clear as purest crystal. To vary the metaphor, it was often overwhelming in its profundity — reaching to depths which the ordinary plummet of deep sea soundings could never fathom. His opponents, when he dropped into controversy, usually miscalculated his strength, often beginning with a low estimate of his powers. Often they counted confidently on an easy victory, and affected tolerance and forbearance with one whom it was but a trifle to overthrow. He seemed to enjoy allowing them to thus mislead themselves; but as soon as the smile of superiority or triumph appeared, in that moment he unleashed his powers. Reined in and held in check up to that moment, the wonderful gifts of his extraordinary mind were now set free, and the moment of victory was soon changed to ignominious defeat; for he never failed to be on the right side of the question, and to present it forcibly and convincingly. And woe betide the man who came to meet him with a lame premise or a halting conclusion! The moment a fallacious argument or sophistical statement escaped the lips of his

opponent it was pierced with an arrow from his cynic quiver. "Socratic abortions" was his favorite title for the modern philosophers. "Newtonlets" was his favorite term for Darwin and his school.

"You have not much respect then for the modern intellectuality?" suggested Father Ramsay one day.

"Modern intellectuality is like modern science. All the scientific guesses of the modern group would not make a single fact, and all the modern intellects would not, if rolled into one, make a fourth-rate poet, philosopher, orator or scientist of ancient times."

"What is your opinion of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Co.?"

"The sum total of all their intellects concentrated in one single skull and intensified a million times might perhaps be to the intellect of, say, St. Thomas or St. Augustine as the tallow dip is to the glorious ball of luminosity that makes that arc light so dazzling."

He had graduated for himself the intellects which pleased him, leaving out the poetic and oratorical and literary world. St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, Bacon and Cardinal Newman reigned supreme in the realm of pure intellectuality. Aquinas and Bacon he regarded as colossal. "Bacon dealt," he said, "with the philosophy of life; the others with the philosophy of truth." Bacon he regarded less as a logical mind than a mind which had crystallized human experience and human wisdom into apposite phrases.

Speaking of the difficulty of attaining certitude he was accustomed to say:

"What is the use of everything else if we have not the power of reasoning rightly?" "No matter how sure our premises we may land in falsehood unless we have the true logical instinct."

"And how infinitely worse if we are unable to gauge the truth of our premises."

"And what when men are utterly reckless as to the truth or falsehood of them?"

"And what, when they wilfully blind themselves, and will not admit that their haphazard premises may be wrong?"

"This is juggling with truth."

"It deserves, as Plato or Socrates would say, the anger of the gods; and the punishment of such recklessness, very often is, that the power of distinguishing or discerning truth, when that truth is plainly visible to others, is taken away, and thus some men become truth-blind just as other men become color-blind?

"Science and scientific facts were to be sure good things — when one was sure of them — but what if one did not know how to reason rightly from them?"

"And what if the facts proclaimed as certain were actually in doubt? — which was usually the case."

Herbert Spencer he regarded as the prince of mountebanks. Huxley was the prince of confidence men. Darwin was a patient drudge, overestimating his own powers and the value of his own facts, going through nature — north and south and east and west — with a ready made theory to which he tried to fit as many facts of experience as possible and ignoring as of no consequence those facts that contradicted or did not square with it; and yet unable to prove or establish his theory to the satisfaction of others — not even to his own; then begging the question in an entirely new way; that is, begging men to believe him and his statements without his being able to prove them.

For the real workers in science he had only the most profound respect. Pasteur was unrivalled — the real scientific glory of the age. Edison had been rightly styled the wizard. Roentgen and Marconi he called true scientists. "Let the whole field of speculative science," he would exclaim, "show one single fact like the electric arc or the Roentgen ray. When it does it will have some claims to recognition but not

till then. Let it roll up all its so called facts and knowledge and show something which it can place alongside of Pasteur's bacteria and say of one as it says of the other: Here is scientific truth; here is scientific fact."

"But speculative science and practical science are totally different in their methods," interposed Father Ramsey.

"What? you say that they are totally different." "Not at all — they are exactly parallel. The methods are precisely the same. Observation, experiment, consequent hypothesis — and then — verification — the only test. In speculative science we have all this — except verification — the one thing that is really essential, hence its utter failure."

"What has the entire school done but observe, experiment, imagine hypotheses? — indeed this has been their perennial boast. It was the constant and never ending theme of all Huxley's sarcastic and barbed-wire rhetoric."

"But — which of them has shown us verification? aye, there's the rub."

"And yet in the other fields, of experimental science with hypothesis in the realm of applied and practical science, we have nothing but verifications heralded to us. That is their pride — their glory."

Just imagine Pasteur or Edison proclaiming in advance their unverified hypotheses, as Huxley and Darwin and their followers have been dinning theirs into the world's ears for the last half century. Think you the world would tolerate it? They would be regarded as mountebanks and quacks until they had verified their prognostications — and rightly. But no, they — the true scientists — announce only when the verification of the experiment and hypothesis is truly tested and forever beyond question of doubt."

And yet what can there be more ridiculous than speculative science — with its Darwins, and its Huxleys, and its Haeckels — proclaiming its hypotheses from the house-tops and when it will verify them — the very antithesis of Gilbert's

Mikado who 'always tries to utter lies and every time he fails.' "

"Why is it that only in speculations about the mystery of the universe men can assume absurd positions and yet find followers?"

"Surely, if Edison or Pasteur had adopted such tactics and never verified a hypothesis they would be laughed at and their names would be the by-words of science."

Indeed so profound was his contempt for the modern school that the speculators in the mystery of the universe and the expounders of the new knowledge so-called, he regarded as a mob of anarchists in the field of thought and knowledge and religion. Sometimes he compared them to Edmund Burke's "grass hoppers" that heard only their own chirping, and completely ignored the real workers in the field.

"Why not join hands," he was accustomed to exclaim, "and route these impostors?"

And it was his dream to unite a body of well-trained clergy, profoundly read in all the modern falsehood and familiar with its masquerade — to form an association for the spread of scientific and intellectual truth, whose scope would be the dissipation of modern error — not, however, by compromising with it or sacrificing principle or truth to it — but by waging a crusade against the modern fallacies.

"Carry the war into Africa," he cried. "Put this monstrous fallacy of science on the defensive. Turn the searchlight of inquiry into all its recesses and chambers. Hunt up the lurking fallacies — if indeed they do lurk which can hardly bear the light of the unaided iris of the human eye — if men will only turn their eyes in that direction. But we are too busy defending our own positions. The Sophists are at least cunning. They keep the minds of men averted from their own shortcomings by keeping up an incessant clatter and war-cry against the mistakes of the world, and especially religion. And the world takes them at their own estimate

of their own value, at their own word, and on their own terms, because it knows no better; while in reality they are filled — honeycombed — with the errors and fallacies which they attribute to religion. It is the old cry of "stop thief" raised by the thief himself to avert suspicion from himself."

"You certainly have gauged their methods very accurately," said Father Ramsey.

"The utter baselessness of modern scepticism should be shown by pointing out the utter absence of any foundation of truth in the Babel set up in opposition to it, where everything is but wild guess, and haphazard conjecture."

"A little light on the scientific methods would do the world no end of service just now."

"They have coolly appropriated all the glory of the practical sciences, and claim it as their own."

"It is the old story of the wren and the eagle. The wren was carried up on the eagle's back and when the king of birds turned to descend earthward, the wren soared, flew higher still and began to crow over her victory in outstripping the eagle in its flight. Speculative science has been carried upon the wings of practical science — on the wings of the Edisons and Pasteurs, the Roentgen discoverers, etc., and now it has forsooth soared higher than all else. It is the only science."

"It is very difficult to apply a remedy that is efficacious," said the elder priest musingly.

"The surest cure for a modern scientific sceptic is to read the modern scientific authors of this scepticism. Most men know only at second hand or by mere hearsay."

"But not every one has the logical perception of Father Shairp," said Father Ramsay. "True, keen logical perception is as rare as it is to be desiderated. Lady Gushington, when she returns, will be overjoyed to have such an acquisition to her coterie."

CHAPTER XVIII

The New Club

THE upshot of the whole matter was that a modern scientific club was soon organized at Toneton, composed of its best minds and ablest intellects, and called broadly "The Modern Science Club." It was really the old Century Club reorganized. It met fortnightly for an exchange of views, for readings, lectures, talks, etc., but the leading spirits and the very soul of the club were Father Ramsay and his Herculean assistant.

In this way scarcely an error came to the surface of thought which escaped the notice of the little Toneton club. It was at once analyzed, dissected and duly docketed. There was a due appreciation of what moderns were doing, and of the wonderful advances in the industrial and practical sciences; but there was no confusion of thought or confounding of things essentially different. The speculative school of physical science was kept rigidly apart from the practical school in the classification of the Toneton club; and its own share of honor and merit was duly assigned to each. In this way it soon began to be noticed that the amount of honor or merit due to the speculative school was scarcely perceptible, while the splendor and glory of the practical and industrial sciences seemed to illuminate the whole world. Note was also especially made of the fact that it was the school which produced the least results that was loudest in boasts and which impudently assailed religion.

The mistakes and merits — where there were merits — of Darwin and his followers were as familiar to the Modern

Science Club as was the Apostles' Creed. The shallowness of Huxley, the folly of Herbert Spencer, the braggadocio and swagger of Tyndall, the "blatherskitism" of Haeckel, (as Father Shairp somewhat inelegantly, but very appropriately, termed it,) the romancings of Renan, the vaporings of Harnack, the blasphemies of Deelitsch, the aberrations of the Tubingen theology — now passed away — all received their due share of attention. Miss Ramsay and Miss Kingsley were deeply interested in the scientific errors — the theology they left mostly to the male members of the club; but in the scientific questions they were very often, with their woman's keen intuition, the first to pounce on the error, to detect the lurking fallacy, to call attention to the illegitimate conclusion, the spurious fact, or the imaginary truth based upon mere assumption and guess.

The young man was at first somewhat untrained and impulsive as well as over severe and impetuous when dealing with errors which he regarded as gross; but the keenness of his logic and the searchingness of his analysis, seldom permitted a misstatement, a false premise, or a false conclusion to pass unchallenged.

"They insist on applying the test of historical and scientific criticism to matters of faith," he said. "Let us retaliate and insist upon applying the test of logic to their scientific dogmas, which are, for the most part matters of mere scientific faith."

And in this he proved himself a master. Nevertheless in all things he soon learned to reverence the opinion and judgment of the elder man, and always yielded with respect to the profound thought and unerring mental vision which lay hidden beneath the cool, quiet, unassuming exterior of Father Ramsay. Intellect always commanded his most profound respect — wherever he happened to meet with it; while scheming, cunning, intrigue, the diplomacy of the wire pulling order he held in the utmost contempt; but the vials of his

scorn were reserved for the imposture of those who posed as the intellectual leaders of thought without the requisite knowledge or the requisite intellectual equipment. "Intellectuality minus intellect" was the cutting phrase in which he was wont to characterize the pretensions of the age.

In most matters, too, the clergymen found themselves aided by the genius of Dr. Pembroke. His profound talents, his fine medical training, his wide reading and practical acquaintance with what was best in experimental chemistry, his untramelled intellect which never allowed itself to be enslaved by the superstitious of modern science, his strict adhesion to logical truth, formed a combination which was rare indeed; and while in deductions and arguments from premises as well as in induction from facts, as indeed in the logical conclusion in all polemics, the two clergymen were far in the lead, Dr. Pembroke's labors in the laboratory aided by the two women, gave him an authority in the field of experimental synthetic and analytic chemistry which never failed of recognition. His immense and still growing practice, however, seriously encroached on his hours for intellectual diversion, as he styled it; but the ladies took up the laboratory work with avidity and intelligence and even with remarkable success. In a few months they were exchanging intelligences with Madame Curie, whom they had met when abroad, and frequently they received valuable suggestions from her.

"Give me such a club in every city in my diocese" said the Bishop when he learned what the science club was doing, "and in two years every vestige of the *a priori* infidelity of the day will be wiped out of existence."

From time to time the members of the club contributed articles to the magazines, and never without attracting a due share of attention and frequently arousing lively discussion. The articles of Dr. Pembroke were usually technical, ably reasoned, brimful of facts, and, considering his subjects,

singularly lucid to the lay mind. Father Ramsay's were solid, scholarly, logical, convincing; but those of Father Shairp were brilliant, aggressive, sarcastic, often even contemptuous. He always went directly to the pith of the error, exposed it, held it up to derision in such a manner that his articles never failed to create a stir among his admirers and a decided flutter among his opponents as well as among the compromisers, whom he flayed unsparingly with the scourges of his wit.

Like Father Ramsay and Father Shairp, the club was far in advance of the age — twenty-five years at least. The crest of the wave of infidelity was at its greatest altitude, and the rest of the orthodox world was bewildered and some even dazed, while all were timid and fearful; but the little intellectual colony at Toneton had already grasped the full meaning of the attack and grappled with it successfully. Their articles and their attitudes were not always understood by their contemporaries. Occasionally a timid editor, fearful of what science might any day spring upon the world, hesitated about publishing articles in such flat defiance of modern teaching. Sometimes an editor feared to give his review the reputation of being reactionary, and took pains in a prefatory note to disavow the responsibility for the old-fashioned orthodoxy of the articles. Sometimes even a Catholic professor sounded a loud note of warning that the views against which the club labored were commonly accepted by Catholic scientists; but the little club kept on. Evidently none of those timid Christians who shrank from being classed with the old time orthodoxy had ever taken the pains — perhaps had not the ability — to go to the bottom of things for themselves, and in consequence were deceived egregiously.

Indeed it was Father Shairp who first shook the faith of Herbert Spencer's disciples in their teacher, by showing the utter folly of his gigantic undertaking. And it was the same pen, aided not a little, however, by the articles of Dr.

Pembroke and Father Ramsay that routed natural selection from the Darwinian field completely, and shook the popular confidence in the main principle of the Darwinian doctrine itself.

CHAPTER XIX

Among the Intellectuals

IT WAS not surprising then that Lady Gushington on her return to Toneton lost no time in enrolling Father Shairp among her celebrities. Lady Gushington was an enthusiastic Frenchwoman who had married an English Earl but who preferred America as a home. She regarded herself as a patroness of the University — if not its patron saint, and had taken up her residence on the hill side, within earshot of the Campus — where the University yell and the noisy sports were most delicious music to her soul. In spite of her ultra-Darwinism — and infra-religious Christianity — she kept on the most intimate terms with the little Century club, between herself and which, there had always existed the most cordial relations. She had just returned from France after a protracted absence, and on her return found all Toneton talking Father Shairp. She was eager to meet Father Shairp, and the Reception for the New Hospital soon afforded an opportunity.

The New Hospital, as its name implied, was a new building and the "Reception" was but a euphemistic, or rather euphuistic name, for a donation party.

Lady Gushington was on the reception committee — it was her special evening for duty — but her responsibilities in that sphere seemed to terminate the moment Father Ramsay and Father Shairp entered the building. When they made their appearance, she at once disengaged herself from a somewhat distinguished looking gentleman with a professional air, with whom she appeared to be in earnest conversation,

and came forward to meet them. True to Father Ramsay's prophecy she at once pounced on Father Shairp. She did not wait for an introduction but walked up to him as if they had been old acquaintances.

"Father Shairp," she said, "I understand you are very clever." This was her self-introduction and her first greeting.

"Very," replied Father Shairp, without moving a muscle of his features. Folly is sexless, was one of his *mots*. Another was: Answer a fool acording to his — or her — folly.

"I do not mean that exactly," she said with some slight discomposure. "I mean you are spoken of as an adept in scientific knowledge."

"Madame, the age is given over grossly to wicked calumny. You must not condemn a man on mere hearsay. *On dit* has ever been a disgraceful gossip and scandalmonger."

"But that I regard as the highest praise," she said beaming on him with most impressive condescension.

It was his turn to be astonished. Was it possible that she did not perceive that he was indulging in persiflage?

"I hope you will join our Advance Club. We admit only the brightest intellects," she said with an air that was meant to show him that his reputation had preceded him.

"What is your standard of requirements?" he asked.

"We will waive standards — w-a-i-v-e and w-a-v-e"—she said, spelling the words, "in your case, Father. We shall be so pleased to get such an acquisition to our membership."

"I am so glad that you will not oblige me to pass an examination. I fear, if you did, I might be rejected."

"Oh we all have read your famous articles in the Agora and every member of the club is deeply enamoured of your literary style as well as delighted with your scientific attainments." He bowed a graceful acknowledgement.

This was, of course, all very pretty and very conventional. But she added after a slight pause:

"It is so unusual to find a Catholic priest who takes interest in these things."

"I am evidently regarded as a sort of white blackbird, or — perhaps — magpie," he thought; but he merely said:

"I might consider the question of membership if you will promise not to be amused at my ignorance."

"Oh! you are not like the rest of the Catholic priests; you live in the *fin de siecle* age."

"I do not know that I should feel flattered to learn that I do not measure up to the standard of my profession. I am not quite sure that I wish to be at all differentiated from my fellow-priests," he said in a tone that seemed half serious. "It is a doubtful compliment to be told that I am different from other priests."

He was now speaking frankly; although he spoke in a half-jesting tone.

"Oh I do not mean that you do not measure up to the standard of the Catholic clergy, but that you measure far above and beyond them."

"Oh," she continued, ignoring the fact that Father Shairp was about to reply, "the simple fact is, Father Shairp, and you know it as well as we do, that Catholic priests are interested in their schools, their church revenues — their sick calls — their confessions — their fairs and other ways of raising money—(for the good of religion I will admit)—and consequently they have no time, even if they possessed the talents or the training, for the broader view in the present state of the world's knowledge."

"I presume this is to be taken as implying that I neglect all these things, and consequently am delinquent in my duties as a priest. I am sure it is highly complimentary."

"How really clever you are, Father! who would have thought of your giving my words such a turn?"

And she laughed heartily at his cleverness.

Presently she resumed.

"I am sure you understand me Father Shairp. It is a dreadful thing to be asleep in the midst of this wide awake world. The church should awaken to the broader view. You know — To change Tennyson's tense — 'The thoughts of men are widening with the process of the suns;' or more appropriately, 'Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day.' See how anomalous is the church's position."

"I supposed the church was working out her divine mission of saving souls now as always. I had not heard before that she had abandoned her saving work. She has never been arraigned on that score."

"Oh the church is fulfilling but half her mission. Dr. Comprise says if she would but give her attention to the scientific world around her she could accomplish so much more, especially among the intellectual classes. And that is what counts."

"I was not aware that the souls of the intellectual were of more value than the souls of the common people. The only standard we can judge by — that of the master — makes no such distinction." The conversation was taking too serious a turn for persiflage, he thought.

"You understand what I mean, Father Shairp, the intellectuality of her children would add so much to her prestige."

"I was not aware that man could add anything in the way of prestige to the works of God," he replied with a light laugh. It is fairly certain Christ did not think so when he selected his followers. Possibly we could, however. We would not be the first who thought they could have given him points on the creation of the world and the arrangements of his paradisal realm."

He said all this with such good nature and as if he were dealing with a child who undertakes to grapple with im-

possible tasks, that she could not be offended at the seeming snub, and she was obliged to join him in the laughter.

"You are really incorrigible," she said. "But in all seriousness, why not face the matter squarely? The church is such a magnificent entity (this was one of her pet terms), the majesty of her march through the ages, her magnificent prestige in past history, her long, her glorious history, her divine lineage, her marvelous organization, her wondrous vitality — her everlasting youth, — yes even her narrowness — all make her an object of admiration and wonder even to her enemies and to the aesthetic world. Her existence is the grandest of poetry. If she would only conform to modern views what a new and dazzling brilliancy would be added to her inextinguishable flame."

Father Shairp was amazed at her volubility and especially at her grasp of the church's beauties; but he was no less amazed at the astounding anti-climax of the close.

"But she is more than all this," he quietly said. "She is the messenger of God to men, the representative — the continuation — of Christ on earth, and the guide of souls to heaven."

"The guide of souls!" she echoed. "Yes but she is guiding quite as many in the other direction by her narrowness and conservatism."

"This is a dreadful charge, and can not be entertained without proof. At least a bill of particulars is necessary. A grand jury never indicts on generalities. The charges must be specific."

"Why," she replied, almost impatiently, "why does she stand still in these days of progress. The world is sweeping by in triumphal march and we are simply standing still."

"Why not rush out and join the procession if we like marching, Lady Gushington?", he asked in his most provoking manner.

She was forced to laugh in spite of herself.

"Why? why?", she repeated. "Because in the march of modern intellectual glory the church has fettered our footsteps. That is why we do not join the procession," she said with some show of feeling.

"Oh! I begin to understand. You mean the majestic sweep of the chariots of intellect, thronged with all the great and the mighty, freighted with the spoils of the ages and laden down with the trophies of science, and we can only climb the balcony, or to a coin of vantage, or a chimney-top, and look at the pageant as it passes. It is the old circus pageant of the horse and his rider and the chariots of Israel, sweeping past in long parade, and the same old itching to be in the chariot — that the world may gaze at us. But that is and would be vanity."

She winced slightly but answered in a moment.

"Oh! nonsense you are too clever not to understand. But how grand it would be, how noble, how majestic, if the church — the greatest power which the world has ever seen — should take up the subjects of the day, assimilate its knowledge; that is, the knowledge of the times, and reject some of its own old, medieval notions about cosmogony which are no longer tenable. The nations would fall down and call her blessed."

"They are doing that every day," he said, with fervor.

"But the intellectual ones are not. The cream of the human mind is not. The church, hampered by its absurd conservatism and its reactionary spirit, is making her intellectual children the laughing stock of her enemies."

"The church was, even at the outset, a scandal to the Jews and a stumbling block to the Gentiles. But she has ever been the mouthpiece of God to the world just the same."

"Oh Father," she said appealingly, "you do not know how difficult it is for an intellectual person to mingle with the intellectual world and yet be a strict Catholic, especially

when you know that the church is wrong and the intellectual world right.''

''Wh-e-e-o-o-w;'', he whistled rather ungallantly.

She perceived her mistake. ''I do not mean that she is wrong in her religious beliefs. But she is certainly wrong in matters of science,'' she hastily corrected.

''The church does not teach science; that is not her province.''

''Precisely what I say,'' she rejoined. ''But why does she not leave it alone?''

''I have never known the church to intrude on the province of science until science trespassed upon her grounds. She has a perfect right to expel trespassers from her own premises.''

''But when they do clash — wow! Then you have it,'' rejoined Mrs. Gushington with gusto.

''But the only science the Church teaches is the science of the saints.''

''But does she not uphold some scientific teachings which happen to be utterly antiquated?'' she inquired sharply.

''Antiquated!'' he repeated. ''I am not sure whether the term implies praise or censure.''

She did not reply directly. She simply called out to Professor Comprise who was now standing on the outside of an animated group, himself the very antithesis of animation.

''Come here'' she cried, ''and help me to defend our cause against this Goliath.'' And without further ceremony or introduction of the proposed antagonists she cried, ''Father Shairp will not admit that the church holds antiquated notions on many scientific questions.''

''If antiquity is used as a term of reproach, certainly by all means, I deny it. If antiquity means honor and prestige then I admit it.''

CHAPTER XX

More Intellectuality and Still More

THE NEWCOMER invoked by Lady Gushington was none other than the famous Professor Comprise, the distinguished looking gentleman from whom she had just disengaged herself. He it was who made the famous offer or rather invented the famous device, by which religion was to be rescued from the devouring jaws of science, that is, by letting science eat it outright. Father Shairp was more than pleased with this diversion. The argument was becoming serious, and needed to be met frankly and directly. And he had made it a rule never to argue with a woman, and above all he would never dream of entering upon a very serious controversy with one on the subject of religion. Therefore the arrival of Professor Comprise was an agreeable interlude. He could talk seriously and earnestly now on the subject without restraint, as he could not have attempted to do before, he felt.

''Father Shairp denies that the church is wrong and the world right on all modern questions of dispute'' she said addressing Professor Comprise.

''What defence does he make against the charge of the church's reactionary attitude?'' Professor Comprise inquired.

''I do not quite understand. What do you mean by reactionary?'' said Father Shairp, sniffing the air like a war-horse scenting the battle from afar.

''I mean that in this age of progress the church alone stands still. Nay what is more she will have her children

stand still while all the rest of the world is advancing,'' pompously replied the professor.

''I still fail to comprehend your meaning. How is the church reactionary? There has been no new revelation. There can be no progress in faith or morals. These settled once are settled for all time. All the world knows that these are not progressive sciences.'' Father Shairp measured his words carefully.

A scornful laugh was the reply of the professor.

''At least the world is now learning it from the church's attitude,'' replied the professor with as much sarcasm as the words could carry injected into them by his tone and manner.

''What would you have?'' suddenly asked Father Shairp somewhat pointedly.

The suddenness of the question as well as the shifting of positions disconcerted the professor for a moment; but he instantly recovered himself.

''I would have the church move with the world on its wheels of progress instead of being a clog upon its advancement.''

''Let us leave generalities. In what particular is she a clog, as you say? In faith or morals — those are her provinces?'' quietly rejoined Father Shairp.

''In both,'' said the professor somewhat doggedly.

''A professor — a university professor (I presume) would not ask for a faith that was fickle and a morality that was changeable. I am inclined to think that he would be apt to regard neither as worth having.''

Professor Comprise was a little startled by the unexpected view of the question. He had not figured upon being brought back to fundamentals. Professor Comprise, like all of his school, was all very well as long as he could go on uncontradicted and exclaim and declaim in general

terms against religion and its stagnation of the human intellect, but when turned upon, he was shallow and unresourceful.

''We all believe in the law of progress,'' was the only answer he could stammer.

''Where progress is feasible. But there is no such thing as progress in the rule of three,'' said Father Shairp coolly.

''Do you mean to say that the church can not progress,'' said the other doggedly.

''I mean to say that there can be no progress in religious truth without a new revelation. Faith and morals are unchanging. If they were not, woe to the world!''

''I am not sure that in morals there can not be progress and even in religious truth too.'' The Professor had been reading Professor James.

''Do you advocate a belief in a changing morality? Do you maintain that what was right yesterday is wrong to-day and what was wrong yesterday is right today, absolutely speaking?''

''But there is a law of scientific truth. That truth is progressing. Why does not the church take up this truth instead of clinging to her medievalisms,'' he answered mustering up new courage as the word ''scientific'' fell upon his ears from his own lips. He had spoken the mighty word, the shibboleth which was also a talisman, and his courage rose rapidly.

''I am sure I am not aware of any place in which the church has undertaken to teach scientific truth. That is exclusively the province of science.''

''Aha! my good Father,'' said the professor now triumphantly. ''But the church does pretend to teach science, and in her teaching of it she contradicts modern scientific truth — contradicts it flatly — flatly again and again — flatly contradicts, flatly contradicts.''

''In what particular, if I may ask?'' inquired Father Shairp with an assumption of meekness that was not real.

"In everything — in all the results of modern knowledge and learning."

"I am not aware that the church has pronounced at all on the subject of modern questions."

"No, that is it precisely. If she would only pronounce we should know where to find her. But she acts like the clog on the wheel. She will not permit her children to adopt them."

"Believe me if she undertakes to forbid her children to adopt any modern notion, it is because these notions are not truth but error."

"But those questions are not religious truth, they are scientific truth, in which she has no business meddling."

"Just a moment ago you accused her of not recognizing this scientific truth; now you say she condemns it. It is quite evident then that she has recognized it, has weighed it in the balance and found it to be not truth but error. But leave the Church and its teachings out of the question altogether. Forget that I am a Catholic priest, and regard me merely as a two-legged rational animal with some notion of the laws of logic; for it is in this capacity solely that I am objecting to your half-reasoned hypotheses."

The Professor feinted. He ignored the suggestion and replied:

"The best intellects of the age have adopted the new learning. Why should we drag behind? Why in this intellectual age should we be living in the ancient swamps of Judiasm? Why should we be pinning our faith to the beliefs which the world has outgrown. The world is now in its full intellectual development, why should we as grown men adopt the superstition which the age has outgrown? The intellect of our time can not adopt childish opinions."

"You regard our age as highly intellectual?"

"Pre-eminently so. The most intellectual era that has yet dawned upon our planet."

"And other ages were childish and puerile in comparison, I suppose?"

"Exactly so. What is the meaning of intellect was not really known before our day." And the professor's emphasis expressed intense conviction.

"And what is the meaning of it in our day? In what does the intellectuality consist, may I ask?"

"*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.* Everything shows it."

"The intellectuality of the leading men of our epoch, especially, I suppose?"

"Thou hast said it. Perfectly correct. An age of wondrous intellectual enlightenment."

"And compared with which the Apostolic age and all prior to it — or posterior — were puerile."

"I see you appreciate as I do the great enlightenment of the times. Why not jump into the bandwagon and move with them?"

"But where are the giant minds of our age so boasted that are so wondrously illumined by truth or capable of grasping it?"

"The world is full of them," he replied with the air of one who might say, "Open your eyes and see one before you in my person."

"What are the tests of an intellectual age?" calmly asked Father Shairp.

"Progress," he answered proudly.

"Mankind are accustomed to judge of a tree by its fruits. What are the fruits of the intellectuality of our age — so boasted, so incomparable." There was a sarcasm in his tone which was ominous.

"Again I answer look around you—" this time in the vernacular."

"Precisely what I am going to do. But I am going to

make a comparison of this intellectual age with the despised times which are called childish, puerile, superstitious."

There was a steely ring in his tone which seemed to gnaw at the bottom of the professor's stomach.

"Art, science, philosophy, literature are the gauges of intellectuality in all the ages of history."

Professor Comprise felt his soul dilate when he mentioned "science;" there at least he felt, "I am secure."

"If poetry be a standard, the poetry of despised times has been the model for all succeeding ages. It has never been surpassed, never perhaps, equalled. What has this your intellectual age produced to compare with it? There have been ages which have produced such poetry but not your intellectual one."

Professor Comprise felt the iron enter his soul. He knew that by this test he was doomed. He had never thought of this before.

"In oratory — eloquence" Father Shairp continued in his metallic voice, every word of which deliberately uttered went to the very vitals of the professor. "In oratory, the despised ages have given models which the ages have ever since been vainly trying to copy. Who are the orators of your intellectual age?"

Professor Comprise was silent.

"In literature, the despised ages have given us what has served as models and fountains for the young generations of the world ever since, which have outlived time, and which have been to the world the models of aestheticism and beauty. The Greek model of form and beauty has been the standard of the world ever since. What has your intellectual age to compare with it? What can it show in comparison?"

Professor Comprise and Lady Gushington were both silent — even slightly stunned.

"In philosophy again you have the masters. Subtle intellects that touched every debatable question — your

Socrates—your Plato—your Democritus—nay your Epicurus. What have all succeeding generations done but elaborate their views. What has your science all led up to but either to the προτε υλε of Aristotle or the atoms of Democritus? Not a step further. We shall omit for the present the Christian philosophers whom doubtless you would not want to admit...

"In architecture, we have been copying and modifying Greek and Roman art ever since and have not bettered it. Imagine our age producing an original like the Athenian Acropolis. What has your age to compare with the productions of the chisel of Phydias?"

"But; er-er-er —" muttered the professor who was dumbfounded at this arrangement of thought; but he could proceed no further.

"In painting, perhaps, there is not so much; but what has this age to show that even equals it. And the golden era of the art is not certainly the present one which has not produced a single great artist."

The professor was thinking. Father Shairp continued:

"And yet — we are told — and have it dinned into our ears — day after day — that this wretched abortion of an age of ours is so intellectual that it far surpasses all others — that we have so advanced in intellect that we can not accept what suited those unintellectual ages. Faugh!" he said with infinite disgust. "What of the age that gives us the greatest of all Sciences — the Science of Mathematics which traces out even for the most distant times the safe and unmistakable path of this Science? What of the Science of Logic, which, as Kant says, has not had to retrace a single step, and has not, to the present day, been able to make a single step in advance? Where in the entire realm of the world today is there one shred of intellectuality to be found? Where an intellect that can rise above the commonplace? There never was so dreary, weary an epoch as ours if you take pure intellectuality as the standard. Why we do not even understand

the meaning of the word. And this is the age that presumes to question the beliefs of the intellectual age! We are too intellectual, forsooth, to accept truths that those ages accepted. The nineteenth century has reared a race of pigmies — intellectual pigmies — and we have the presumption of talking about our age — as intellectual — as too intellectual — to adopt or accept the teachings of other times. There never was in the history of the world an age so barren in pure intellectuality as this. And the proof of it is in the low mongrel standard of those whom it has accepted and now accepts as its leading lights. A stream can not rise higher than its source." The loud tones came into competition with the strains of the orchestra. And many persons, in moving through the building, inspecting it, turned and looked at the little group.

"You have much reason on your side in the question of the intellectuality of our times," said Professor Comprise, "but you certainly underrate the value of our country."

"I have said nothing whatever about the *value* of our century. This is not a question of dollars or pounds sterling. I have simply spoken of the INTELLECTUALITY of our times of which you boast. Which was the most capable of judging truth? Of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of a statement? Of criticising the probability or the improbability of events upon which momentous issues hang? This age or past ages? It is to this Greece and this Rome, which the world has ever since been faintly copying, that your missionaries of Christianity came with their challenge to make test of the truth of their religion; and their religion stood the test in spite of all the intellectual and material opposition which these times could furnish. And yet we are told that it is only our age with its so-called scientific criticism that can sift the truth or falsehood of an event and distinguish between the imaginary and the real. Where is there one single intellect in this

age of ours whose opinion is worth a straw over and above that of his fellows?''

Lady Gushington during this harangue was the embodiment of emotion. The professor could only feebly and humbly acquiesce in the new statements which had never occurred to him before. At last he mustered up courage to speak.

''My good father, your condemnation is too sweeping. Behold the proof in our science. I concede the arts, literature, philosophy to the ancients, perhaps all the higher intellectuality; but for insight into the mysteries of the universe, you must admit that our age is far in advance of them. Perhaps you would not call it intellectual and possibly would be perfectly right in refusing to so characterize it, but the fact remains that we have made a progress to which the ages have been strangers.''

''The difficulty I find with all persons who speak upon this subject is that they confound things that are essentially different — material progress and intellectuality. Improved methods of breeding cattle is not intellectuality. The same is true of improved methods in lighting, heating, travelling, and communicating thought. These are all more or less accidental. These are the result of experiment more or less ingenious; but it is a false classification to catalogue them under the head of intellectuality. Some of the greatest discoveries that the world has known have been the result of mere accident. And these very often have simply opened up the road to others in the same line.''

''I will not deny that there have been very many useful discoveries that have come to us by mere accident; but there is also in the intellectual sciences a vast advance over former times. We certainly have a deeper insight into the mysteries of the universe,'' said the Professor with eagerness and enthusiasm.

''And what mystery of the universe, pray, has your deeper insight, as you call it, solved?''

"Solved? Perhaps not any — but wonderful progress towards solution is being made," was the reply.

"I would be pleased to learn on what particular point the human mind has made progress in this matter," said Father Shairp with great coolness. This was his stronghold, and he was glad the professor had broached the subject. "Tell me one single fact that is established beyond question, and where we have advanced beyond the days of Aristotle upon this matter. I speak of facts — not guesses or hypotheses, however popular."

"You are not a believer in evolution then?" blandly inquired the professor with a marked elevation of the eyebrows.

"Like every rational man I shall believe in evolution when it is established as a scientific truth; not before."

This time not only were the eyebrows of the professor elevated, but the eyes were opened in astonishment and the mouth likwise. He glared at Father Shairp in astonishment as if he had met an unknown specimen — a curiosity in the intellectual world. He glowered at him from behind his glasses.

"Oho! Oho!" he exclaimed. "And so you do not believe in evolution. Why it is the glory of the nineteenth century, just as gravitation is the glory of the seventeenth, and Darwin is the Newton of the present age;"—and the professor beamed with triumph, and looked Father Shairp over with intense interest.

"Jew, I thank thee for that word — gravitation: gravitation — Newton. When evolution is as clearly demonstrated as gravitation, when Darwin's claims to fame rest on as sure a foundation as those of Newton, I shall worship at the shrine of Darwin's greatness as I now do at that of Newton's. But where is there such a demonstration?"

The professor winced. Here was, he thought, for the first time, the weakness of Darwinism which left it at the mercy of sceptics.

"I must confess," he admitted frankly, "There is no such demonstration."

"And this is what you call science! And this is what you call the solution of great problems! And this is what you call intellectuality! For is not Darwinism the chief corner-stone of the so-called intellectuality of the twentieth century?"

Perhaps it was owing to the intenseness of Father Shairp's manner, but the professor felt all his courage ooze out at his fingers' ends. What answer could he make to this home thrust? None. All his boasted science and all his boasted intellectuality, he found falling from beneath his feet the moment he entered the realm of logic, He felt that they were a sham and a delusion. And there dawned upon him, perhaps for the first time, the idea that the true greatness of the age consisted not in intellectuality but in material progress.

But Father Shairp had not finished. He saw the dilemma of the professor and he wished to drive his arguments home.

"There is," he continued, "an intellectual progress so-called and no one can deny it. The intellect of our day consists in this:—it has succeeded in nerving itself up to the point of naughtiness. It has, like a wayward boy, nerved itself up to the point of irreverence and regards itself smart and intellectual in consequence. But we all know what is the smartness that makes an undutiful and naughty boy throw off the reverence due to his parents. He does not hesitate to criticise—that is part of his emancipation. He has lost reverence for the parents whom he should revere and respect. But no one calls it intellectuality in him. He knows no more than they do. He is only bold and irreverent enough to criticise them. We know no more than formerly; but we assume it as a prerogative, having cast off reverence, to criticise where we know nothing, and to be saucy and impudent where we are only ignorant."

Lady Gushington was now entirely on Father Shairp's side. She had veered around completely, moved more even by the ineffectual attempt of the professor, whose aid she had invoked, than by the arguments of Father Shairp. She looked on approvingly as he proceeded.

''But your morality, which has come into the world with your theories and your so called intellectuality, what is it? Nothing. The morality of the day is the morality of a ''hoss'' trade; and it has come to us from the boldness and effrontery of science itself. A man closes one eye and looks his neighbor in the face and says in effect 'D—n you! You are going to beat (which is but cheat, made more striking) me if you can, and I am going to beat you if I can;' and this throughout the entire program. It has come down to us from a bluffing science. Science does precisely this and this is the morality of the day. To the intellectual bluff of science and its false shams and pretensions we owe all this sham everywhere — coming down to us from a sham and counterfeit science. Why, I have even heard of a professor of theology — now a bishop in one of the Evangelical churches—who admonished his favorite pupil: 'Remember, Jerry, a bluff goes.' Quite an improvement on the advice of St. Paul to Timothy.''

He spoke forcibly for he felt strongly.

''Well,'' said Professor Comprise, ''setting aside the failure of science to discover any new truth regarding the origin of things or the mystery of the universe, you will admit that the church should not discourage scientific criticism.''

''By the way, what is scientific criticism?'' inquired Father Shairp with a dangerous twinkle.

''Scientific criticism,'' the professor replied innocently enough, ''is the application to the bible, the church, the beliefs of Christianity, the history in the bible and, in a word to all points where it is applicable, the methods of science — of attaining scientific truth.''

''Why not begin by applying it to science? True charity

begins at home,'' said Father Shairp turning to him and looking him squarely in the eyes.

The easy power showed in the manner of Father Shairp was that of a giant toying playfully with a child; or of a mastiff toying with a puppy of three months. Professor Comprise winced perceptibly but managed to reply:

''You will admit that in our time we can not accept the interpretations of the fathers or the historical statements of the bible.''

''Too intellectual,'' said Father Shairp with a look of amusement which covered his opponent, enveloping him completely, and which made the professor regret that he had made the remark.

''Of course,'' pursued Father Shairp in his coldest ironical vein that bit like iron into the mind of the professor, ''of course the age is too intellectual for those puerilities of Augustine and Aquinas. We are giants in intellect now. We have outgrown the puerilities of the fathers. We have grown to the stature of men — men with intellects rounded out by science. Look at our leaders. Consider their intellects, their depth, and grasp and power. Pshaw! try to impose the puerilities of Augustine on an age that has Mrs. Humphrey Ward for a teacher.''[1]

The professor himself was forced to burst outright in laughter in which even Lady Gushington heartily joined.

''Why delude ourselves with our foolish notions of superiority and intellectuality,'' seriously pursued Father Shairp. ''Good heavens,'' he exclaimed, ''imagine a real intellectual giant of those days which we pretend to deride, taking a survey of our gallery of idols.''

Lady Gushington elevated her eyebrows. The thought was evidently new to her and she admired it.

''Imagine an Augustine, an Aquinas, a Bonaventure

[1] Mrs. Humphrey Ward, herself, boasted that she was the protagonist of the Modernists.

weighing in the balance our twentieth century intellectualists, or rather our pseudo-intellectualists and their equipment for the task they undertake. Who are they — our intellectual men?" he asked almost fiercely. And still more fiercely he ran over the names of a few of our latter day celebrities, telling them off with the thumb of his left hand against the fingers of the same, beginning with the little finger, the hand half upright in the air, and the right gesticulating eloquently. "Our Lady——, J——, F——, Professor J——," he laughed derisively. 'These be thy gods, Oh Israel.' And thus he swept the entire realm of celebrities in fine scorn holding up for sentence as it were, the nonentities whom the world calls its gods. "And," he concluded dramatically, "the age calls itself intellectual!"

Lady Gushington, who was in a sort of mild ecstacy all the while now broke into loud applause clapping her little hands.

"I knew," she said gushingly, "that there was much to be said on the side of Christianity and the church could give a good account of itself when the time arrived."

"Whom do you regard, Father Shairp," she asked effusively, "the great intellects of our time?"

"In our day, the only minds that rose above third rate, in England, that is, as the world rates human intellects, and has rated them throughout history, have been Gladstone and Cardinal Newman, both minds of entirely different orders."

"And in America," she inquired.

"In America" — and he weighed his words, and spoke them with marked deliberation — "there have not been more than three intellects of the third magnitude in two generations."

"That is rather hard on America, Father Shairp, is it not?" said the Professor.

"I will modify that," replied Father Shairp, "by saying that there can be little doubt that there have been intellects to

rank with the best, but in our strenuous life, they have been engaged in the pursuit of money rather than of truth.''

''In what rank do you place our great discoverers, then?'' asked the professor as if questioning his classification.

''We were speaking, I think, of intellectuality,'' he replied. ''The great inventors and discoverers, I take it, belong to a totally different order; perhaps equally great if not greater (certainly the greatest material benefactors of mankind,) but not by any means intellectual in the true sense of the word. An application at the patent office is not an intellectual achievement — no matter how much genius it evinces. All discoveries and inventions are of the same order as the invention of wooden nutmegs which no one dreams of classing as intellectual. There is doubtless a wide range in the world of discovery, and here, too, star differs from star in glory and in the brilliancy of its light; but all are the best benefactors of the human race. Yet as I take it, the province of intellectuality is the discovery and apprehension of truth, not of useful invention. The intellect was made for the perception of truth just as the eye is for the perception of light. The test of the intellect is its power of apprehending truth. It is evident then that intellectuality is *toto coelo* different from experiment and invention. Nevertheless, there is no question but that those who have done most for the material progress of the race are not so much the men of intellect, as the discoverers and inventors. Pasteur seems to have combined more of both in himself than any other man that has lived within a century.''

''But why do you disbelieve in the theory of Darwin,'' said the professor, reverting to the original subject.

''The eccentric old duffer,'' he cried with a gesture of impatience. ''He is the biggest humbug of ten centuries. Talk about your intellectuality. An age that on the slimsy evidence adduced, swallows Darwin whole with his silly generalizations, so far from being classed as intellectual, manifests

only the strongest symptoms of hopeless imbecility. The sensible men of this our day, the really great scientists, like Virchow and Agassiz rejected Darwin's theory with scorn."

"Oh! Oh! Father Shairp. How can you talk so about the light of our age? All the world has submitted to Darwinism."

"The strongest proof possible that the world is on the verge of insanity and sadly needs a guardian."

The professor was interested. His curiosity was aroused and although they had talked long, he was quite curious to hear his views on the Darwinian problem.

CHAPTER XXI

The Perennial Bore

"WHAT are your objections to Darwin's views?" inquired the Professor.

"That he does not prove them," and although the words came like a most impressive shower of grape shot, each word was distinct and hissed like an arrow.

Professor Comprise somehow wished he had not asked the question.

"I admit his proofs are not convincing," he said mincingly, "but there is at least much plausibility in what he says."

"I have heard many falsehoods in my time that sounded quite plausible. I hope you would not advise me to take their plausibility as a proof of their truth."

The professor winced again. Evidently there was no chance to trifle with so sharp an intellect and so acrid a tongue. Proofs he must have.

"You are, doubtless, a creationist, and consequently prejudiced against Darwin's views."

"I am certainly not a Darwinist. I can see no reason for discarding creation, at least until I have seen a theory broached that is not the off-spring of bedlam. There is no question of faith or the teaching of the Church here. Common sense and common logic alike rebel against the notion of accepting scientific theories in advance of the evidence."

"Oh! Father Shairp," replied the professor with a smile of tolerant superiority and reliance on his broader knowledge. "It is not quite so bad as that."

"The Darwinian hypothesis is nothing more or elss than the Darwinian delusion. Darwin is perhaps not so much to blame. He is not the first man that has been effected with the mild form of insanity which sees proof of his hobby in everything with which he comes in contact; and he will not be the last. The world which follows him, it is , that is to be pitied. It is the strongest proof of the degeneracy of the human intellect to see so easy an acceptance of an unverified problem. Why should the world follow him into a second error?"

"You are not very complimentary to your neighbors, nor very flattering to the present state of enlightenment, since you class us with the inhabitants of bedlam."

"It is sometimes necessary to characterize things by their proper names and call a spade a spade. Darwin was just as positive and just as insane on his theory of coral reefs, until it was disproved."

The Professor squirmed at the mention of "coral reefs," but managed to answer:

"Then you really regard us Darwinians in a very bad way."

"Very. If the state of things continues, I fear that Darwin's theory will be proved inversely, by the return of the man to its original ape conditions — of the understanding at least."

All laughed at this new sally.

"I have half a mind to propound in my own name a new theory: that man is fast — rapidly — falling back into the ape state. I think I could easily obtain as much proof for it as Darwin did for his."

"But the best men of our age have adopted Darwinism, the scientists, the philosophers, the world at large — except a few prejudiced individuals like yourself."

"Adopted it without proof! This only proves what I have been saying. A body of teachers — of learned men — who adopt a theory of such far-reaching significance as this,

merely on the suggestion of an insane duffer, without proof of any kind — is rather a sad commentary on human intelligence. We are reverting — really reverting rapidly — in this age. In this retrograde march there is really rapid progress.''

The professor winced though he laughed. He began to feel it was not very creditable to him to have adopted a scientific theory on such flimsy evidence. He had expected to have some fun with Father Shairp and his views. He had heard of his brusqueness, and had taken it for granted that he would make an easy mark for his wit. He was not realizing his hopes.

''But Darwin does give some proof,'' he said a little crestfallen.

''The only proof I have been able to find, and I have read his works very carefully, is a begging, and a pleading, and a beseeching of the world to accept his views and to take the wretched attempts at reasoning which he offers (an insult to the human intellect) in lieu of proof. And this is science! And this is intellect!''

''But his theory accounts for things.''

''And the number of things it does *not* account for is infinite. Science should be scientific and not substitute imagination for demonstration, or probability for fact.''

''I admit that probability is not truth though it sometimes leads to truth.''

''But Darwin's theory is not even probable. It contradicts science.''

''Oh! you mean there is an insurmountable barrier between the species. But you know this has long since been disproved.''

''I mean that the laws of nature are constant and have been constant throughout all time — a point which the scientists themselves so much insist on.''

''Exactly.''

''Up to a certain point the tendency of organisms is to

vary. The change comes with perfect ease. The variation arises spontaneously or without great difficulty. But there is a point at which the variation balks, so to speak. Even in artificial training the variation is not achieved at all only with the greatest difficulty.''

''Um er-er-er;'' mumbled the professor.

''Therefore notwithstanding the tendency to variety in nature and the ease with which even marked variety is produced, there is a point at which nature rebels and no amount of coaxing can induce her to proceed further.''

The professor was growing slightly nervous.

''This would imply that at certain ages the process of variation is not natural to nature — so to speak, and that she demurs even when urged by man with all the ingenuity of his artificial processes. If then even when all the powers of nature are supplemented by the ingenuity of man, nature refuses to be led beyond a certain point even under the urgency of the combined efforts of nature and science, it is very evident that the so-called process of evolution is at certain points contrary to the laws of nature.''

The professor began to breathe quickly.

''There is, then, evidently, a conservatism in nature. If any fact of science is certain, this is. This conservatism of nature, according to the showing of the scientists themselves, is an established law of nature at least in our time. But as the laws of nature in past time were not different from what they are to-day, this rebellion of nature must have proved an insurmountable obstacle to the workings of Darwin's theory — in fact must have rendered it an impossibility. Therefore Darwin's theory is not only not probable, but it is an impossibility.''

The professor's jaw fell. He stood looking into vacancy. If the premises of this giant were true there was no escaping the conclusion — and there did not seem to be any valid reason for denying the premises. However he would see.

Meanwhile he did a foolish thing: he got angry. "In any case," he blurted, "we are not going back to creationism."

Father Shairp smiled at the exhibition of feeling.

"That things have to be accounted for," he said calmly, "is no reason why men should give foolish reasons for the process. Better leave them mysteries than cling to folly in attempting to account for them. One thing is certain, Darwinism is an *a priori* impossibility, in view of the constancy of the laws of nature, to say nothing of the numberless insuperable difficulties which the theory engenders. You can not establish it without forcing nature to contradict herself."

The pressing throng was now forging through the corridors, then down from the open corridor into the operating room, the windows of which were wide open. Through them, from the depot, there came the rising and falling of the college yell chanted by the returning victorious football team of the university — "Ton-e-ton! Ton-e-ton! rah-rah-rah!" — and some minutes later it was taken up by the body at the university itself, and came floating across the valley from the hill opposite. Both the combatants at last lifted their heads and looked in the direction of the yell. The swelling throng carried them apart and abruptly ended the argument.

CHAPTER XXII

Discussion with Varieties

BUT the discussion, long, earnest — even tedious — though it was, did not end here. For Professor Comprise it had indeed ended. He was very glad of the rude interruption which carried himself and his antagonist apart, and did not seek a renewal. Not so Lady Gushington. As soon as the commotion had subsided, she sought out Father Shairp again and was soon by his side. The throngs still increased. The corridors of the Hospital were packed and it required a vigorous effort to move at all. Nevertheless Lady Gushington, with a demure little lady in her wake, clave a path through the throng for the Herculean form of Father Shairp, whom, with his companion — a newly ordained priest — she beckoned to follow.

She again chose a room where there were, indeed, many persons, but in which she nevertheless managed to find seats by an open window within hearing of the strains of the orchestra.

She lost no time in resuming the discussion.

"Why, at least," she said eagerly, "will the church not listen to a compromise? Even this would help wonderfully."

"What sort of compromise would you have? Sound sense and common logic rebel against the notion of accepting mere theories until they are proven," was his reply. "But why drag in the church at all, at least until logic and common sense are satisfied? Or is this an effort to procure the church's sanction in order to give your theories prestige?"

"If the church, or, what is the same thing, the church authorities, would only listen to the Catholic scientists — the

lay professors, for instance, in our colleges and universities —the scientists who are Catholic—they would understand the situation."

"I am not sure that I grasp your meaning."

"Well, for instance, there is Professor Comprise, who declares he could easily effect a compromise which would be satisfactory to every one and maintain the prestige of the church."

Father Shairp made a slight movement of impatience. "A compromise with what?" he answered with a shrug. "With a tissue of guesswork without a single vestige of proof. It is not the church which rejects your foundationless theories. It is common sense — common logic. Why even your own ablest scientists like Virchow and Agassiz will have none of them." Father Shairp was now smiling again.

"Our lay teachers of science should have a voice in the councils of the church in matters scientific, should they not?" she again urged.

"No doubt, no doubt," he replied gaily. "Why not include theology and Scripture in their curriculum. All this could, of course, be accomplished without any infringement on the *Euntes docete omnes gentea*[1] given to the Apostles. We are living in a transition age, and it would not be surprising to find the disciples teaching the teachers, the sheep leading the shepherds to inviting and tempting pastures."

"Well, if they would only leave science free, matters might come out all right; but this they will not do. Oh! it makes me tired beyond expression — this immobility of the Church of Rome. This conservatism is preposterous!"

"Oh! I perceive it is the old question of Darwinism that is at issue!"

"Why certainly. Darwinism and the higher criticism. You can not put the new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, as Professor Huxley used to say."

[1] "Going, therefore, teach all nations."

"What would you have the church do? Swallow Darwin whole?"

"Professor Comprise arranged — invented — discovered — such a compromise; indeed it was a great invention and discovery at once; but do you believe it, poor, old, benighted, medieval, dreaming Rome would have nought of it. It is, alas, so provoking."

"What did the authorities at Rome tell him?" he inquired, highly amused.

"He must not even publish it or write about it. Just imagine. What stupidity! You would suppose they would be thankful for a way out."

"I suppose much depended on the way out that was offered. There is usually a right way and a wrong way."

"But in this case it should have been a question of any way that was feasible. And it is said that it was very plausible to say the least—at least to some."

"Possibly it was a surrender of the whole position. This would be like giving up the ship."

"But just look at the number of young and ardent intellects that do not care to be yoked with the superstitions of the middle ages or even the old beliefs unless they are made to harmonize with the latest results of modern thought. They believe that science has wholly discredited the old notions of the church, the bible, Christianity, and all that kind of thing."

"Then why don't they leave the church?"

"My dear sir; how unsophisticated you are — with all your cleverness! Don't you know there is a poetry and a majesty in the church which attracts them irresistibly, even though they have lost all faith in her? They would as soon think of giving up their ancestral castles as of leaving the church."

"But you say they don't believe in the church."

"Most assuredly they don't. And why should they? Is

not all the modern science and all modern scientific criticism arrayed against the church and her old fashioned notions?''

''But if they do not believe in the church and its teachings the honest way for them is to abandon her.''

''Why should they abandon her? Have they not as good a right to remain in it as the Bishops, Cardinals and priests? Why should they not have the privilege of modifying her teachings judiciously to suit the changed conditions of thought? What are churches for anyway? I have no patience with the old fogy, rigid, inflexible creeds''—and she looked the very embodiment of distress.

''Your position has certainly the merit of novelty at least, Lady Gushington.''

''I am sure it has other merits, too. If the church would only listen to reason. If the authorities would listen occasionally to the people who know, so many would not be obliged to leave the church, nor so many who refuse to leave would not be forced to blush for her.''

''Do many blush for her?'' he asked, beginning to feel a little bored. ''I fancy not many practical Catholics.''

''I for one do, and I flatter myself I am something of a practical Catholic. You could not draw me away with ropes from confession and communion weekly, or from the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.''

''But you are at variance with the church in your belief!''

''Of course'' she lightly laughed. ''I believe as I please and I act as I please. It pleases me to remain in the church and I remain. The practices are archaic, aesthetic. It gives one a standing to belong to the church so ancient and venerable. I like the dignity of her ceremonies and of the entire Catholic worship. I love the liturgy of the church. I even love the Church in its preposterous conservatism. It is unique and soul-compelling. No one can drive me out of it.''

''But you are incurring the church's censures, by such a faith combined with such a practice.''

"A fig for your censures. I am a free Britain and I am going to select my own religion just as I select my country or my company. If Catholicity pleases me, why should I not adopt it in my own way? If I glory in the name of Britain why should I not also glory in the name of Catholic?"

"But would you dare to disobey the laws of Britain and still remain a British subject?"

"There is precisely where we have the advantage of religion. Christianity has no dungeons or towers and it can not hang for treason. The days of the inquisition are passed, or if we have an inquisition its fangs are extracted. You see the church is at our mercy." And she laughed gaily as if she were arranging for a holiday.

This is certainly a strange situation, he thought. What is the use of trying to reason with this madwoman? She is evidently bound to take advantage of the free and open door which the church flings wide open in her universal charity for the salvation of immortal souls. He shrugged his shoulders, and merely thought again. Thank God we have not many of this stamp. Yet she talks as if she were not alone in this ridiculous attitude.

"But you are the only one who takes this absurd attitude. This anomalous stand is not certainly assumed by many. Has it ever occurred to you that standing alone you may be wrong?"

"But I do not stand alone," she replied with a ringing laugh. "How completely unsophisticated you are! Why, there are thousands who take the same stand as I do, precisely, — English Catholics, of course — yes and ever so many Americans — and a good number of French Catholics — the intellectual ones of course. Most of the others are too narrow. But those like myself who are too much wedded to their Darwin and their Renan to abandon them, and who are at the same time btoo much wedded to the glorious, traditional and aesthetical features of the church can not break the ties.

What would you have them do? They are wedded to two incompatibles. What can they do but try as far as they can to unite them. They can not give up their Darwin or their Strauss and they can not give up their archaic and poetic church. What then is there for them to do but to retain both? Oh! we intellectuals have our own trials. Nevertheless we have the satisfaction of being right.''

And she gave a little sigh of satisfaction after this long and rapidly uttered dissertation.

Just then two ladies were sweeping past in all the dignity of their reception costumes, and as Lady Gushington raised her head and saw them she gave a start of unwelcome surprise and bit her lip until the blood almost came. At the same moment one of the ladies turned and caught sight of her ladyship.

''Why, Lady Gushington, I had not seen you, before, this evening. I am so delighted. It is quite an age since we met.'' And the lady in the flaming diamond crest and naked shoulders beamed with all elegance and grace on Lady Gushington and included Father Shairp in her glance and smile.

''And who have you here?'' she said a little ungrammatically and inelegantly, ''Why, a Catholic priest, I declare, or am I mistaken? Nowadays you can not always distinguish between the Catholic priest and the Epistical minister (Episcopal minister she meant.) Won't you introduce me to this manifest clergyman. I warrant you he is some celebrity you have picked up.''

It was manifestly the furthest thing from Madame Gushington's thoughts to introduce the newcomer to Father Shairp, but now there was no avoiding it.

''You are perfectly right, Mrs. Greenway. This is Father Shairp, one of the most intellectual priests I have ever met. If all Catholic priests were like him, our people — our intellectuals — would have to look to their laurels. Father Shairp, Mrs. Greenway.''

"I wonder," thought Father Shairp, "if this is the sweeping, dashing away with all the intellectual ladies. Evidently here is a new specimen, and of the very loudest brand, too."

He merely bowed, however, in response to the introduction.

"Oh I am ever so well acquainted with Catholic priests. I used to be a Catholic once myself," volunteered Mrs. Greenway. "Yes we were all Catholic once; but that is some years ago. I was a Catholic when I first became Mr. Greenway's financee." (she meant fiancee.)

"Indeed?" inquired Father Shairp his eye kindling with merriment.

"Oh yes; we were married in the Catholic Church—married with a grand Requiem[1] mass too."

Father Shairp bit his lip until the blood almost started, to control the laughter that the statement provoked.

"Yes indeed," she rattled on never noticing the look of amusement on the faces of her hearers. "Father Rodman, my husband's niece came all the way from Montreal to perform the ceremony."

"How nice!" was all that Father Shairp could venture to reply for fear of an explosion that would be embarrassing.

"Yes. My husband is a great reader. He read Darwin's Origin of Speeches all through, and as a result he drifted into irrationalism and is now a confirmed ag-know-stick."—with a marked accent on the "know."

"How did that come about?" Father Shairp trusted himself far enough to inquire.

"Well, you see, we had been attending Dr. Edwards' lectures at the Gym, and my husband became completely vaccinated by them. He thinks Dr. Edwards is fast becoming one of the great lunaries."

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[1] A mass offered only for the dead—the usual Funeral Mass.

"And are you as fascinated with Dr. Edwards as your husband?"

"Oh! ever so much more so. Why I have been listening to Dr. Edwards for years. I was at Amherst when he gravitated. He delivered the mortuary oration on the occasion. I went there because a niece of mine was gravitated from the college at the same time.

"Yes, very true, Mr. Edwards did deliver the valedictory that year. I was present. It was a very interesting discourse."

"Quite true; quite true," she conceded gracefully. "It was the contradictory oration Mr. Edwards delivered. It was beautiful. Every one declared it to be the most exhausting discourse that had been delivered in the college for half a century."

"Mr. Edwards must have been greatly flattered by the compliment," said Father Shairp with a twinkle.

"Yes and that same year it was that Professor Edmunds delivered the tobaccolaureate," she volunteered, not deigning to notice his remark.

Father Shairp could hardly restrain himself, but at that moment Mr. Greenway came up, and Mrs. Greenway made a profound courtesy to the two men and joined her husband. The grace of the bow was in marked contrast to the conversation of the lady, and this taken in connection with the elegance and taste of her costume, led Father Shairp to remark to Dr. Pembroke who had just joined the group:

"It is remarkable what strange birds you find in gilded cages and what strange notes they will utter. The plumage is never a guarantee of the note."

"Is it ignorance or is it wilfulness that causes her to play such havoc with the Queen's English?"

"It is neither I fancy. She imagines she is the queen and treats her language as if it were the Irish nation."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Father Shairp. "Supposing she

should take a fancy to introduce reform speaking as we have reformed spelling.''

''And why should not she, too, have the privilege of leaving her impress on the English language? She possesses the prime requisites; like Andrew Carnegie, she knows nothing about it and she has also the means to finance the movement.''

''That is one of the great evils of wealth — far greater in my opinion than any of those dangers which the socialist dreads. It is liable to vulgarize everything with which it comes in contact. It has always been my opinion that great wealth is the first step towards barbarism.''

''I quite agree with you. Wealth vulgarizes all it touches. It looks upon money-getting as the talent of talents and regards the man who possesses money, a king. Art, literature, refinement — all must give way before it. It is the enemy of all the arts.''

When Mrs. Greenway left the group, they involuntarily followed her with their eyes. Her carriage was grace and elegance itself, and her whole exterior perfection of taste.

''Mrs. Greenway is, I presume, one of your intellectuals,'' said Father Shairp not without a spice of mischief, as Lady Gushington returned after a brief conversation with Mr. Greenway.

''Oh! Father Shairp, you should be charitable and spare us your sarcasm.''

''But you were boasting of your intellectuals who would renovate theology and religion generally, and, having seen Professor Comprise, I am of course anxious to see a second specimen of the new covenant with science. I am satisfied now that it is the intellectual world that disdains Catholicity.''

The mortification of Lady Gushington was evident and painful. She could lay little claim to intellectuality herself and her common sense was not of the best approved brand, as the reader has by this time discovered; but still there was somewhat of a *comme il faut* which made her

restrain herself when on the verge of becoming too ridiculous. Her preposterous notions of science and religion which she had assumed as a hobby—though, with her, a perfectly natural hobby—did not prevent her from seeing the absurdities in others and she felt really chagrined and deeply mortified, that at the very moment when she was boasting of the intellectuality of those who would scientifically regenerate Catholicity, this witless daughter of wealth should appear on the scene. For she had just enough discernment to perceive that Father Shairp stood intellectually head and shoulders above all the men of science with whom she had yet come in contact. But then Father Shairp was only one and the intellectual world of science was legion, even if its intellectuality was nine-tenths watered stock. And with Lady Gushington numbers counted. She therefore returned to the attack.

"Only for the cardinals and the other church authorities all would be well. The church is elastic and expansive enough — if it were not for the authorities. It is they who stand in the way. Presently we shall have a repetition of the Galileo fiasco."

"*Sempre* Galileo," he said in a deep guttural, "Surely if the church has been guilty of any fault in the case of Signor Galileo she has amply atoned for it. Every time science sees fit to go into hysterics, it is the same old cry, 'Galileo!' Admitting that the church may have been guilty of making a mistake in his case (which is not the case by any means) it is a thousand pities that in the course of her two thousand years of history she has not succeeded in making at least one other. It would be such a relief to the world at large. This Galileo matter is beginning to be monotonous. Its repetition is beginning to wear upon the nerves, like one rasping tune on a fiddle. Now if there were only even one change of melody — some Arkansas Traveler to suggest the remainder — what a relief it would be. Don't you think if the world examined closely enough and scrutinized her history she might succeed

in discovering another. It would be such a boon to humanity to have a change.''

His imperturbable manner was tantalizing and yet attractive. She longed to get at the secret of his power and ease, and grasp of intellect. And she was determined to say ugly things just to provoke him into a temper or a betrayal of some quality which she could call a weakness. Was this man really superior to science? Was he even more than human? She asked herself.

''It is the same with the entire clerical body. The priests are a clog on progress, a drag on the wheels of advancement and enlightenment,'' she piped somewhat peevishly.

''We admit it madame. We admit it freely and frankly.''

''But it is a shame — the shame and the reproach of the church. Why try to stop the world from moving?'' she cried almost fiercely.

''Why madame, it is our duty;'' and not a single muscle of his face moved.

''Duty! Duty! You mock me, Father Shairp. It is bad enough to have senseless men admit they are a clog on the wheels of progress, but to hear them claim that to be a clog is a duty! Why this is preposterous!'' And she was now thoroughly exasperated. She suspected he was making game of her.

''Nevertheless it is our legitimate duty and task to hold the headlong world in check, to do what in us lies to stop its wild vagaries. The advance of the world is wrong — mad — infatuated. It is the advance of a blind team of plunging animals towards a precipice. The world is rushing madly over the road which it calls progress to its own destruction — materially, morally, socially, intellectually; and it is not only our business — it is the business of all good men to put forth all their energies to prevent it from madly rushing to its ruin.''

She started. She was not looking for this sudden turn.

It was not precisely what she expected. And besides her husband's name had been connected with a grinding monopoly which had been investigated by a committee with fraud proven.

"I did not know that Catholic priests knew so much. You are very clever, Father Shairp, very clever indeed."

"The Catholic priests would feel flattered — highly, very highly, if they knew your exalted opinion of their attainments."

"Oh I did not mean in that way. I knew they knew a great deal about theology and — and mass and confession and indulgences and such things — and politics" — she added after a little pause; "but I did not think they knew anything about science or modern thought. But all the same," she added, probably because she was a woman, "All the same I like to be in the swim. I like to go with the tide, with the majority, with the intellectual world. It would add so much to the church's prestige if she too would permit herself to be carried along on the crest of the wave."

"Add to the church's prestige to be borne along on the crest of error! To ally herself with falsehood! To compromise the truth deposited into her keeping! To abdicate her heaven-given position as teacher of the nations! To adopt beforehand theories which are in all probability utterly false and at best are but a compromise with another hypothesis which is but a theory, and one which is likely to prove some day to be a mistaken one!"

"But it happens to be the popular one just now and it is a thousand pities the church will not compromise with it. I assure you I know plenty of good Catholics who adopt these views and they are none the worse for it. What a pity the clergy will not listen to the laity occasionally."

And she heaved a sigh of disappointment. He made no reply.

"Oh how glorious if we did not have to give up the

world to serve God! I do not think it is exactly necessary to give up God to serve the world."

"And yet there was one who said, 'You can not serve two masters. You can not serve God and mammon.' "

Lady Gushington hailed Rose Ramsay who was just passing in the company of two other ladies and after the long siege to which she had so strenuously subjected him, abruptly left Father Shairp—just as abruptly as she had hailed him — and rushed to Rose, leaving Father Shairp and Dr. Pembroke standing in the embrasure.

CHAPTER XXIII

Keeping Posted

"I MUST not finish,'' wrote Dr. Pembroke, in one of his letters to George, ''without telling you that Father Shairp is the lion of the hour at Toneton. His 'fortnightlies' before the Catholic club of the University have become the feature of the town. At first they were attended by only the Catholic students, then by almost the entire student body, and now the professor who happens to miss an evening regards himself unfortunate. The subjects of his 'talks' are either religious or scientific, or religio-scientific — usually the latter. Last Tuesday's broke all records. The subject was Morality without Religion, and at its close the audience not only applauded but broke into cheers. The non-Catholic student body occupying the gallery were so carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion that they broke out into their college yell and the hall resounded with

'Toneton! Toneton! rah, rah, rah;
Toneton! Boo-ri-e-boo-la-gah!
Uptown Toneton! Downtown Toneton!
All-around Toneton! rah, rah, rah!'

'' 'What's the matter with Father Shairp?' sang out the captain of the rowing club, and instantly, 'He's all right!' burst from seven hundred student throats, and again thrice the college yell with the second and last lines changed:

'Toneton! Toneton! rah, rah, rah!
Toneton! Father Ramsay! Ah!
Uptown Toneton! Downtown Toneton!
Toneton! Father Shairp! rah, rah, rah!'

"A strange conclusion to so solemn a subject! you will say. Truly, so. And I mention it to show the wonderful power of Father Shairp in treating his subjects — even the driest, most dogmatic, or philosophical; and also to show you the general estimate of the man here."

And it was true. In spite of the University, Father Shairp was the intellectual king of Toneton. At her "Mondays" Lady Gushington always accorded him the place of honor, notwithstanding the fact that he was forever rallying her on her 'intellectuality' and had little mercy on her fads and fancies. Indeed she voted her "Mondays" total failures unless he was numbered amongst the guests.

George was delighted to learn such news of Father Shairp to whom he had become deeply attached and whose gifts he had greatly admired, regretting only that he was not near enough for closer companionship.

But Dr. Pembroke's letters sometimes conveyed other news which was not relished quite as keenly by George, and which frequently set his heart a-flutter. The doctor seldom failed to mention Rose and her work in his brief letters to George, knowing how tender were his feelings on the subject. He always alluded pleasantly in a few words to her care of Mrs. Edwards. One letter, however, gave more extended notice, and was dwelt upon with real pleasure by the doctor, because he was really delighted that Rose had some slight diversion from the dull monotony of the sick room.

"Rose," he wrote, "is having some excellent exercise in the open air; and I am heartily glad of it, for I have been fearing she would begin to droop under her close confinement. Madame Fortune, of whom perhaps you may have heard — she is the foundress of a hospital for some incurable disease, leprosy or cancer, I do not know which — has been staying for a few days with Lady Gushington, and has taken quite a fancy to Rose (do you blame her?) and they spend many hours together."

George's heart beat a tattoo against his vest when he read this. It was quite evident that Rose had dropped no hint of her intentions to anyone but himself and that Dr. Pembroke did not even surmise her future. Thus the news which is intended to give the greatest pleasure sometimes inflicts the greatest pain.

But it was a fact. There had been long walks and many talks and even exchange of confidences between Rose and Madame Fortune. They were by no means strangers to each other. Indeed it was Rose who had first introduced Madame Fortune to Lady Gushington. It occurred at the reception for the new Hospital, mentioned in the last chapter, and came about in this way.

CHAPTER XXIV

Extremes Meet

"ROSE, my sweet girl," said Lady Gushington, when she first caught sight of her, "I have been straining my eyes all the evening to catch a glimpse of you. Have you just arrived? And who is this lady, dressed so demurely for a reception?" This last inquiry she made quietly to Rose aside — in a very different manner from that in which she performed a like part to Father Shairp, probably because the object of the present inquiry was a woman.

"I have but just arrived," answered Rose quietly. "Indeed I should not have been here at all, were it not that it is Lady Gushington's reception day. Mrs. Edwards is so low and feeble that it seemed heartless to leave her even to worship at the shrine of Charity."

"And who is your strange companion?" she again inquired, evidently with the usual feminine curiosity, or with the feeling that she wanted to know all about this strangely-garbed woman.

And in truth the appearance at what had been a society gathering, amid trailing costumes and bodices that did not trail at all, at least not very far upwards above the waist, and the glare and glitter of a leading social event was, it must be confessed, a little bit odd.

She was dressed in sombre black, which was relieved by a white neck cloth with bow in front, which served only to emphasize the awful blackness of the black. The cuffs, too, were of immaculate stiffness as well as whiteness. The stiffness and primness of her costume, while suggestive of a

widow's weeds, possessed, however, none of the eloquence of grief, or the luxury of woe usually envolumed in dressgoods. The proclamatory features of the widow's garb were conspicuously absent. There was not an eloquent fold, nor sentimental pleat, nor tuck that told of the brokenheartedness of the wearer; nor any of all those wonderful contrivances that so eloquently proclaim that hearts are past mending, or that, on the other hand, in the language of song, the wearers are "not quite brokenhearted." Neither was the crowning piece of dressgoods pantomine — the irresistible piece that gives the finishing touch to it all, the veil of endless length, like a preacher's discourse, visible. In fact it was not there at all. The prim bonnet fitted down on the temples without any flaunting of ribbons, save what was necessary, and the stiff cape without an ell too much, and yet somehow so fitting and so becoming to the wearer—as well as the skirt—seemed to suggest that the designer had in mind to see precisely in how little of female-toggery-fabric a woman could really be dressed without a single inch of drygoods that was superfluous, or the number of yards square that might cover the human woman figure sufficiently and be at once graceful and sanitary, becoming and modest. The whole was suggestive of the nurse's prim garments in which there is never a single fold too much, to be exposed to the world of microbes, in which their active agents might hold convention and establish microbe kingdoms and empires outnumbering in inhabitants the Chinese Empire. There appeared to be an attempt on the part of the designer to limit to the narrowest possible boundaries the extent of territory upon which they might build and establish colonies. And it appeared that this was really the explanation of both dress and woman. For to the inquiry of Lady Gushington Rose quietly gave a brief introduction.

"Lady Gushington, Madame Fortune," was the brief ceremony.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," gushed Lady Gushington, "and as much desired as unexpected."

"You are very kind," was the quiet reply, "I am glad to meet you. Rose — Miss Ramsay —" she corrected instantly, "has spoken so often about you."

She had not said that Rose had spoken in highest compliments of her; but Lady Gushington took it for granted that she had and rattled on:

"Oh! Rose (she took no pains to correct) is always so kind to her friends. She is always saying sweet things of them. But tell me all about your work. I have heard and read so much about it. What a clever woman you are and how courageous!"

Madame Fortune made a deprecating gesture.

"No, no, do not try to stop me. I have heard of the wonderful work you are doing for humanity, and I want to know all about it."

Madam Fortune did not make reply; she looked at Rose.

"But how can you bring yourself to live in such squalor and misery? I could never have the courage requisite for slumming — for is it not a kind of slumming?" she inquired half apologetically.

It was well that Madam Fortune had heard of Lady Gushington and had been made acquainted beforehand with the peculiarities of her Ladyship; otherwise she would have been sorely puzzled at the strange views taken of her voluntarily accepted life among the poor and afflicted.

"I do not call it slumming," she laughed goodnaturedly; and her laugh was singularly musical, and the eye dwelt in all its gray calmness — soft and penetrating, however — in a sort of motherly indulgent way on the smug countenance and features of Lady Gushington.

"But you come in contact with Italians and Jews and Irish and Greeks and Arabians and even Poles, Swedes and

Norwegians. I could never have the courage to do it. How very — very exceedingly — brave you are!"

"They are human beings like ourselves, however, with the same aches and pains, the same ailments and diseases, the same hearts to suffer and rejoice. They are our fellow-beings, our brothers and sisters; why should you fear them?"

Lady Gushington gave a slight shrug of repugnance.

"I assure you they are very gentle and very grateful for what is done for them; and their gratitude — if there were no other reward — is more than recompense for any little disadvantage or repugnance there may happen to be."

"You are not preaching this doctrine to Rose, I hope. You know she is one of the kind that is touched immediately by such things and would be kindled into enthusiasm in a moment. No, no; you must not try to steal Rose from us;" and she looked suspiciously from one to the other.

"One thing is certain," replied Madam Fortune gravely: "Rose could hardly devote herself to a work that would bring her more compensations. We have much in our work at which the human in us rebels from time to time, I will admit; but when we have conquered ourselves and have done the work, there is no pleasure like the gratitude which we receive as a reward."

"But you do not always receive gratitude? You surely must meet occasionally a savage or a brute who can not appreciate what is done for him? These people have such low instincts and are so coarse, and barbarous, and savage."

"There is, of course, an occasional growl. But what would you expect from persons who are suffering extreme agony. It is all the more happiness to relieve them."

"Do not be so cruel, however, as to take Rose away from us. We need her quite as much as your wretches."

She looked at Rose narrowly and inquisitively.

"Don't you think I might do far worse than join Madame

Fortune, Lady Gushington, I always did like nursing the sick.''

''But cancer,'' she said — almost shrieked — ''cancer — of all things; think of the revoltingness, of the scoria, of the outrage to every sense. It is worse than leprosy. No, no, you can never bury your charms in a charnel house. Better be a sister of charity. Go enter a convent and bury yourself and your attractions from the eyes of the world which is not worthy to look upon so beautiful a flower; but do not — do not — you must not — bury them in a living grave with stench, effiuvia, rottenness, corruption and filth — all component parts of this disease.''

''But there is — there must be a special pleasure in ministering to the wants of the wretched and alleviating their sufferings. And the greater the misery the greater the reward, the satisfaction of having soothed the pains,'' said Rose, whether banteringly or earnestly Lady Gushington was at a loss to determine.

''Oh; you heroic souls with the spirit of martyrs in your hearts, and the blood of martyrs in your veins! I can not understand you at all. I like my own comfort and my own ease, and I am going to have it at any cost. I dare say I am thoroughly selfish and thoroughly wicked; but I like myself best of all. I am no hypocrite in the matter. I acknowledge it freely.''

And she was thoroughly selfish as she had said. Her heart was not exactly hard but her mind was set on getting the best of the good things of life if it was at all possible. She would not steal openly, nor even covertly — if she could have these things without. But she had a peculiar faculty, like a good many other good people in the world, of making herself believe that whatever she did was right and could not be wrong, no matter how wicked. She never swallowed a bitter pill without previously sugar-coating it. This was one of her principles.

Here was worldliness face to face with religion — selfishness face to face with self-sacrifice; the latter ready to immolate itself a thousand times a day for the benefit of humanity; the former ready to step in and prevent this self-immolation, and this too for its own selfish purposes. The wants of humanity must not interfere with the devotion to self; self must not be denied a single pleasure even to relieve the sufferings of humanity. And what was more: the one was the offspring of science — its own natural born child; the other the offspring of religion — its own true child. But how strangely whimsical is nature! Partly because she was a woman of excellent heart at bottom; partly because she wished to have celebrities about her; and partly because she was fascinated by the charm of the wonderful little woman in the severely plain garb, Lady Gushington then and there mentally concluded to include Madame Fortune in the circle of her patronage. Nay more, she soon learned to cultivate a true affection for Madame Fortune which soon ripened into a warm friendship, and from time to time she insisted that Madame Fortune take a brief outing at her own home in Toneton, while she at the same time contributed generously to the institution which Madame Fortune had founded.

The news of Madame Fortune's presence at Toneton and especially of her intimacy with Rose created a real alarm in George's breast. Madame Fortune and her colleagues took no religious vows, it was true, but George knew enough of their devotion to their humanitarian work to realize that if Rose should immure herself within the walls of a Cistercian convent, she would not be more hopelessly lost to him than if she should devote herself to the care of the incurable Lazarites which Madame Fortune had begun.

Perhaps this was the most critical period in George's whole career. With his faith in his scientific idols shaken to its very centre and with the fear confronting him that Rose might at any moment take a step which would be final and

irrevocable, the conflict in his mind was fearful. "Why not break at once with the whole scientific guessing match which had proved so delusive and was likely to prove also disastrous?" he more than once asked himself.

CHAPTER XXV

En Bloc

IT AFTERWARDS struck George as a little singular that at this juncture he did not abandon his work altogether.

Indeed the shock which followed the discovery of the real state of affairs in connection with "Professor Huxley's Hippodrome"—as it now began to be styled by George's friends — to say nothing whatever about his fears concerning Rose — was great enough to drive him from the ranks of science forever. There were, however, other influences and other considerations which still held him in his false position. They were not of themselves very powerful, it is true; but like the guy ropes which keep a tottering turret in its position — somewhat unsafely indeed, but still which prevent its total collapse — they served to keep George from breaking at once and forever with the position which he found untenable.

The first of these agencies was George's own judgment. Although he had rushed headlong into infidelity at almost the first sound of alarm he hesitated about the wisdom of retracing his step. He had been rash and impetuous in his break with Christianity; nay he had been petulant in his manner of dealing with it; now, however, he must be sure of his ground and there must be no danger of another false move. Before all things he detested vacillation; and now, he determined to "stick to the ship," as he termed it, until it was proved to be unseaworthy. Then too, on more mature reflection, he reaized — and this had a powerful, calming influence on him — he realized that Rose would not — could not — take any final step while Mrs. Edwards lived.

There were still other agencies also. There was Dr. Hunter, good man, who still pursued George with unrelenting vengeance. Yes; vengeance was the word! The attitude of the Doctor since his rescue by George from drowning was most extraordinary. His malignity was more unsleeping and relentless than ever. Had George attempted his life instead of saving it, his hatred could not be more bitter. He could not bear to hear the mention of his name, although he strove to conceal his hostility. His conduct, however, was so unnatural that it began to be noticeable to everyone. His hatred of George was fast assuming the form of dementia. At heart he felt the baseness of his conduct towards his friend and the son of his best benefactor, but he fatuously seemed to think that by continuing his injustice he could succeed in justifying his former injury. Perhaps the true secret of his conduct lay not so much in his malice of heart as in the fact that he did not wish to admit to his own heart that he had wronged George; and he wished to keep up his anger against him since it proved so convenient a smoke screen to cloud his own vision. However that may be, his hatred of George carried him so far that since he could not injure George otherwise he began to disparage his work on the history, and to belittle the value and importance of the work itself. Disparaging speeches began to take the place of former eulogium and the highsounding terms about the glory which the university was going to derive from its publication. He even began to do all in his power secretly and covertly to prevent its publication. And many and laughable were the attempts which he made to overthrow or defeat the project, always, however, under the impression that he was so effectually concealing his tracks that suspicion could never touch him. It was amusing to see the contrivances to which he resorted and the schemes and plots which he concocted in order to irretrievably ruin George, and it was a psychological study to unravel the mental twists and

convolutions by which he followed so persistently with his spite, one who had never injured him.

He never for a moment suspected that George had any misgivings; but there was not a single one of his vicious movements that was not fully known to George. It was a most remarkable psychological phenomenon, that, first, the wrong done to George; and next, the unequaled act of kindness on the part of George in saving his life, should have left nothing in the mind of Dr. Hunter but implacable revenge.

Meanwhile the great work itself to which George had consecrated his talents and his energies was moving along as smoothly and rapidly as so great an undertaking permitted. From time to time notices in the newspapers and magazines made announcement of its near approach. The co-laborers were working faithfully now, — at least as far as George could see, but he was forced to acknowledge to himself that this was not very far, and that, after all, as far as he was concerned, he was almost wholly at the mercy of his assistants. The dismissal of Pixley was not without its effect upon the others, and George hoped — he wished — he felt — that truth and accuracy would be strictly adhered to. He had a general acquaintance with all the subjects treated; but he could not possibly be a specialist in all of them or even in most of them; and so while he was a grand editor-in-chief, the responsibility must in the last analysis rest upon his assistants in their different departments.

Nevertheless the work could not be without its fascination to a mind like George's. The scientific glamour hung around it still. The eclat attached to a work of this nature, the association with great names in science, the real advance of physical science especially in experimental chemistry, the acquaintance with molecules and matter in its constitution, the development of cells in biology; and the history of it all and its various departments could not fail to possess an attraction for a lover of science. Then the electrons and the

vast fields of speculation opened up by the very mention of them, the germs and bacteriological discoveries of Pasteur, his followers and imitators, the serums and their properties and preparation, together with the theories involved, were all of absorbing interest. Astronomy he left wholly to specialists in this line, regretting only the insanity that still clung to the study of Mars and its canals, (the manner in which the "canal" theory arose from the nomenclature of Schiaparelli, giving rise to theories and speculations which the author of the name had never intended, had long since previously disgusted him) showing clearly, as it did, that even in astronomy, vague speculation and even positive assertion and dogmatism rested on the flimsiest foundations.

When George recovered from the shock which resulted from his last interview with Dr. Jones, he tried first of all to get his exact bearings in the realm of science. He seemed to be amid the shifting sands of the desert or on the billowy ocean and he wished to take his soundings. Or perhaps to transfer the metaphor to the region of commerce he tried to take inventory of recent events and strike off a balance sheet that would show him exactly the true value of his scientifico-intellectual wealth.

"But, after all," he argued with himself, "so far, Darwin is not really involved."

When he began to get his bearings and review the recent imbroglios calmly, he asked himself:

"What real harm has been done to the Darwinian theory when all is said? The Stonefelt blunder was but the work of hotheaded enthusiasts. It left Darwin untouched."

He did not, however, try to blink the fact that they were among the leading scientific men of the age, who had taken so prominent a part in the fiasco and that they were ready to browbeat the small band of conservatives. His confidence in scientific men and their judgments was completely shaken; but as yet he saw no reason — from the Stonefelt incident —

why he should impeach the judgment of Darwin — only — only — only — only — that it was one more instance where the hope of proof of the doctrine had failed! But the fact was that Darwin suffered more in his esteem from the terrible onslaughts of Father Shairp and Dr. Jones and the quiet but condemnatory reasoning of Father Ramsay than from the Stonefelt episode.

The association of Professor Huxley's name with that of Professor Marsh in the "hippodrome" affair damaged Huxley seriously in his estimation, however. It was true nothing could be made out of it. There was no direct proof of collusion on the part of Huxley; but, somehow, as he said, "the whole affair left a very bad taste in the mouth." Huxley had been the friend of Marsh. And then that blessed prophecy! The whole transaction looked a little shady. It was hazy, to say the least. Notwithstanding all his attempts to reason the matter out with himself he could never succeed in lifting, satisfactorily, the cloud from the memory of his idol. "Perhaps there had never been a prophecy at all in the matter," he argued with himself; and he felt compelled to let the matter rest. On summing up matters he found — he told himself — "there had been nothing so far to impeach the soundness of Darwin's judgment — no, not even of Huxley's. In Huxley's case it was not judgment; it was something else that was in question." But there was no blinking the absurdity of the reason put forward for the modification of the toes.

There was left to him then, he assured himself, an unimpaired faith in Darwin and a smirched faith in Huxley. "But" he thought, "was not this after all taking science on faith—on authority—not on evidence or demonstration; and what a travesty all this was on the sound name of science!" And he shrank from the consideration. He did not relish the idea of taking his scientific doctrine on the very grounds on which he had rejected religion. His faith in Darwin still remained unshaken. There was no sufficient cause yet to reject

his judgment in scientific matters. This was not much it was true and he would prefer to have it otherwise. Perhaps however, what gave him the sharpest pang was, the reason— the flimsy, shallow reason — given by Huxley — and it was Huxley's own, too — for the development of the toes of the horse into a hoof, or a great toe, as science pompously styled it, which could impose on no one.

CHAPTER XXVI

ISLANDS, REEFS, SHOALS

IT WAS with these thoughts in mind that George again dropped in on Dr. Jones. Indeed this was getting to be something of a habit with him lately. The Doctor had formerly been a professor at the university and a teacher of high repute. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of everyone, he laid aside his professor's cap and gown, that is metaphorically, for the professors did not indulge in university millinery, and the university lost its most popular teacher. This was years ago. The chair of cosmology became vacant and Dr. Jones settled down to what the university would call a humdrum life in a medical office. But his life had been anything but humdrum. He had long since grown aweary of cosmological speculations, their unsatisfactoriness, their vagueness, their indefiniteness — where one might speculate forever and where one speculation was just as good as another. None of them could be proven.

He had become an ardent follower of Pasteur. He had seen how much one man could accomplish for humanity in the field of practical science. "What folly," he thought, "in these vain speculations that lead nowhither!" And he resolved to be of some use to his fellow men. Accordingly he at once devoted himself to special work, dropped all cosmological problems, and devoted himself exclusively to discovering the serums for contagious diseases. So successful was he that in a short time he had prepared a most successful remedy for diphtheria and was a co-discoverer of the now famous antitoxin. Now he was steadily working on a serum for tubercu-

losis and occasionally, because requested by some friends, on a serum for cancer.

"How goes the famous work?" inquired the Doctor as soon as George made his appearance.

"You mean the history, I suppose," replied George.

"What else should I mean? When shall we have the first volume?"

"Oh, bother!" was George's answer.

Suddenly, however, he turned — he was not yet seated — and looking the Doctor squarely in the eyes, he asked:

"Say, Doctor Jones; why did you give up your chair of cosmology in the university?"

"I will tell you candidly, George, since you ask me. I left it because I concluded that a man's business in life should be something else besides guessing. Life is something more than a mere guessing-school. A man should be useful to his fellowmen."

"But the extension of knowledge is not guessing. And it is useful to our fellowmen."

"But the speculative sciences are not an extension of knowledge. There all is guesswork. From the nature of the case there can be no certainty. You can never know whether you are teaching truth or falsehood. What appears to be truth to-day — and you are ready to swear it is truth — may to-morrow be absurd in the light of a new discovery."

George became silent, serious, thoughtful.

"You are right," he said at last. "It is only the applied sciences that are of any real value. Why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because you never asked me."

"But why did you not advise me to follow the practical sciences?"

"Whe-e-e-e-o!" whistled the Doctor in his cheery way. "Because I knew better;" he laughed rather than said.

"What do you mean?"

''I mean that when I see a young fiery thoroughbred with his head in the air and the bit between his teeth, rushing like mad through space, I am not the man to play the fool by trying to rush out and stop the runaway.''

George laughed.

''Never undertake to remonstrate with a woman or to give advice to a young man on fire with an idea. Both must see their folly out,'' said the Doctor placing both his hands on George's shoulders.

''I believe you are right. Nothing could have possibly dampened my ardor for speculative science — nothing but bitter experience.'' And George fixed his eyes steadily on the floor.

''You do not mean to say you have been cured of it so early?'' queried the Doctor in some surprise.

''Nothing now binds me to it but my confidence, my faith in the soundness of Darwin's judgment — and — and — my faith — in Huxley's,'' he added in a manner that was the reverse of zestful.

''Hush!'' said the Doctor raising his hands in mock alarm. ''Do not let the theologians hear you speak of *faith* in matters of science.''

George smiled in a sickly sort of way. ''But unfortunately it is so,'' he said with a little bitterness in his tone.

''Then you take your science on authority, not on demonstration or evidence?''

''A man must take what he can get.'' He tried to be jocular; but he only smiled ruefully.

''But I understand that you were abusing Christians only a little while since for this very thing.''

''I never dreamt that it could come to this in science; but we live and learn. Now I perceive that you were right in abandoning your chair of speculative science and adopting practical science instead.''

The Doctor looked out the window but made no reply.

"Nevertheless," George added, meditatively, "I have great faith still in Darwin's judgment."

"Notwithstanding the fact that for thirty-five years he had misled the world on the subject of coral reefs!"

"Coral reefs!" gasped George.

"Yes, coral reefs. You see evolution is not the only subject on which Darwin has misled and mistaught the world."

"Was his theory accepted by scientific men?" inquired George, with bated breath.

"For nearly half a century it held its place as one of the greatest triumphs of scientific reasoning and research. His admirers declared that if he had done nothing else than render his solution of the great problem of coral reefs, this alone would suffice to place him on the unsubmergeable peaks of science crowned with an immortal name."

"What was Darwin's theory?"

"It really seems incredible that so ardent a disciple of Darwin should be ignorant on this point. Nevertheless I will instruct you. You know the theory that long prevailed in the scientific world on this subject was that the coral islands were the craters of extinct volcanoes. The atoll islands were held to be this exactly at least. But Darwin, in his own convincing way, swept this theory from the face of the earth; and then he began to build up a theory of his own, a theory which — unlike his later great theory — was instantly received with a storm of applause, the theory of subsidence! As one writer says: 'The theory of the young naturalist was hailed with admiration and delight.' It passed into all popular treatises on the subject. You have seen it there, (George nodded assent,) but probably did not know it was Darwin's. How magnificent was the subject! How magnificent the generalization! How beautifully it accounted for all the facts! How wonderful it all was! Its wonderful simplicity! Its lofty grandeur! The mighty sweep of the genius that

conceived it! The wonderful fitness with which it adapted itself to the whole! Who else could have thought of it? What other genius could have reasoned it out so cogently, so conclusively, so mind-compelling?''

''And Darwin was a genius,'' fervently interjected George.

''Yes. He certainly had a decided genius for proofless theories,'' the doctor added.

''There is one writer,'' continued the doctor, ''who deals so beautifully with the whole subject that I shall read a passage from him,'' and he reached for a volume that lay within easy reach on a revolving book stand. He read:

''So Darwin, one day standing on a mountain from which he commanded a wide space of sea, looked down upon the atoll with its glorious ring of walled-in water, calm, green, and gleaming in the middle of the ocean depths of blue. Did it not look as though there had once been an isle in the middle? Did it not look as if the coral ring had been built up upon the rocky foundation of its former shores? Did it not look as if somehow, this island had been removed, and the encircling ring left alone? Somehow! But this could not satisfy Darwin. How could such an island be removed? Its once fringing and encircling reef would have protected it from the devouring sea. Did it not look as if it had simply sunk? — Subsidence! — Was not this the whole secret? The idea took firm hold in his mind. The more he thought of it the more closely did it fit, like evolution, into all the facts. Yes, it was subsidence and nothing else!'' George was breathless attention.

''Was not this a noble conception?'' said the doctor, closing the book but keeping his finger at the place. ''Surely here was a grand scheme of things. Nature, detected by a sharp eye and sharper intellect at her secret work of building up the universe. One more of her secrets rifled from her

jealous bosom. You see Darwin, too, like 'brave Cortez and his men, from a peak in Darien, stared at the Pacific'."

George's confidence in Darwin rose higher than ever.

"Did Darwin himself thus regard it?" inquired George.

"None more so than he. Listen to his own words," and he opened his book again and read: 'From the fact of the reef-building corals not living at great depths, it is absolutely certain' (mark the absolutely certain) 'that throughout these vast areas, wherever there is now an atoll, a foundation must have originally existed within a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms from the surface.' This, you perceive, is strong language," the Doctor paused to say, "and certainly of conviction to boot—" yet whether in sympathy with Darwin or in sarcasm George could not determine from the doctor's impassive manner. "It is improbable in the highest degree," the doctor resumed his reading, "that broad, lofty, isolated, steep-sided banks of sediment, arranged in groups and lines, hundreds of leagues in length, could have been deposited in the central and profoundest parts of the Pacific and Indian oceans, at an immense distance from any continent, and where the water is perfectly limpid. . . . . If then the foundations whence the atoll-building sprang, were not formed of sediment, and if they were not lifted up to the required level, they must of necessity have subsided into it; and this, at once, meets the difficulty. For as mountain after mountain, and island after island, slowly sank beneath the water, fresh bases would be successively afforded for the growth of corals." The doctor took up his cigar, gave three rapid puffs to keep it lighted, and continued.

"What a grand and noble conception was this of Darwin's — the idea of a vast continent sinking slowly beneath the waves. There was an attractive grandeur about the conception of some great continent sinking slowly, slowly, into the vast bed of the Southern Ocean, having all its hills and pinnacles gradually covered by coral reefs as in succession they sank

to the proper depth, until at last only its pinnacles and hills remained as the basis of atolls, and these remained like buoys upon a wreck, only to mark where some mountain peak had been submerged.''

''But did Darwin consider it sound?''

''Not only Darwin but all the world. As for Darwin himself, he was even more emphatic in his assertion of its truth than he dared to be on the subject of natural selection. Hear his own language again. 'I venture to defy any one to explain in any other manner how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas — all the islands being low, all being built of corals, absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth from the surface.' '' Dr. Jones interrupted his reading to say, ''This again sounds strangely like the language in which he speaks of natural selection.''

''How grand, how noble, how beautiful,'' aspirated George.

''Yes, yes. How like a passage from the Origin of Species! There is but just one thing wanting to it all.''

''What is that? That it is not set in poetry?''

''That it is not truth!''

''Truth! Then the generalization is not true?''

''I mean to say that although it was accepted by the scientists as profound and complete explanation of the coral islands, although it was taught in popular treatises, although it was accepted on all sides as truth, it is not only not true; it has been proved false.''

''Proven false! What do you mean?''

''Listen to the writer from whom I have been quoting. He describes the denouement as well as the prelude and the play.''

''What has he to say on the matter?'' said George with breathless attention.

''The writer wished to read a lesson of caution; and this

is how he does it, 'And now comes the great lesson. After an interval of more than five and thirty years the voyage of the Beagle (Darwin's vessel) has been followed by the voyage of the Challenger, furnished with all the newest appliances of science, and manned by a staff more than competent to turn them to the best account. And what is one of the many results which have been added to our knowledge of nature — to our estimate of the true character and history of the globe we live on? It is, in many respects, directly the reverse of truth. With all his conscientiousness, with all his caution, with all his powers of observation, Darwin in this matter fell into errors as profound as the abysses of the Pacific. All the acclamations with which it was received were as the shouts of an ignorant mob. It is well known that the plebiscites of science may be as dangerous and as hollow as those of politics . . . . . . Can it be possible that Darwin was wrong? (Mighty question!) Must we indeed give up all that we have been accepting and teaching for more than a generation?' Here were sore perplexing truths," said he, closing the volume and restoring it to its place in the revolving case, "but true ones nevertheless. And it is because of this and other things like it that I invariably follow the motto: Never trust the statements of a great man especially a great scientist. They will always bear investigating. There is no room here for unquestioning faith in authority, when especially it is scientific authority. I have invariably followed this practice and it has always stood me in good stead."

George's jaw fell. His heart seemed to cease beating. "You have not much faith in scientific authority, then?" he queried scarce above his breath.

"On the contrary I have the greatest faith in science — providing it is science and not guess-work or hypothesis."

"What then do you call science?" George was getting very humble now. "I call science what is fully entitled to the name — experimental science — applied science — science

that can be verified — science that improves our methods of living — science that reduces labor and relieves man's burdens — science, even that wrests from nature her secrets as far as they can be wrested in the purely speculative world. But —" and here his voice became tragic and hollow with scorn and contempt —"what masquerades as science, the abominations that in our day are called science, the vain imaginings and wild guess-work and cock-sure impertinences that are given to us as science, I despise with all the powers of my soul."

"You do not have much faith in speculative science, then?"

"I have neither faith, nor hope, nor charity, for this form of folly. It is evil; for it is pride. It is vain; for it is fruitless. It is vain also; because it is vanity embodied in science. It is absurd; for it is impossible. It is madness; for it is unverifiable. It is a waste of precious time; for it can never bring truth. It is folly; for it can never bring certainty. Any day a new discovery may be made which will render your theory ridiculous."

"This is rather a sweeping indictment, is it not?"

"Yet not quite sweeping enough. If I heard that a theory of the Universe was formulated on the sole ground of science, it would be for me the strongest proof that it could not be true, but absurd. No; the worst form of mountebankism in the world to-day is that which claims that it can find out from science the mystery of things and solve the riddle of existence. And the proof of this is that men have never learned anything whatever, as to the whence and whither of human life, or even the whence and whither of our planet — the earth, from science. If they have, tell me what it is. And they can never arrive at any true solution of such questions from this quarter; because they can never know everything."

"Then you have little confidence in the theories that

are propounded about these matters in the name of science?"

"On the contrary I have the greatest confidence in them — the confidence that they must necessarily be misleading and false. My confidence in them is prodigious. I have the confidence that the man who propounds theories of this sort, is, by that very fact proved an irreclaimable, irreformable, unmitigated fake. His case is hopeless. If he believes in himself, he is a fool. If he does not believe in himself and still propounds them, he is an impostor. There is not the slightest chance that science of itself will ever be able to offer a solution of the problems of the universe that will be worth the attention of a man of common sense. The fact that a man undertakes such a task is a proof that he is an incapable."

"There is much reason in what you say. I believe that science can never give a solution that would be of any value. It could never be anything more than a gigantic surmise — a huge guess — a colossal "perhaps," therefore a colossal folly. I think I understand now why it is that the solution of such problems must be sought elsewhere than in science."

"Folly! Folly; all of it! In a sane age such things could not endure an hour. Unless the world had been keyed up to the highest pitch of scientific credulity and expectation by the vauntings and vaporings of the Huxleys, Haeckels, *et id genus omne* all that depends on paleontology and geology would have been laughed out of existence long ago. How little do we know! How little can we know! How imperfectly do we know what we claim to know! How much is forever hidden from human ken! How much that man will never know! How then give a solution of the universe? How solve the riddle of the ages?"

"It is indeed incontrovertible, that men must after all look to some other source than science for the solution of things."

"I wish the world would only come to the same rational conclusion. It would soon do away with much of the nonsense

and folly abroad on this and kindred questions. Prescinding wholly from the merits or demerits of the criticisms which are said to be made on revealed doctrine on these points, there is, to put it mildly, at least the strong probability that a revelation would be the channel through which knowledge of these things should come to man, if it came at all — these channels properly accredited and no other. And that it should come at all is what might be reasonably expected, if we are to regard the author of the universe as an infinite intelligent being who has intelligent beings among his creatures.''

''Very true. From such a relationship of intelligences at least a limited but necessary portion of knowledge must necessarily be expected. And of the relationship of intelligences there can be no doubt; for there is no denying man's intelligence; and there is no denying that the world bears the imprint everywhere of intelligent authorship.''

''Precisely. Hence the folly of what we hear about Darwinism and science — and what science is going to do to religion, to revelation and all Christian beliefs — to use the language of the man in the street. But *sat sufficit.* Meanwhile, however, we must not forget that but for the courage of Sir John Murray the world would to-day be teaching and believing the falsehoods and cocksureness of Darwin on the subject of coral reefs. How many other false theories are we called upon to believe in the name of science for the simple reason that they have not had their Sir John Murray!''

The Doctor who thus inveighed in such strong terms against Speculative Science had been, himself, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and a devout member of his father's church until, like George Edwards, his belief in Christianity was completely undermined during his course at the university. On closer acquaintance, as Professor, he discovered that all was not scientific gold that glittered, and having abandoned speculation, he was now groping for the truth in religion.

CHAPTER XXVII

Father Newcome

AT THIS particular juncture in George's unsettled condition of mind, when there was such a fierce clash in his opinions about the comparative merits of the evidences for science and religion, there came a brief diversion from the ordinary daily routine of his thoughts on these subjects.

An English clergyman appeared suddenly at the university. He was a man of fine presence, superior culture, ready eloquence; a theologian, a scientist, a philosopher. George could not exactly discover to what particular denomination Father Newcome (for that was his name) belonged. It was quite evident that he must be either a Roman Catholic or a quite advanced ritualist; but — which — George failed absolutely to determine. He had at one time been a member of a religious community; but what community, for the life of him, George here, too, could not ascertain with anything like precision. Not that Father Newcome was reticent. Quite the contrary; but his views were so broad and his experience so narrow that George could make nothing of it. He had abandoned his religious community, it appeared, in order that he might the more easily pursue his own special work without let or hindrance from any quarter. And that particular work was the reconciliation of science and religion. This was his special mission to the universities of America. Like Professor Comprise he had invented a compromise — had found a common ground — on which science and religion could meet on equal terms. He was strong in his recognition

of the claims of religion and emphatic on the question of its rights; but he also recognized the claims of science. Indeed, he surrendered to its every demand. He accepted all its dogmas without question; and because he regarded its position as incontrovertible, he was impelled to do what he could to save the remnant of Christianity that was still left. His compromise would bring about a perfect harmony between modern science and Christianity. It would be more. It would be a victory for religion, so he said; but to those who took the pains to examine his compromise it was evident that if his plans for finally bringing the lion of science and the lamb of religion to lie down peacefully together, was carried out, the lamb would be peacefully resting inside the lion. He was now making a tour of the universities in America, just as he had done in England, in behalf of his compromise. Later he intended going to the universities of Europe for the same purpose. The work was undertaken wholly on his own responsibility. It was to be taken on his own recognizances. It was entirely his own; but was, of course, wholly in the interests of religion, which otherwise, according to him, must inevitably perish.

Indeed he was impelled to it at this particular juncture because a world-renowned experimenter in synthetic chemistry had actually discovered life — created life — manufactured life, if you will. Thus scientific doubters were driven to their last ditch and destruction of religion was certain unless something was done.

This last news was exceedingly interesting to George. Father Newcome seemed to attach himself instinctively to George from the very first, and George was completely fascinated by the charm of his manner and his frank sincerity.

The confidence of Father Newcome, who was evidently a man of some parts, in the theories of modern speculation, had for a moment revived George's scientific faith and hope; but on further acquaintance he discovered that Father Newcome

had, like himself, taken all his scientific knowledge wholly on authority; nevertheless he was slightly irritated when George hinted at a possibility of grounds for disillusionment. George did not, of course, carry his heart on his sleeve for strange daw-pecking; but he presented the difficulties which had beset his own path, in general terms. He had, however, no solution to offer George on the points where George's faith in science had been unhinged; but there was one thing on which he had no doubt whatever; viz., that Dr. Hexham had given birth to life chemically in his own laboratory. This Father Newcome had seen "himself — with his own eyes;" and seeing is believing. He was present at the experiments. He had assisted Dr. Hexham in them. He had performed the scientific miracle himself, with Dr. Hexham guiding him. The precipitates — the actual formula — were there in his memorandum-book. It was true life did not always result from the experiment; it had resulted so frequently, however, that there was no questioning the accuracy of the test.

There were two men in particular whom George wished to present to Father Newcome: Father Shairp and Dr. Jones, but Dr. Jones was absent from town and the present stay of Father Newcome was too short to admit of a trip from Toneton by Father Shairp during his present stay. On his return from the west and northwest, however, his stay would be longer.

Meanwhile Dr. Jones had run down to Bar City for a bracing breath of sea air, before the crowds of July made the place intolerable. Besides, he always maintained that he derived the most benefit from June salt-water bathing and George and Father Shairp joined him for the day.

The day was balmy — warm for June. The sea was a polished mirror as the three companions strolled and sat on the beach while George related the story of his recent visitor and described Father Newcome's enthusiasm.

"Do you suppose there can be error in it?" he asked, turning to Dr. Jones.

''It is simply another case of Bathybius,'' said Dr. Jones decidedly.

''Bathybius! Bathybius!'' said George, as if trying to recall a forgotton association. ''What is Bathybius?''

''One of the myths of science.''

And then George remembered that the name had been mentioned once already by one of the professors when Father Newcome was expatiating eloquently on the marvelous discovery of Dr. Hexham. Father Newcome had never even heard the name; and George although he had ransacked the encyclopedias, was unable to find it. Now that it was mentioned again in connection with the new discovery of life, he was interested.

''What was there of this? I am unable to find it in the encyclopedias or books of science,'' he inquired.

Father Shairp laughed.

''I do not doubt it,'' replied Dr. Jones. ''The man is a fool who permits himself to be led by these will-o-the-wisp experiments or statements.''

''Too late for such advice now!'' said George as if the remark had included him within its scope.

''And too premature had it been offered before,'' rejoined the Doctor, dropping into George's application of the remark to himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Bathybius

"BUT Bathybius! Bathybius! My friend, Father Newcome, never heard even the name."

"No? That is one of the tricks. When a doctrine or a theory has been found out, hustle it out of sight immediately; bury it instanter; let its name never be breathed in the family circle of science, like that of a faithless child who has brought disgrace on the family. Dead, buried, forgotten; that is the line of treatment."

"Well what did Bathybius do? What disgrace did he bring upon the family?" said George, laughing, "Why is his name consigned to eternal oblivion? You seem reluctant to enter on the question."

"Not at all. There is nothing so exhilarating. It is one of the great tragedies of science, as Huxley himself termed such things."

"Yes, the great tragedy of science is when a beautiful theory is slain by a fact," said George, anxious to urge the explanation.

"Exactly; and here was a beautiful, boasted, beloved theory most brutally murdered by a most cruel fact," said Dr. Jones buttoning up his ulster, as the bracing air was becoming keen. Juliet's nurse never uttered 'O heavy day,' half as justly as might science on the fatal day of Bathyby."

"But what was it anyway? A cow, or a plesiosaurus? An ornythorynchus or a camel?" persisted George, whose spirits were rising under the influence of the exercise in the exhilarating atmosphere.

"Shame that you are not acquainted with this famous creature. You confess yourself ignorant of the great things of science."

"It can not be so very great — so great as you want to make it — for I can not find its name even in the encyclopedias, or dictionaries."

"That is what I told you precisely. Great before the tragedy only. But you should be acquainted with all the mythologies, even those of science."

"The myths of other mythologies are still in the books. This is not the case with Bathybius, the greatest myth of science, as you call it. Why are other myths retained in knowledge, while this, the greatest of them, is crowded out?"

"Science should be as proud of her myths as any other realm of fiction."

"Science is not fiction."

"Not always, although speculative science usually is."

"But is it not strange that we find nothing of it in the books?"

"Science has too many myths to be proud of any of them. That is why you do not find it."

"I do not believe there ever was such a thing in existence."

"That is precisely what every one thinks at the present day. There certainly never was such a monster in existence; nevertheless its supposed existence was at one time regarded as the most brilliant decoration on the arm of science — the pride and glory of science — although its glory was short-lived."

"When was its glorious reign?"

"Its star appeared on the horizon when the deep-sea soundings were first taken by naturalists for the laying of the Atlantic cable. It rose in the ascendant very rapidly; its declination was equally rapid."

"It came from the ocean depths, then?"

"Oh dear, yes! That is why Huxley coined for it its beautiful Greek cognomen. It was a merry and a jovial christening of life — not life on the ocean wave, but life far beneath its abysmal depths. It was supposed to be the fountain head of all life."

"What did it look like?"

"It was a slimy mucus found in the bottles in which the deep-sea soundings were sent to England. It aroused the curiosity of the naturalists who at once sagely concluded that they had found something."

"Which they had, of course."

"Yes, the problem was solved, they thought. They had at last discovered THE ORIGIN OF LIFE!"

"Oh! as important as that."

"Yes. The stuff was structureless, you see, like all the protoplasmic matter out of which the lowest animals are formed, and this especially aroused the curiosity of the scientists of a sanguine temperament. Here was something new. Might not the deep sea after all be the vast cradle of organic life? Might it not be that out of the womb of the vast ocean came the teeming myriads of living things on the planet? Were there not here, at the bottom of the ocean, at these abysmal depths, nature's hatching grounds, where she secretly carried on the workings of life hidden from the view of men, until she had been at last discovered in her secret work? Was there not at the bottom of the ocean bed the very spawning ground of life? Here were her hidden processes. The great principle of life rocked in the cradle of the deep. Here she was secretely at work both by night and by day weaving the web of existence for plant and for animal, nature ever seated at her loom and plying her busy shuttle at the bottom of the ocean. How secret were her processes! Yet so it was — or at least so it appeared to be. What was the use of searching for missing links when the secret was out and they found where life really had its beginning and origin? How

opportunely too it came to confirm the Darwinian speculation! Indeed it was so much of a confirmation that men were almost taken off their feet and did not even take the pains to examine too closely. In fact it seemed that its discovery carried with it a sort of providence — only those who thought so did not exactly believe in providence. Here was mother mud deep and fast in the mire, and yet laboring for life and death, day and night, to keep life alive on the planet. If it is glorious to come unawares upon a natural specimen of the animal world at work in its own way how infinitely more interesting to surprise mother nature herself in her bottomless homes, sowing and planting and nursing and watering and tending and cherishing the seedlings of life. Surely life was well worth living. Enthusiasm, enchantment, intellectual fireworks became the order of the day. Even sober-minded men were carried off their feet by the popular enthusiasm; and science in general, drunk with the glories of the new discovery, spoke of it as an accomplished fact that was now incontrovertible. There was glorious enthusiasm at the christening and jubilant shouts that Darwin was vindicated. Every scientist of any note or repute hastened to pay his homage to the new born king of science, and Darwinians were beside themselves with joy at this great and grand generalization — this imposing discovery."

"What part did Professor Huxley assume in the jubilee and hilarity? Was he loud in his demonstrations?"

"He introduced it to the British Association in 1868 amid great enthusiasm and rejoicing, and the jubilee was complete. He conferred upon it its fine, Greek name, became its sponsor and wet nurse!"

"Was the acceptance universal?"

"Universal! It ran like wildfire through the popular literature of science and the conception was hailed like a new revelation — written, however, in oceanic mud this time."

"Did they try any experiments with it?"

"Bless you! experiments, indeed. Imagination was brought into play. Even scientists have imagination — sometimes. They saw wonderful movements in this mysterious slime — did those hardheaded, matter-of-fact, unimaginative, perfectly sober scientists — or they imagined they saw it. Now, it became to their excited imaginations an irregular network. Then they beheld it visibly — unmistakably — altering its form. At least they said they did. Or again someone was ready to lay down his life as the forfeit, if he had not seen entangled granules gradually change their relative positions. Those men who assailed religion for its credulity now saw with their own eyes — what never happened — the workings of this mother slime to supply existence and protoplasmic supplies to the living world at large. These were your scientists — and this was your Professor Huxley."

"And what came of it all, quoth little Peterkin?"

"A man with the true spirit of science, who kept his head amid all the excitement went to sea soon after in her Majesty's good ship, "The Challenger." While all raved and enthused and uttered vain things his sturdy mind never lost its balance. He was neither awed by the authority and majesty of great names, nor by what the owners of those names maintained so stoutly they had beheld with their own eyes. He watched. He waited. He investigated and his patient watching and steady and firm purpose was rewarded."

"Did he discover the thing to be a fake?" asked George, dropping into the vernacular.

"It depends on what you mean by 'fake' — that expressive expression," said the Doctor with a bland smile. "If by 'fake' you mean that the good and precious scientific gentlemen who imagined they discovered it, put up a bluff on the rest of mankind — no. They were as completely sold as the rest of their brethren. They believed what they had seen or imagined they had seen to be the origin of life. It was one of those cases so common in science where the conclusion was

announced to the world long in advance of the evidence. In other words the wish to believe in the new god of science was too strong, and they acted upon the wish. They found that it fitted into the requirements of a preconceived theory admirably, and they took it to their bosom without question. Neither was recommendation of any kind asked for — as sometimes happens in the case of distinguished trans-Atlantic visitors — they bit badly, and were badly bitten in return. Oh! there is as much human nature in a scientist as in other folk — sometimes a little more. This was the language of an old salt whom I talked with on the subject.''

CHAPTER XXIX

A SAVANT'S VERSION

"WHAT did he have to do with the question?"

"Everything. He was a navvy on the Challenger at the time and was witness to the whole performance — even to taking the soundings. His language is picturesque."

"I would like to hear his description."

"I am not sure that it is impossible. He has given up a seafaring life, and is, I believe, at present working here in Yarvale. I believe I know where to find him."

And find him they did. And what was more he proved to be none other than our friend the archaeologist who figured in the Stonefelt discovery. He greeted Dr. Jones with a merry twinkle of his piercing small eyes and entered into the subject willingly and with spirit. He had been, he told them, seven times around the world.

"Yes," he said, when Dr. Jones asked him about his experience, "yes; we wus daily haulin' in bucket afther bucket from the deep say bottoms. The' injin an' th' ropes an' th' pulley wuz a wurrkin' an' a' asquawkin' all day long. I was not able to make out what they wanted so much cowld wather for. Ses I to meself, mebbe they think they'll sthrike an ocean distill'ry. But grog doesn't grow at deep say bottom; you've got t' come t' th' surface t' get it. And, by golly, after a while t' hull of it was dumped overboard again."

"Did you drink any of it?" questioned George.

"An' all th' while" continued the archaeologist, not deigning to notice the interruption — even by a look, "I

noticed they wuz examinin' it with their microsgoats. And what are they lukin' at it so closely for, ses I to meself? Do they expect mebbe to find goold or fire in it? And sure if it's dhrinkin' wather they take it for, and are lukin' for thim little haythin jarms; it's all foolishness. No one'll ever dhrink that wather, barrin' th' ocean takes a notion to shtan' on its head and begorra sometimes you'd think it was wantin' t' do that same. But even if it did, a man would hav' t' be hard dhruv t' dhrink sich salty shtuff. Faix I never saw sich wurrk as they wuz a carryin' on with their microsgoats — an eyein an' an eyein' an' an eyein' of the wather day after day, and finally I axed Mike Kelly what they wuz a' doin' anyway; an' he ses to me, ses Mike — he's a grate scholar, Mike is — 'You know that they sed in Inglind, that there was a life facthory somewheres at the bottom of the say — the place where life was first made and they're a wantin' to see how it's done.' Ye know,' he ses, 'we don't know what life is nor where it comes from; and they think they've found out and want to make sure.' How's that says I. Don't we know where life comes from? And don't we too? There's no hatchery nor incubator needed for life to come when the good Lord wants it. But he says to me — says Mike, 'Ye know how it is wud fire. Ye takes a match and ye scratches it and there you have fire born to order; or as it was afoor the time of matches. You take flint and y' take shteel and ye shtrike and ye have fire; and they think that mebbe it's the same with life. The haythins. Cudn't I tell 'em that life was something different, that fire and earth and air may be all blood relations, but life is another thing and comes only from Him who made the fire and air and water and earth."

"You are quite a philosopher, perhaps a scientist," said George.

"You may well say that," was the rather unexpected reply. "Some need to be a philosopher and some need to be a scientist these times when those who pretend both the one

and the other are neither. A philosopher is one who knows the truth when he sees it, and a scientist is one who thinks he knows it but does not; and some does not believe all he sees and that is how it is with me. But it did surprise me to see them acting in that way with the say wather.''

''But what did Mike Kelly tell you about it?''

''He said the skientists thought that there was something in the wather down there that looked to them like the frog's spawn of life, that they were sure of it, and there was no doubt about it, and they gave it some kind of an Irish name — Pat Hibbyis, I think it was, he said they called him.''

George laughed outright at this Hibernicization of the fine Greek name Bathybius; it came so unexpectedly. The archaeologist perceived it and with a knowing wink, he said, ''Yes, I suppose he was some relation of that Irishman in the Old Testament, Mac Hibbyus, that told us about Purgatory, but he dropped the 'Mac.' ''

''What do you mean?'' asked George, completely puzzled by this linguistic excursion.

''Oh! lots of them drop the 'O' and the 'Mac.' ''

''And what did this Irishman—this Pat Hibbyis do?'' he inquired.

''Why he did what no Irishman ever did before or after him. He was supposed to turn his Maker adrift and give life himself. The Irish can do a great many things when the Inglish aint luckin'; but I never heard of an Irishman putting his Maker out of a job; though he does often give Him plently to do and to spare, to keep him out of mischief.''

''Well what did they find out with the microscopes about this Irishman of yours — Pat Hibbyis?''

''Begorra they couldn't find him at all at all. He was shy about coming into the bucket I suppose. The distance to the top was far and he probably was afraid of falling out before he reached the top and being swallyed by the big

fishes. He was safer at the bottom, at least so it seems he thought, for he wouldn't bite."

"Well how did they ever find out about him?"

"You know an Irishman has a strong wakeness for the bottle and they thought they'd catch him this way — and begorra they did. Pat couldn't resist the temptation when they let down a bottle to him and up he come."

"Came up with the bottle eh? The bottle was the best bait for Pat."

"True for you; whenever you want to catch an Irishman just tickle him with the bottle; he can't resist it. But the singular part of it was that Pat was found not clinging to the bottle but in it."

There was a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"But that was not the strangest part of it. When they did finally get him they found him doing precisely what they expected and what the savvies at home said he would be doing — making life."

"How do you account for that phenomenon," inquired George.

"How do I account for that phenomathaun is it?"

"Begorra I don't account for him nohow nor thry to. But one thing I'm thinking and it is: There are few things an Irishman with a bottle can't do; and when he gets into the bottle I wouldn't be surprised to hear that he was able to oust the Almighty Himself and undertake to do his work for Him. He does some strange things when the bottle gets into him."

"Then you say that he or they did actually find the origin and process of life operated by an Irishman, named Pat Hibbyis. This proved the contention of the philosophers and scientists at home did it not?"

"Musha thigginthu! Have you Yankees no brains at all, at all? Don't you know that the sages and savants at home claimed that this thing which they thought was the beginning

of life was found at the bottom of the say — they called it by something that sounded like Pat for first name — and they swore it could be found anywhere at the bottom of the say; but nary a find could the Challenger people find it. It looked like a kind of a challenge between thim and us. They kep' a sending' of it to us from Jermyn St. day after day and we kep' a sendin' to them of say wather without any Pat in it whatever. And at last when they began to get tired pumping and drawing the wather and examin' it with the microsgoats and a findin' nothin' but salt wather, they said 'let us thry the bottles.' They wuz a goin' to let down the bottles when I said, said I, what's the gud in letting down the bottles to the bottom of the say? It's hard wur'rk and thin its harder pullin' them up again, and all you get for your thrubble is salt wather. Why can't we fill them with salt wather here and see whether this Irishman Pat Blazes or Pat Hibbyis makes his appearance? The bottle will fetch him if he's there at all; whether it's at the bottom of the say or at the top. 'Go ahead;' ses Mr. Murry—and I fills the bottle with the wather outside the bulkhead. I saw Mr. Murry a squintin' at it, and quick as lightnin' he pulls out his microsgoate and glances at it for tin seconds about and he yells, 'Be gob ther's Pat Hybbyis'. I knowed I'd fetch the spalpeen with the bottle, said I, and that it would be useless labor to go fishing for him at the bottom, that he'd come to the top just as well when he's out of the bottle. Let him do the thravellin' and save me the pullin' and haulin' and it was no joke eyther that pullin' and haulin.' But anyway there we had our Pat as pat you plase."

"But this only proved your adversaries' contention" maintained Father Shairp still insisting.

"Ah, Father; how simple you are. You know very well those spalpeens that wor thryin' to get rid of their Maker by hook or by crook and wor ready to swear to anything in the name of science and haythinism for that purpose, wanted to make b'lieve that this here factory was at the bottom of the

say and that down in the deep shlime and mud was hidden the saycret of life, and here it comes out at the top.''

''But the water had come from the bottom,'' objected Dr. Jones, still trying to bother the navvy.

''True for you that came from the bottom. But it didn't take us long to get it from the bottom and from the top and from the top and from the bottom again; and top or bottom it was the same.''

''How was that?''

''When it came in pails or buckets there were no traces of Pat, whether it came from the surface or from the deeps; when it came in bottles it was Pat always whether it was raised in the bottles or whether it was poured into them after being raised; no matter whether it came from a depth of one foot or one thousand feet.''

''There must have been some magic in the bottles — there always is.''

''There you have it. No; I was wrong. When we used bottles that were fresh from the factory, there was no Pat; when we used bottles that had been imptied of their contents — usually wine or liquor, there sure enough was our good friend, Pat Hibbyis. You see the Irishman smelled the liqor every time; for every time there he was.''

''That was something quite marvelous.''

''Nothing marvellous for an Irishman to smell liquor, when it was around was it?''

Dr. Jones laughed.

''Well anyway, this shlimy shtuff they called Pat Hibbyis and which they said was the origin of life proved to be nothing else but a mixture of sperrits of wine or liquor and say wather; and it stands to reason that if it was, you can mix the liquor and sea wather at home withut going to the bottom of the say at all like Mr. McGinty; only I do be thinking it would be a wilful and a wicked waste to mix good liquor with bitter salt water, or even with clane fresh wather for the

matter of that. But it knocked them haythin fellers higher'n Mickey Gilroy's kite anyhow; for it showed that there is no life factory at the bottom of the say at all. It knocked all their hatcheries and incubators into glory.''

''I should rather say that it knocked all the glory out of them.'' said Father Shairp thoughtlessly.

''Oh, then your rivrince knew about it all the while. In fact I think I could make a life factory myself here at Yarvale if I only had the matayrials. And there's plenty of say wather'' he added roguishly scanning the features of Father Shairp, ''But maybe your rivrince is a timprince man. Ther's lots of good Irishmen that is. An' I meself am a black taytotler since I tuk the pledge from the grate Father Mathew.''

And the jolly tar and archaeologist touched his hat jauntily to Father Shairp, ignoring George and the doctor utterly, and walked to the other side of the street to hail his trolley car for home.

''There,'' said Dr. Jones, to George, ''you have in picturesque language, the whole story of Bathybius. It was not easy for one unacquainted with the facts to follow the fellow through all his dry conceits and whimsical drollery (he is one peculiar type of Irish wit or rather dry humor;) but even he, with his little knowledge of the great sciences which make men so famous, was able to grasp all the weakness and absurdity of the situation and laugh heartily at the mistakes of great men and renowned scientists.''

''The story was practically as he gave it then?''

''Essentially so. John Murray was the scientist in charge on the Challenger. He had doubts and grave ones too, about the identity of the famed Bathybius — Pat Hibbyis! What a conceit! (and Dr. Jones laughed heartily at the recollection.) He noticed that the deep-sea soundings never had any traces of this mother mud or mother slime. This wonderful matrix, supposed to roll at the bottom of the ocean on

her vasty couch, was never visible. It always came from London. An accident one day solved the problem. Some one, by accident or design, poured some sea water into a bottle which contained some spirits of wine, when, lo! Bathybius, the new god of the scientific world, appeared in all his glory. It was the alcohol and sea water combined that gave him birth. Talk about Thetis and her slippers! The mixture produced a chemical precipitate of sulphate of lime, and — Bathybius sank to the bottom of the ocean, as well as of history and science, into irredeemable disgrace. It would be a difficult matter to get any of the great scientists of the age, who staked their faith on this new discovery to converse on the subject to-day. Whenever you find that one of them is boring you on the subject of evolution, merely introduce the subject by way of inquiry and the effect is magical—your bore disappears instantly. I wish we had as easy a way of ridding ourselves of ants; they are becoming very annoying."

"How was it that men were so credulous? It was ridiculous."

"Why is it that men believe any nonsense which suits their fancy on any subject? They believed it, swallowed it whole, asked no questions, and all because they thought it confirmed the Darwinian hypothesis. But let me tell you one thing. If it had been religion that was detected in so ridiculous a blunder, the world would never have heard the end of it."

George nodded his assent to this statement.

"But that is not all," Dr. Jones continued. "We would all be obliged to accept the doctrine of Bathybius to-day and regarded as medievalists — or worse, if we demurred, had not Sir John Murray had the courage and perception and sound sense to go to the bottom of Bathybius and prove it false."

George groaned audibly.

"There is still another corollary to all this," pursued Father Shairp. "It is that in all probability there are scien-

tific doctrines forced down our throats to-day, equally false, equally absurd, and equally ridiculous as our friend Bathybius, simply because the proof of their absurdity is not quite so patent as was that of our friend Bathybius.''

''It is quite evident,'' conceded George at last, ''that every question in speculative science should be challenged peremptorily and made to give an account of itself. All speculative theories should be made to show their verification papers and passports before they are admitted into the ranks of accepted explanations or take their places in text books.

''There is need of policemen in the world of scientific thought if anywhere at all events,'' said Father Shairp. ''People should not be too rash in taking to their bosoms all the brilliant doctrines that are broached, just because they have the sanction of the great names in science.

''And Professor Huxley fathered such an absurdity as this! No man's judgment — or honesty — is to be relied upon where his fancy and prejudices are interested,'' George continued to murmur to himself all the way home.

CHAPTER XXX

A Modernist and Radium

ON FATHER NEWCOME'S return from the west, out of deference to George's friendship for him, Father Ramsay had invited a few special friends to meet him at the Rectory, including Dr. Pembroke, Dr. Jones, who happened to be visiting in town, and other distinguished personages. Father Shairp who had learned something of the leanings of Father Newcome, made a special resolution that he would restrain his sallies, and had covenanted with his tongue that it should utter no sarcasm during the evening.

After dinner the company adjourned to Father Ramsay's study and the conversation had turned on the sick lady to whom Dr. Strong, a specialist, had just been paying a professional visit, and thence turned again from the lady to her illness, and the cause of her illness, and last of all, the cause of the cause of all this — George's apostasy.

"The touching and deplorable feature of it all, is," said the physician, "that it will not be lasting. But it will have done its deadly work just the same; and then the scales will fall from George's eyes and he will see."

"But that will be all too late for any relief or benefit to his mother?" inquiringly suggested Father Shairp.

"Save and except the joy among the angels over one sinner doing penance. She will be the most joyous of the angel throng."

"Can nothing be done to prolong her life even until then? You seem to think that the time until his return will be short."

"Who can administer to a mind diseased? There is where the malady is seated. No drugs can reach the spirit."

"Physically she does not seem to fail rapidly."

"But the canker is at the core — and it is eating very rapidly, it is but a question of a very brief space."

"Since her time can not be prolonged, could not George's awakening be hastened? What a pity it can not come in time to give her the consolation of leaving the world with the knowledge that her lost sheep had been led back to the fold! Could you not do something with George?"

"No. It would be wrong and rash to hurry it; perhaps dangerous. In my opinion it is best not to force those things. From my slight acquaintance, I should say George's mind is not a specimen of hothouse plant that will stand forcing the date of its bloom."

"If she could only have the satisfaction of knowing that it is coming for certain — even after her death — it would assuage the agony of her dying hour."

"Mrs. Edwards understands that more fully than you or I. She is as certain of it as if she had had a divine revelation on the subject. She seems to be a most extraordinary woman both in her capacity for suffering and in her intuitions."

"I have always noticed that. With most people those intuitions of hers would pass for visions or revelations or something from the unseen world, but she never thinks of regarding them as anything extraordinary."

"She is certainly a most gifted and holy — yes, privileged — soul. I firmly believe she is certain of George's return — as certain as if she had seen it taking place," said Father Ramsay, speaking for the first time.

"Strange that such a woman should have such a son; the one the personification of faith, the other the impersonation of doubt," said Dr. Pembroke.

"Another case of Monica and Augustine," said the

physician," and the sequel will be a replica of theirs—with Monica in the other world, however."

"Then you think there is no hope of George's immediate return?" asked Father Shairp.

"No. This is the history of doubt in human souls. Manly souls often imagine there is a principle at stake in clinging to their errors, even when they are discovered to be errors. They are quick enough to embrace error without a thought of weighing the question at issue properly. But when it comes to a question of return, they are different. They think they are strong, when they are only stubborn. They imagine they are clinging to a principle."

"Besides the novelty of the situation does not wear off so easily," said Father Shairp mildly.

"The delusion must grow to its fulness like a cataract on the eye, and only then can a cure be effected."[1]

"Yes," said Father Shairp, breaking slightly through his restraint, "They must first swell with intellectual pride and feel the glorious sensation and intoxicated pleasure of imagining that they are towering above their fellowmen, above the ignorant, the uneducated, the unscientific, the rabble."

No one made comment.

"But why do they not open their eyes before? Even puppies, blind as they are, open their eyes in nine days," added Father Shairp, forgetting the covenant he had made with his tongue that it should utter no sarcasm.

"The intellectual animal remains blind for more than nine days, Father Shairp. Of course many of them are not really blind at all. But for those who are, there is nothing but wonder and rapture and increasing — ever-increasing admiration up to a certain period. This corresponds exactly to the period of their supreme contempt for the rest of the world. It is during this period that they give vent to their sneers and sarcasms, that their haughtiness becomes intoler-

[1] This theory seems to be now abandoned by specialists.

able, that their vauntings and boastings become fulsome and nauseating, and that their language is interlarded with such phrases as 'the intellectual man,' 'the man of science,' 'we have outgrown superstition,' 'an age that is guided by reason alone,' 'scientific methods applied to all departments of knowledge,' 'the splendor of scientific truth,' and so on to the end of the chapter. These phrases all belong to the period of assent.''

Dr. Strong paused as if contemplating the absurdity of it all.

''And then?'' suggested Father Shairp, who was fast beginning to effervesce under this stirring language.

''And then'' continued Dr. Strong, ''comes the great disillusioning. The omniscient novice in science — neophyte and catechumen as he has been — begins to perceive that the countless questions which have been engaging his attention, and because of which he has forsaken Christianity—rejecting its views upon these points — are not solved, as he foolishly thought they were, by the scientific methods. The answers are as far off as ever. He discovers that his tapeline of science is no longer than the rejected tapeline of religion which he has contemptuously flung aside — not even as long — although at first he thought it was going to reach around the universe. He begins to discover that instead of widening his intellect he has only narrowed it; that instead of bringing order out of chaos, as he had expected, he has merely made a chaos worse confounded; that his key to the mysteries of the universe and human life in particular will not open any new door — nay will not open to a solution of any of his own personal problems for him. He then becomes disgusted with the intellectual world, is very humble, wanders around the entire circle of doubt, becomes, perhaps, a universal sceptic, even a cynic; learns in his wanderings that all the world's solutions of its own problems have been dismal failures; that the new solutions are for the most part old; that man, with all

his advancement and progress of which he boasts so much, is not even capable of inventing an error or absurdity that was not invented thousands of years ago — ever since man had the privilege of constructing error for himself. At last it begins to dawn on him — if he have the grace to grasp it — that the religion which, in his pride and disdain he flung aside is the only agency that offers anything like a solution that is supported by reason. All others unlock a chamber here or there, the contents of which contradict the disclosures in the next, and so on to the end. He realizes that religion alone can harmonize the discordants and bring a meaning out of the whole; that it alone can give an answer to man's countless questions. He has bought his experience — bought it dearly; but when he realizes this he retraces his steps humbly; the beauty of the Christian solution breaks upon his mind with a new light and he admires now more than he had before doubted. Even the difficulties and mysteries in the Christian solution begin to appear reasonable; for he realizes the limitations of man's power and how reasonable it is that he can not grasp everything; that as Locke somewhere says: 'It is folly for us to quarrel with our intellects because they are too feeble to grasp everything; we are not big enough to grasp everything.' He then begins to understand that it is the old Edenic curse that has been upon him all the while — the thirst for impossible knowledge — which he could not understand even if given to him — the endeavor to achieve the impossible by bribe and promise — the old delusion and temptation of the evil one 'Ye shall be as gods,' that has been the cause of his wretched detour. It will be so with George, I have little doubt. His mind is candid, open, honest; and no false pride will hold him back."

"That is the real danger. So many have the pride of De Lammennais, so few the humility of Fenelon," replied Father Ramsay with much feeling.

"A real lover of truth will take the path of Fenelon. It

costs much without doubt; but it is better to be right than to be a false philosopher; this so-called scientific truth, is simply a glow of phosphorous. I am speaking from experience. I have travelled round the entire circle like Lacordaire, Ozanam, Louis Veillot and the rest. But love of truth and humility are the great vanquishers of intellectual pride.'' There was a slight tremor in the doctor's voice.

''What remedy would you apply?''

''Many remedies,'' broke in Father Shairp. ''First a stiffening of the backbone among our men of influence. Take our Catholic scientists and professors and give them a few lessons in the strengthening of the spinal vertebrae, for one thing.''

''Why, what reason is there to find fault with them?'' asked Father Ramsay instantly.

''Good heavens! A hundred reasons,'' said the physician. ''First they should have some knowledge of the subjects at issue. Then they should not be so weak and toadyish and cowardly in the presence of these questions as though they were begging for clemency. They allow themselves to be awed and cowed and bullied by the big names of science — save the mark; by the very sound of the names. Then they are as apt to pick up the wrong views in science and philosophy as anybody else, some of them even more so. They are apt to let themselves be frightened by the shibboleths of the scientific world such as intellectuality of the age; the progress of our day, and such claptrap; and they are always ready to make a rush for the scientific bandwagon while they are all the time scheming and plotting and planning as to how they can make the church realize that she can only conserve her best interests by compromising with the claptrap of the times. How many of them do you find taking up the cudgels against the mistakes of the age. On the contrary they will coquette with them and undertake to show that all the modern vagaries can be harmonized with the

teachings of the church; and worst of all, if you undertake to take up the cudgels yourself — for want of a better champion, ten to one you will have to fight not one of the enemy but one of these advanced gentry who will take the opposite side against you, when all the while he is showing his ignorance of the subject he undertakes to discuss — yes, even those of some standing are apt to utter a caveat. 'And if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?' "

"Many of these scientific errors would have dropped out of sight long ago but for some of our Catholic scientists who insist upon galvanizing them into life again, much to the disgust of many real scientists who would rejoice to see them decently buried," interposed Father Shairp.

"That is rather a severe arraignment, Father Shairp; hardly, I think, you will pardon me, justified by the facts."

"No one has a better right to know than I have. I have been assailed in exactly the same way myself. And the beggar — he was a lay professor — knew so little about what he was talking about, that he candidly admitted that he went to the enemy for his opinions. He had evidently been overawed by the big names and swallowed the teachings whole without ever studying the subject."

"I remember the instance very well; Father Shairp, I retract humbly. The facts do justify you in that case."

"And it would be the same in ten thousand cases. Good Heavens!" Father Shairp was now wholly unleashed and forgot all his covenants. The others enjoyed it too much to interfere, and he now took the lead in the conversation. "Good heavens!" he cried; "Who stands up to defend the church's doctrine on these questions? What stand do our institutions of learning — our Catholic institutions — take on these important subjects? Where do our colleges and universities stand on the question of Biblical criticism? Where on the so-called scientific questions? Where do you find a voice raised on behalf of an intellectual church as against a

false science? It is all like Balaam's prophecy, quite the other way — a whining plea for the church not to hamper the glorious intellects. Faugh! Cowards, all, are they — without knowledge, without science, without faith, without spinal column, seeking after the soft side of life and permitting their rights and their faith to go by default."

"Why do you not do something yourself in defence of the truth?" asked Father Ramsay.

"Ten to one if I did attempt anything of the kind — supposing that I were capable — the magazines would be like the teachers. They would look upon it as obsolete to defend the church against modern views. I would probably get a polite note with my returned manuscript, telling me to catch up with the times, that we were nearing the twentieth century, not the tenth. Or if they happened to be captivated by the literary style, as, of course, they must" he interjected with a wink, "and so led to print it, the odds are that the editor would append or prefix a note announcing that he was not responsible for the views contained in the article — such things have happened to me already. They are all one — all the same — magazines, professors, editors, teachers, — all so frightened by the modern claptrap that they are intent upon one point only; viz.: to reconcile the church and revelation with the results of modern thought. That is the great —"

CHAPTER XXXI

A Misapprehension and its Sequel

"YES, Father; that is the great question. That is the great work of the learned men of today," said Father Newcome — who had just entered in time to hear the latter part of Father Shairp's remarks — wholly mistaking the connection, however. He had just returned from a call to the parlor and entered in time to hear the concluding words of Father Shairp's remarks: "they must unfailingly do something to reconcile the church with the results of modern thought. This is the great" —; he wholly misunderstood Father Shairp's position. Poor man! He did not dream that he was sitting hatching a stick of dynamite in this instance and had foolishly stooped to peck at it.

"Yes," he repeated unctuously. "The genius who can do this has a double crown of immortality awaiting him — an immortal crown of glory in heaven, and an immortal wreath to deck his name in the annals of the church."

Father Newcome had innocently courted his fate.

"What are the results of modern thought?" exploded Father Shairp in a voice of thunder while lightning flashed from his eyes.

Ordinarily the question would have aroused all the fire in him; but in the present instance the situation was aggravated by the supposition that the speaker was mocking him and took up the subject to tantalize — in other words, had taken him up deliberately on the question.

The newcomer, innocent of the situation and completely bewildered by the fierceness of Father Shairp with whom he regarded himself in unison, simply repeated his remark.

"Yes," he innocently repeated, "that is the great work — to reconcile the church's position with the results of modern progress."

The repetition of the insult, as Father Shairp regarded it, completely exasperated him. At best he was not inclined to be merciful or lenient on this subject.

"What are the results of modern thought with which the church must needs take the trouble to reconcile herself?" he fairly roared in a single breath, almost in a single word; and that word seemed shot out of a cannon, it came with such force and fierceness.

Father Newcome was fairly staggered and either could not for the moment collect his thoughts or could not express them. He began to suspect his mistake.

"What is the result of modern thought to which you allude?" Father Shairp again repeated a little less explosively, it is true, but with a determination of opposition which there was no mistaking. Voice, look, eye, face, gesture — all seemed to show that he was ready to devour the hapless adventurer, who had the hardihood to oppose him.

Father Ramsay looked at Dr. Pembroke, and Dr. Pembroke looked at Father Ramsay, and the other guests all exchanged significant glances.

All looked at Father Shairp. If his antagonist proved worthy of his mettle, it was manifest there was going to be a battle royal; for it was quite evident that Father Shairp never was seen in better disposition for an intellectual duel.

Father Newcome looked a little nervously at his opponent. He was beginning to perceive that he had made a mistake in supposing that the conclusion of Father Shairp's remark which he had heard on entering meant that the formidable looking individual with the bellicose air was on his side of the question. If his words had not been uttered already they would hardly have been uttered in the light of his newer understanding of the question. However, he realized that the

thrice-repeated question called for an answer, and with some hesitation and timidity apparent in his voice and manner, he said somewhat vaguely:

"Every one knows the modern objections against religion; it is not necessary to repeat them here."

"But it is," came the answer like lightning. "If we are going to reconcile a crazy old church with that claptrap phrase 'the results of modern thought'—whatever that may mean—it is necessary to know what may be the points of difference. Again, therefore, I ask what are the results of modern thought with which the teachings of the church are at variance?"

"It is unnecessary I am sure to repeat them to you, good father, you certainly know the points at issue as well as I do."

"I don't know what you know; but I do know that I do not know of any points of Christian belief that need reconciliation with any *truth* of modern research"—and he laid particular emphasis on the word truth.

Father Shairp was more placid now; but his frown was still terrible. His opponent was still silent.

"There is implied in your statement of the task, and your eulogy of the hero who may be foolish or fortunate enough to attempt and accomplish it, an assumption that the task is not as easy one; and that somehow or other the fault is the church's. Has modern thought put the church 'in a hole' as the school boys phrase it?"

"It is very plain," replied Father Newcome, now somewhat recovering his self-possession, "that in the light of our modern knowledge, our views even of religion have changed upon many points."

The fire in Father Shairp's eyes was forked lightning.

"What points of Christian faith—of Catholic faith—have undergone this change, will you be kind enough to inform us?" he inquired in a voice that seemed like iron in its

grating. He was evidently determined to hold his opponent determinedly, doggedly and relentlessly to the logical issues. It was his custom never to permit his opponent to wander a single step from the point at issue. The bulldog's grip on the throat of his adversary was not more unyielding than his grasp on his opponent in his unyielding, exacting logic.

Father Newcome tried to evade the question when thus brought face to face with it in its naked simplicity. The fact was that he was not a little startled at the new light thrown on his own mental attitude by the uncompromising attitude of his opponent. He had never met opposition like this before and his intellectual folly had grown in consequence, but now that it met with a determined opposition he saw how feeble were his lights and on what treacherous ground he was standing. He was one of those who regarded the cause of religion hopeless unless it compromised.

Nevertheless he was willing to throw himself into the breach and save what might be left of religion for the world. He was ready to embark as pilot to Peter's bark and, instead of the successor of Peter, guide it safely through the rocks and whirlpools which were around it on all sides. He had even prepared his own crude nostrum to meet everything. He did not therefore like the question when put in this light, and narrowed down to the point at issue which he regarded as a choice between faith and unfaith. So he answered somewhat evasively:

"That your friend, George Edwards, with such a brilliant intellect, should find it necessary to discard religion in response to the demands of the intellectuality of our day, shows plainly that there must be a difficulty. That he has thrown over religion to follow his belief in science and modern progress, shows how serious are the difficulties and how wide the differences; and how important, nay imperative, is a reconciliation."

It was a home thrust well aimed. Father Shairp admired

the skill of his adversary in making it, just as a skilled hand at tierce admits the skilful play of his adversary. But at the same time he only smiled as he said:

"Your remark is ingenious, my friend, but it will not serve. We are not now discussing the merits or demerits of George Edwards' intellect. When opportunity serves I shall be pleased to discuss that subject with you as also the difficulties of religion which he has encountered. For the present, however, I am arguing with you — not with George Edwards — and it seems to me that a moment ago you expressed an opinion that it is necessary for the church to change her attitude. You must speak for yourself in defence of your position — unless you choose to abandon it. You can not shift the controversy in any way over to the shoulders of George Edwards."

Father Shairp spoke clearly and with a cold ring to his voice like that of polished steel. Every word went deep into the heart of his opponent. He was slow to answer, and Father Shairp continued.

"A strange business, moreover, this would be — this reconciliation of the church whenever one of her sons sees fit to forsake her. A jolly time she would have trying to suit every fancy. But that is not her method. What reconciliation did she attempt at the loss of Origen? Or of Tertullian? Or when England deflected? It is not the business of the church, or any part of her mission, to recast anew her doctrines or any one of them and seek to reconcile them with the follies of the age, or whenever a sage sees fit to question the validity of her views. And regarding our friend, George Edwards. There is no room in his intellect for error to remain long there. Like Augustine or Lacordaire or many another errant son of the church, he will one day again knock at her doors for re-admission and become one of her most brilliant defenders and noblest champions. But you have not yet answered my question, although this is the fifth time I have asked it. You

have not yet told us what are the results of modern thought or science which are antagonistic to the church.''

''The accepted views and beliefs in the scientific world today,'' was the vague reply.

''Oh! this is but vague trifling,'' cried Father Shairp in his old dangerous voice. ''The belief and views of science are legion. Which of them is in conflict with the church, as you say?''

The lightning was coming back to his eyes and the thunder to his voice.

''The whole trend of modern thought and progress. Every new scientific truth; every new discovery.''

Father Shairp was again thoroughly aroused.

''Do the truths of science conflict with the church?'' he asked fiercely, almost savagly.

''Without doubt many of them do.''

The company held its breath. The drop of a feather could be heard.

''What facts of science — proven facts — contradict the church's teachings? Facts, mind you, facts and truths; not guesses.'' The tension in Father Shairp's voice was almost distressing.

Father Newcome was silent.

''Does steam?''

''No.''

''Does electricity?

''No.''

''Does any of its branches? Does telegraphy?''

''No.''

''Does telephony?''

''No.''

''Does the motor car — the automobile?''

''No.''

''Does electric lighting or heating?''

''No.''

"Does wireless telegraphy?"

"No."

"Do the improvements in agricultural and manufacturing processes?"

"No, not that I am aware of."

"Do any of the mechanical inventions of the age or all of them together?"

"I can not say that they do."

"Then will you kindly tell us what are the truths of modern science that discredit Christianity? As far as I am aware these are the principal discoveries and inventions of the present century and the past."

"You have not mentioned any of the discoveries of physical science have you?" inquired Father Newcome quietly.

"I have not, haven't I? What else pray have I been enumerating but the advances in physical science — sometimes called industrial?"

"You have said nothing about biology, or physiology, or astronomy, or paleontology," replied the other with a smoothness that was almost purring in its softness.

Father Shairp turned suddenly and looked him straight in the face, eyeing him with a look that was almost ferocious.

"And what have you to say about these?" he almost savagely inquired. "I thought there was something under all this hesitancy. To quote our Angela a la Patience, 'I thought as much. I thought as much!' "

The confidence of the other was manifestly shaken by the manner in which Father Shairp had met what he regarded as a settler. Indeed he was not quite clear on the points on which any or all of these had discredited Christianity. He had taken in, in a vague way, the popular notion that they had discredited it on many points; but the points he could hardly put his finger on. Haze and generality had blinded him, and he now mentally cursed his carelessness in not

informing himself more accurately. He felt abashed before the confidence of Father Shairp who had evidently made a study of the subject, and he stammered and hesitated.

Father Shairp perceived it and turned it to good account for himself. "Our Champion of Science is not weakening, is he?" he inquired. "A doughty knight in such a noble cause should not permit his courage to ooze out at his fingers' ends. We have not heard how these particular glories of the age, as you regard them, have taken the ground from beneath Christianity. Will you be so kind as to inform us?"

"I supposed that everyone was aware of the truths brought to light in these departments within the last half century." He had evidently supposed that the mere announcement of these would have overwhelmed his antagonist with confusion, and since they did not he felt the embarrassment of his position.

"We must have a bill of particulars in every instance. No rumbling of distant thunder will frighten us from our position. 'Play ball,' good reverend father. Come to the point."

"These sciences have shown many things to be true which the church has been regarding as false, and vice versa."

"Particulars, good father; particulars. No vague or glittering generalities. Nor what is more, no guesses as substitutes for facts. Nothing but proven facts and incontrovertible conclusions. I am somewhat acquainted with the style of warfare made in the name of science and enlightenment by your school."

"Nevertheless the world looks upon the age as one of advancement and enlightenment and one which has outgrown the childish beliefs of Christianity."

"Whe-e-e-e-o-w," whistled Father Shairp, "let us come to close quarters then. (The other shuddered perceptibly) "What has biology proven against the Catholic church?" No reply.

"What has zoology?" No reply.

"What has physiology?" No reply.

"What has astronomy?" No reply.

"What has paleontology?" No reply.

"What has archaeology?" No reply.

"What has all of them put together?"

Father Newcome at last pulled himself together and with what was evidently a great effort, exploded with:

"The facts of paleontology discredit the Mosaic cosmogony, do they not?"

"At last something," said Father Shairp, with evident relief and satisfaction at having performed the miracle of forcing the dumb to speak. "Very well. In what lies the contradiction?"

"The Mosaic cosmogony is wholly obsolete. It can not be made to square with the facts of geology or paleontology."

"With what facts of geology or paleontology?"

"The age of the world, for instance."

Father Newcome was beginning to gain confidence and breathed more freely.

"What does geology and paleontology say about the age of the world?"

"That it must have lasted far longer than Genesis says it has, for one thing."

"But how long does Genesis say the world has lasted?"

"Oh! a matter of some several thousands of years or so. Genesis says it was made with all things in it in six days some six thousand years ago."

Father Shairp turned squarely face to face with Father Newcome, and held his eye firmly in his own: "What does science say is the age of the world?"

Father Newcome was staggered by the suddenness of the question. He did not dream of having the tables turned upon him in this way. It was an easy matter to say that the church contradicted science on this point. But it had never

once occurred to him that science was hardly in a position to ridicule Genesis or anything else, since its own notions about the age of the earth were so wild and vague. The question really startled Father Newcome. Father Shairp was obliged to repeat it.

"The belief of science," replied Father Newcome with embarrassment, "is that the earth must have existed several millions of years."

"Beliefs! Beliefs! thundered Father Shairp, "what has science to do with beliefs? What have we to do with the beliefs of science? Science must repudiate all such things as faith, otherwise it is a failure. It must give only facts or incontrovertible truths — proven beyond question. No, no. In the bright lexicon of science there must be no such word as faith or belief. Fact, truth, proof. This is the language of science. These are the only terms which it can employ without admitting ignominious failure. What does science teach, as certain, regarding the earth's age or duration?"

"Our Catholic scientists admit the beliefs of science on this point —"

"Our Catholic scientists!" impetuously interrupted Father Shairp, re-echoing Father Newcome's words. "Shame on such quibbling! What have Catholic or non-Catholic scientists to do with the question? There are some of the noblest scientists of the age — as there have been throughout all this age of miserable sophistry — who will not commit themselves to any statement on this subject; thus showing plainly that they have little confidence in conclusions of the scientific world — as you call it. They do not oppose it, presumably for the reason that they do not care to draw upon themselves the voice of the scientific rabble. Why then should the church be expected to make a pronouncement upon the subject?"

"But our own Catholic scientists accept this view," he again protested.

"Again shame on such quibbling," cried Father Shairp. "What has a Catholic or a non-Catholic scientist to do with it? I am not aware that a Catholic scientist knows more about the subject than any one else. Are Catholic scientists more infallible in their science than other men? If we are to distrust scientists as your strange distinction implies, I would place just as little faith in the infallibility of Catholic scientists as in that of non-Catholic scientists. If there is a question of juggling with truth at all — and it is your suggestion which insinuates the notion — the fact that the results are approved by a commission of scientists who happen to be Catholics will not help us. It is not a question of what belief, or opinion, or theory, or guess, Catholic Scientists favor or lean towards. It is simply a question of what opinion has been proved true — what opinion has been incontrovertibly demonstrated. Catholic scientists have no charter of infallibility when they enter the realm of guesswork. There should be no such term in scientific nomenclature at all. Again shame on the so-called science which consists in vague pronouncement without any definite statement of fact or truth! But a Catholic scientist is just as apt as anyone to scurry to cover when the shaft of ridicule is pointed at him. I know, however, many scientists who are not Catholics — or even Christians — who smile significantly and shrug their shoulders when they hear of the wonderful results of modern thought."

Father Shairp paused while Father Newcome seemed greatly impressed. "But," continued Father Shairp, as if recollecting himself, "but to return to the subject which we were discussing: what does science say about the age of the earth? What is the age of the earth according to its estimate?"

"Science says it is millions or billions of years."

"Which — and how many millions or billions?"

"It does not say exactly."

"A discrepancy of a million or a billion of years is quite

as important, however, as a discrepancy of some thousands — even a little more so you will admit. Again, therefore, I ask what is the exact age of the earth according to your infallible science?''

''Science does not fix the exact age.''

''But since it is the self-imposed duty of science to teach us these things, is it not a sign of weakness in it not to be able to do its duty. To quote your own words, 'This proves the weakness of the scientific position.' ''

''But it is certain that it is older than six thousand years.''

''And who has contended that it is not? The Church, following St. Augustine, countenanced this opinion long before science even dreamed of it, as we have seen — although the matter was wholly outside her province. But how long does science maintain the earth has been in existence?'' asked Father Shairp, shutting his left eye hard and looking off into space with his right.

''The lowest estimate is about 100,000,000 years, I believe; the highest 30,000,000,000 years'' said Father Newcome in a lofty, pompous, triumphant, scientific manner. ''That is something more than 6,000.''

And exceedingly accurate for a scientific conclusion,[1]'' retorted Father Shairp.

''Let us see,'' he continued, again closing one eye and looking hard at Father Newcome with the other, ''100,000,000 from 30,000,000,000 leaves 29,900,000,000 years—a mere bagatelle. It impresses one wonderfully to think of the dignity and grandeur of a science which can treat with contempt and afford to disregard a trifle of twenty nine billion nine hundred million of years as a thing of no consequence in a matter of scientific conclusion. No wonder science should upbraid the

[1] The sceientific estimates of the world's age given out from time to time differ so widely and wildly, that they are here disregarded, and the figures above are taken from them at random.

church with a beggarly reckoning of a few paltry thousand years when it can afford to fling away in disdain as of no consequence tens of billions of them.''

Father Newcome winced considerably as the inaccuracy of science was made so evident and even grotesque. It really did seem to him, when put in this way, that science might be more exact in its estimates. But he must defend his position.

''You know that the difference in estimates is due to the differences in computation as to how long it has taken the earth to cool,'' he said half apologetically.

''I presume so,'' said Father Shairp with apparent carelessness, ''though it is somewhat of a pity that they did not get a little closer together in their figures. It would make a little better impression on the world's notions about 'exact science.' 29,900,000,000 years in difference is, at least a trifle inexact, you will admit. But,'' he said, swinging around sharply and looking Father Newcome directly in the eye, ''who says the world has been cooling?''

Father Newcome would have laughed outright in derision of the question; but there was something in Father Shairp's look which restrained him..

''Why that is a belief — an accepted belief of all scientists. It is held by scientists of every school,'' he replied with some show of contempt of ignorant non-scientific gentlemen.

''Belief! Belief! Again, belief! Why does science not deal in fact and proof instead of belief?''

''But it is equivalent to a truth. It is almost a certainty'' protested Father Newcome. How incredulous were those men!

''How many scientific perhapses does it take to make a scientific certainty?'' asked Father Shairp rather tantalizingly.

''But this is a truth — almost.''

''Almost!'' echoed Father Shairp. It was his time to adopt the tone of derision. ''But I want to ask you one more

question: "Why did the earth have to cool?"

This time Father Newcome laughed outright in scorn. It was his only reply.

"Supposing the earth has not been cooling at all?" persevered Father Shairp.

Father Newcome now laughed unrestrainedly.

"My dear Father, you are not in earnest I now perceive."

"In earnest," cried Father Shairp. "I was never more in earnest in my life."

Father Newcome's laughter now became contemptuous pity.

"No wonder the intellectual world holds the church in derision;" he said to himself rather than to his hearers. "Why," he said looking around the room to note if there was a look of sympathy in his scorn, "Why, this is as bad as going back to flat-earth and sun-moving times," and the good man was evidently troubled over the ignorance of Father Shairp.

"But supposing it could be shown that the earth has not been cooling at all? What then?"

"My dear Father, you are only trifling;" and Father Newcome made as if he wanted to go.

"I was never more serious in my life."

Father Newcome now watched him narrowly. He evidently began to think that his mind might be unbalanced on the subject, perhaps. Perceiving nothing to justify his suspicion, he said:

"Pray explain your meaning."

"Are you not aware that a recent discovery of science upsets all your millions and billions of calculations of the years of discrepancy?"

"I had not heard of any," he replied with lofty incredulity. He was evidently losing valuable time arguing with this ignoramus.

"Possibly you have heard of Professor and Madame Curie?"

The other nodded an indifferent assent. What could Father Shairp possibly know about them?

"You may have heard that they were on the eve of a most remarkable discovery — the discovery of a new element which they call radium."

"I am not so sure that I have."

"You are not quite as ardent a disciple then as you are an advocate of science. But it is a fact all the same."

"Well?"

"Well the discovery is an actual fact. Our science Club has been in constant uninterrupted correspondence with them."

"Yes?" and Father Newcome began to show signs of interest.

"But yesterday a cable from Madame Currie announced the actual discovery and its far-reaching results. No doubt remains about it and its immense importance to science."

"But what has this got to do with the cooling of the earth?"

"You are not a great student of science or you would know. But I will tell you."

Father Newcome was now beginning to show signs of renewed interest.

"If there has been radium in the sun and radium in the earth there is not and has not been any diminution of heat in these bodies at all."

Father Newcome was now breathing rapidly.

"It has been calculated that if there merely be a fraction of one per cent radium in the sun that almost would make good all the heat lost by the sun annually."

"I do not believe it," bluntly dissented Father Newcome

"Ask your scientists. I am but giving their figures," said Father Shairp quietly — for him.

Father Newcome was manifestly becoming nervous.

"Now if that be the case — and it is an unquestionable,

scientific fact, not a guess or a hypothesis — what shall we say of the cooling of the earth? My dear good father — it has been discovered by Professor and Madame Curie. It is a fact — a certain fact of science. Hence there has been no cooling process at all — and all the vaporing of scientists about the millions and the billions of years which it has taken the earth to cool has been merely hot air. What do you think of your scientific facts now?'' Father Newcome could only answer, ''This is private information; we must wait and see whether it proves true.''

But Father Ramsay went to the door where the newsboy had just deposited the evening Times, and the first news that greeted his eyes, in flaring headlines, was ''Discovery of Radium, etc., etc.

Father Newcome was completely astounded. He had been accustomed in his way to boast of the advancement of the age. He, like a thousand others, had been so dazzled by the splendid progress of the industrial sciences and their wonderful benefit to mankind, that he never paused to reflect or distinguish. It was all science to him. He had not the perception or perspicacity to see that the science that flooded the earth with so many magnificent inventions and discoveries that they changed the face of the world and society, had nothing in common but the name with the science that was continually carping at religion and calling itself intellectual. He had not the perception to discover for himself, that one was the good angel of mankind and the other its evil genius; that the industrial sciences played the part of a fairy godmother to mankind, while speculative science was the scowling and haggard witch that visited the human family with contentions and discords.

Thus, while he boasted like others of the progress of the age, he never took the pains to analyze it. He had been carried along in the whirl of progress. He firmly believed that the church was in conflict with a mighty power, as formidable

in reality as it appeared to be in name; still, at the same time, he had great faith in the church and in religion, and never doubted but that in the long run the church would be able to give a good account of herself when it came to a question of settling up scores and balancing probabilities. What he raged against was the indifference with which the church seemed to view forces which he foolishly imagined to be real, and made no effort to reconcile herself with them. He took all the boasted glories for fact and supposed that much that was mere conjecture — and flimsy conjecture at that — was scientific truth. He had read and absorbed so much of the scientific brag and bluster of the last half century that he was of opinion that Darwin had thrown a wonderful light on the origin of things, and that Darwin's theory joined to that of La Place had actually brought us face to face with what was really the origin of the earth at least, and of the living things upon it. He had been completely browbeaten by the arrogance and intolerances of the noisy, blatant school that was known as the gong-men of science. He was not a little impatient that the church had not at once jumped at the Mivartian hypothesis as the solution of the difficulty, and as the basis of reconciliation between science and religion. He never doubted but that science had laid up in her treasury as much coined scientific truth as she made boast of. He had, in a word, supposed that the time had long gone by for questioning the boasts of science on many points claimed by her, and that the church was losing precious time in not offering to it the olive branch of peace.

He was therefore thunderstruck at his opponent's position, at the close-knit logic, at the invincible argument, at the manner in which all of his own home thrusts (as he regarded them) were met or parried, at the manner in which all his fine redoubtable artillery was silenced at the trigger, and at the extraordinary preponderance of logic on the side of religion, when things were viewed in the light in which Father Shairp

had placed them. He was able to perceive that all the logic was on the side of Father Shairp while on his own, there seemed to be merely the weight of opinion. And he asked himself which was weightier, weight of opinion or weight of logical argument. He felt keenly his own inability to defend his side, and realized that in conflict with logic, opinion had but little weight. For the first time in his life he felt that to take a stand aganst religion on mere opinion makes science ridiculous; and for the first time also he realized the force of the retort that until science will have reached the last point of possible knowledge she is merely guessing, since she knows not but that some day a discovery will be made which will upset all her theories.

On these grounds he felt that it would be folly to put forward the Darwinian hypothesis as one part of the scientific criticism of the church, especially with a controversialist who knew how to use his weapons as skilfully as Father Shairp. With others whom he could overawe by the glamour of scientific names this might succeed. But never with such a fierce, powerful, uncompromising antagonist as this man showed himself to be.

But above all was he stunned by having the ground cut from under his feet by the consequences of the discovery of radium. It was at once a moral, intellectual, and scientific earthquake for him. He had regarded the cooling of the earth as the very Gibralter of science, and now it was heaving beneath his feet. What theory of science could he now regard as fixed? None. His only hope was that it was all a bad dream — that he would wake and discover it so to be. All these theories of science had been to him as household gods, for half his life time; and now they all came tumbling down before this terrible antagonist. He feared to defend another theory before this dreadful man who might put them to ridicule and thus give them the reverse of a euthanasia. He therefore frankly said:

"Father Shairp, I perceive you are a man who has given this matter some study, more in fact than I have done. You have evidently given it much thought and I do not wish to argue or discuss the matter further with you. I shall place your views before some of my professionally scientific friends and some day may report to you the result," and he reached out his hand to Father Shairp as if to cement the truce, but quite as much as a pledge of good faith and friendly regard.

"You are quite right nevertheless, my good friend," rejoined Father Shairp, "in declaring that there is an antagonism between the church and the results of modern thought and progress" (he looked rather quizzically at his companion)—there was not a trace of the lion in him now—or of vehemence—even his companion began to wonder if, after all, this strange antagonist had not been feinting all along, playing a part and assuming a role which was not his by nature, or if there was not as ardent a scientist concealed under his severe demeanor, as there was in open evidence, a specimen member of the church militant. But Father Shairp smilingly added:

"The results of modern science are *toto coelo,* assuredly, opposed to the church. But what are the results of modern science?" he asked earnestly, and resuming some of his whilom fierceness. "I will tell you, my friend. The most evident results of modern progress are intellectual pride, intellectual dishonesty, moral and material dishonesty, libertinism, free thought (in all the foolish sense of the term;) vagaries of intellect in the regions of philosophy, science and religion; arrogant claims and pretensions which are based on emptiness; looseness of thought, and laxity of morals; disbelief in God, in His Church, in His Providence, in His existence, in a Supreme Being; in virtue, in morality, in social uplifting. These and a thousand other like things are the result of modern thought, of modern progress, and modern science. Hence you and I thoroughly agree in the opinion that there is—that there

must necessarily be — an antagonism between modern progress and the Church. But I am sure you and I also agree on the fact that there could not be anything else than antagonism, and that any foolish attempt at reconciling these elements so essentially hostile can be nothing short of midsummer madness. A harmony of such opposites is what neither you nor I desire."

"This is a view which I had not taken before of the matter, but that was not precisely what I meant," said Father Newcome, evidently greatly impressed.

"No, not at all; but nevertheless it is true. But I have mentioned all this to show you the slovenliness and inexactness of the thought that is outside the church, and in use in the very world that brazenly accuses Christianity of inexactness and slovenliness. It is the old cry of the thief, 'Stop Thief!' to avert suspicion from the caller. What our modern enemies mean when they make use of these high sounding expressions is not that science has been able to boast of any discoveries and knowledge which are actually in conflict with the church or hostile to her beliefs—much as science would wish this—but that there are supposed to be discoveries and knowledge and so forth (which in reality, are but guesses and surmises and theories and hypothesis) which are actually hostile to the church. They will not — they can not — they dare not — however, call these things modern knowledge, though they would fain do so; for knowledge it positively is not, nothing but mere guess and theory based more or less on supposed facts — the facts themselves not always genuine, always hazy, and if anywhere with a semblance of truth, lending no color whatever to the erroneous theories which are foolishly founded upon them. And when the facts themselves are clearly genuine, they are usually explicable in many other ways than by the extravagant guesses with which they are associated. They are by no means so formidable or so critically destructive of religious beliefs when we overcome our fear and look them

straight in the face. A little of the light of destructive criticism turned on the so called scientific results of the present day would, in my humble opinion, create a panic among the ranks of the apostles of modern progress and doubt. The very best service a scientific physician could bestow on the world of science to-day would be to treat it to a taste of its own medicine. It would be a great treat to the world at large also; for the insincerity and duplicity of the scientific world, with its intellectual boasting, has had a disastrous effect on the human mind, and has demoralized the world at large; so that chicanery, duplicity, false assumption, and unwarranted pretence are the law of the world to-day, in society, in commerce, in politics, aye, almost in religion.''

Father Newcome was somewhat overawed; and indeed he looked greatly bewildered. Absolutely helpless he was — and looked. His only resource was to conjure up before his mind the vision of Professor Blank in whom he had the utmost confidence for his unerring and invincible wisdom.

Father Shairp continued however.

''The worst scourge of the world to-day and the worst enemy of the church is not infidel and foolish science, inept though it be. This will fall of its own weight. But it is that portion of the Christian world which coddles an atheistic science and philosophy, and which surrenders everything to it without striking a blow — milksops like Ellsmere in the hands of the so-called learned squire, who yield judgment, reason, intellect — all, not to the reasoning of the squire, but to the awe of his estate and the imposingness of his library — the modern Jericho falling at the mere sound of the shouts of science so-called. It all reminds one of the exorcisms of the Indian savages expelling the evil spirit of religion out of the ministers of the Gospel. All must yield without a blow. Peter's denial of his master at the challenge of a serving woman was heroism compared with such conduct. They abandon religion at the mere challenge of science and never

stop to examine whether they are not fleeing from a phantom. And they are not all outside the church either."

"I was not aware that Catholics had betrayed their faith," replied Father Newcome bridling a little.

But Father Shairp was merciless.

"And what have you been doing all this time, my good father, but impugning my faith and yours?" he inquired with an air that sent a thrill through Father Newcome. "But you are not the only one. Here is a sample culled as a gem from the lecture of a Catholic priest to the world at large. Listen: 'Catholics generally have got to make up their minds on the problem of reconciling the fruits of the twentieth century civilization with their faith.' " He flung down the volume which he had picked up. "Now what does he mean? The fruits of twentieth century civilization, mind you! What are the fruits of twentieth century civilization with which our faith needs reconciliation? Does he mean that there are any facts of science or that there is any real incontrovertible knowledge on the scientific side of the world which contradicts our faith? If he means this, why does he not say so? If, on the other hand he means such fruits and results as I have been pointing out — doubtful in origin and application — why does he wrap them up in mysterious phrases and talk oracularly about them? The fact is that it is the cowardly surrendering to mere sounding phrases and the foolish echoing of them that makes apostates, by making it appear that there is really something which needs to be reconciled. But rest assured, good father, that had infidel or atheistic science had in its possession any 'twentieth century fruits' antagonistic to the Catholic faith, it would not have slept before it had conveyed the intelligence to the world."

A ring from the telephone close by startled the company and broke up the conversation. After a series of "Hello's" and "Yes's" and then an interview at the telephone, Father Ramsay turned to the company and said: "An explosion has

occurred at the Johnson foundry and James Geehan is dangerously injured.'' Father Shairp jumped up instantly and ran for the door. In vain did Father Ramsay call to him that he himself would go. He was beyond hearing. A few moments later they heard the front door close with a bang and beheld the stalwart form of the young athlete — intellectual as well as muscular — bounding down the cement walk to the street. He trotted rather than walked to the sidewalk.

CHAPTER XXXII

After the Battle

FATHER NEWCOME turned to Father Ramsay. "That is a very remarkable young man. I did not think there was a priest in the United States so well posted on scientific subjects or who had such a grasp of the scientifico-religious problem. Whee-e-e-o-ow. And what a remarkable turn for logic!"

Father Ramsay and Dr. Pembroke both smiled while they exchanged significant glances.

"My dear father" said Father Ramsay, "There is one of the most remarkable young men of the day. I would like to see one of your professional scientific apostles in his presence for about two hours."

"What a pity that he should be hidden away here in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, attending to sick calls and the like. Such shining lights should not be hidden under a bushel."

"Rather what a blessing" replied Father Ramsay. "His being sent here is one of the special providences of our day, little as we are accustomed to believe in them."

"Why, how can that be? But how or where did he get acquainted so thoroughly with the profound problems which are agitating the world?"

"That is precisely where the special providence is functioning," replied Father Ramsay with much warmth, and moving his chair towards Father Newcome. "Had he been placed in a large, busy, crowded parish, where his time would be so completely occupied that he would have none left for

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study, or reading, or making acquaintance with the great questions which, as you say, are agitating the world just now, he might have passed them over without notice for want of time; but instead of having his time engrossed by ten thousand nothings which would fritter it away completely if he were in a crowded city parish, he has found here his real work in life, as I regard it. Had he been placed in a seminary or a university as mere college professor, he would in all probability have become a specialist in some 'ology or other, a hack, a slave, a humdrum teacher without zeal or novelty, a mere clog in the wheel of learning—our modern juggernaut —a mere piece in the vast machine. He would, perhaps, like so many others, feel that he owed it to his institution and his position to adopt the errors of the age, now become so popular. Here on the contrary he has had a narrower field of labor, but with a broader outlook and much leisure to use his fine intellectual gifts of so rare a nature. Nature has richly endowed him with extraordinary powers, and opportunity has been offered here for their fullest development."

"But what have been his opportunities? No lectures. No association with men of science. No scientific clubs. No means of acquaintance with things as they are. Why I have heard scientific men who did not even understand what the problems of the day really were. I have met with iconoclasts bent intently upon demolishing religion and all its idols, but who do not know where, if any place, there is a conflict between religion and modern knowledge."

"You are not very complimentary to us here in Toneton. But nevertheless Father Shairp has his Darwin by heart with all its strength and with all its weakness. He has made a special study of Renan with a view to refuting him. He believes — and rightly I think — that these are the two real sources of error at the present time, the fountain-heads of all the follies of the foolish world today — and he has mastered all their logic and all their fallacies."

"He is evidently a mastermind in logic," he replied with a strange look of remembrance on his countenance — of the incisiveness of his opponent's logic. "He could not, I believe, make a mistake in logic if he tried, so inflexibly does his mind turn to truth and truth's own tools and weapons."

"You should read his annotated analysis of Darwin. It is the most powerful piece of criticism I have ever read."

"He has read Darwin then?"

"Read him! He has read him and studied him and analyzed him and all with the skill of a master. It is no easy matter to grasp all the strong and all the weak points in a thesis which runs through a volume of 500 pages of material as dry-as-dustish as Darwin's facts and theories. The reader forgets and very often the writer — the bearing of the facts or the force — or lack of it — in connection with his argument. With Father Shairp the thread of thought is never broken. He pursues it unrelentingly through and through, never loses sight of the aim that is proximate or the aim that is remote, and he has completely demolished the whole, exposed every fallacy, and laid bare every weakness, while at the same time giving him credit for his strong points."

"Why does he not publish it?" asked the other with much interest.

"Publish it!" laughed Father Ramsay heartily, "who would read it if he did publish it? Who reads Darwin himself? Out of the thousand glib apostles who quote him, and swear by him, and abuse religion on account of him, and who go about preaching his doctrines, how many have read him through? How many of those who have read him have understood him? And who can blame them for not reading him? It is a long, weary, dreary road he makes us travel and we so often lose sight of the path because the end seems to be nowhere. We flounder along renewing our end which keep always receding. A veritable journey through the great Sahara of science!"

"That is very true," said Father Newcome, a trifle

nervously, "but why should not Father Shairp's analysis be interesting?"

"Father Shairp's analysis is not only masterly; it is exhaustively minute. It is a commentary which omits no weakness or passes over no strength. Often the analysis of one page of Darwin will cover many pages. If the world will not read Darwin how could it be expected to read a commentary on him, dealing with all his points and arguments, and much more voluminous."

"But the world does read Darwin," protested Father Newcome, though somewhat half-heartedly.

"The world talks Darwin but does not read him. A professional man here and there, a drudging student of nature, or so, condemns himself to the awful punishment, but for the masses of his followers not one in ten thousand has read a hundred pages of him. They read a chapter here. They glance at a summary there. They look at the concluding chapters, but very few go through the labor of studying him. They have not the power of sustained thought."

"How then has he so many disciples, if men have not read him? We read much about him in the magazines and reviews and the writers must assuredly know something about him. Have they not read him?"

"No, they have not read him. They have read the writings of popular writers who have read him — at least in part. The faith in Darwin is owing more to Huxley and Spencer than to Darwin. It is due to those popular writers who have been the apostles of Darwinism and it is those, Father Shairp thinks — and I think so too — should be answered. They have popularized doubt without knowing what doubt really is. As Cardinal Newman somewhere says, 'In all cases, what is often and unhesitatingly asserted, at length finds credit with the mass of mankind.' They have, by mere dint of crying out that Christianity is discredited, cast doubts upon religion. They have created the opinion in shallow minds that Chris-

tianity is somehow discredited, although they never go to the trouble of putting their finger on the spot where it has been discredited. If they allude to it, it is in a passing innuendo, in which they merely touch the point and at once glance off like a ball that grazes but never enters.''

Father Newcome winced very perceptibly during this harangue especially the latter part, as if it covered his own position.

''There is much truth in what you say,'' he admitted, ''and it might perhaps have been better had more people paused before taking what after all has proved to be only a leap in the dark — or had they at least taken pains to be sure of their reasons before assuming new positions.''

Father Ramsay perceived that he had made a point and was determined to drive it home.

''There has been a reason,'' he replied, ''for their undue haste. The propaganda made it a special point to harp continually on the intellectuality of the modern movement. Only the ignorant clung to the past; so they said. The march of intellect has long swept past. How was the nineteenth century to accept the follies of the first? they inquired. How put the new wine of science in the old bottles of Judaism? How could men, the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, stoop to feed on the husks of primitive knowledge — the crude notions of a thousand years ago? — the superstition of the dark ages — the crude credulities of Judaism? These were the arguments that appealed to the shallow and ignorant. The misknowledge of the age appealed to vanity, not to reason. Even Darwin himself, when the appeal to reason proved a failure, was fain to appeal to passion and stoop to the level of the very language which I have quoted. It is not Darwin or the reading of Darwin that is responsible for the unrest. No. He has never been read. If he were he would have fewer followers, as Father Shairp truly says. One so-called Catholic novelist utters a cry of warning to the church to beware, for

the 'Origin of Species' in a cheap edition has appeared on the news stands. Vain alarm! No sound mind will read Darwin and believe in his theories. No, Darwin has never been read. He has been merely referred to as the oracle which might be consulted for further information or for confirmation of theories; but no one takes the trouble to read him. The impression was created *ex proposito* that he had most damaging proof against religion and most convincing proof of modern theories; but somehow or other these proofs have never been brought forward. The multitude was panic-stricken and stampeded; but all this was accomplished through brag and bluster. And Father Shairp judges and judges rightly I think — that here is the real enemy — a voice without a body — that must be met. But no one would read an analysis of Darwin, except, perhaps a few savants.''

''But still I can not but think it would be an immense advantage to have such a work published.''

''Since no one reads Darwin, who would read a treatise on Darwin? That is Father Shairp's invariable reply; and I agree with him. But if you are anxious to read the commentary, some day or other I shall see that you have an opportunity of doing so.''

''But you live in a corner of the world here where there is no intellectual life or movement. You are never brought into contact with minds that are advanced in modern knowledge.''

Father Ramsay smiled. ''You seem to forget that although we do not live in the metropolis or in a great city, we are right in the heart of a university center and that our immediate university numbers its students by the thousand, while the professors are among the most noted and distinguished in the country. We know a little, too, of what is going on in the world, and — we rub up occasionally against intellectual people, as you call them. Besides, have we not the papers and magazines and books? and one finds in these,

nowadays, everything — except truth. And what we do not find in these we get on the lecture platform—always excepting truth.''

''Are the professors men of advanced thought?'' Father Newcome was not completely cured, evidently.

''Very,'' was the laconic reply.

''Have you many Darwinians among them?''

''All without exception are pronounced Darwinians — at least their language seems to indicate this. Their books, their speech, their course of studies, their whole view of life is ordered according to the theory.''

''Has Father Shairp met them or given them his views?''

''Oh! dear, yes. They understand him; they meet him; discuss the question with them. He talks with them, laughs with them, jokes with them, jollies them on the subject of their new-fangled theories.''

''Do they listen to him?'' he asked with interest.

''Assuredly; and there is not one of them that does not swear by him; but when he asks them why they continue to teach these strange foundationless doctrines they shrug their shoulders invariably, as much as to say, 'what would you have us do?' ''

''Meaning, I suppose, like the Areopagus to St. Paul that they will hear him at some other time.''

''No, no. Meaning rather, we quite agree with you; but should we introduce these antiquated views, we should be regarded as fossils behind the times, and thus lose our patronage — perhaps our jobs.''

''Well, well, I did not think there was so much to be said against Darwinism, and on our side of the subject.'' And the good man already began to take heart and to feel that he himself was sound and orthodox in his Christianity again.

Another ring of the telephone! This time it was Rose — summoning Dr. Pembroke and Father Ramsay without delay to the bedside of Mrs. Edwards. Her illness seemed to have

taken a new turn suddenly and without warning, and she was rapidly sinking.

The next mail brought Father Shairp from George a letter which threw some light on Father Newcome's religious position. "I am informed on undoubted authority," the letter read, "that Father Newcome is a High Church Anglican clergyman, and exceedingly advanced in his views. He admits the Papal Supremacy, claims that his Anglican orders are valid, and consequently claims that he is a true Catholic priest in communion with Rome; although he has never made his submission to it. He is in perfect good faith."

Father Shairp was deeply grieved and mortified when he read this. "It was a shame to treat a Protestant clergyman in such cruel fashion. I concluded from his language that he was a Catholic priest. That is why I did not spare him," said he somewhat ruefully to Dr. Pembroke.

"Would it not be just as cruel, if he had been a genuine Catholic priest?" the Doctor innocently inquired.

"Not at all; it would be the proper way. A Catholic priest who, with his knowledge, coquettes with these foolish theories, deserves to be flayed alive — metaphorically. We treat each other as brothers, you see — sons of a common mother, the church."

"Well you certainly did treat Father Newcome as one of the family," and the Doctor smiled a strange sort of a smile.

"Yes," replied Father Shairp, "and I believe it was one more of these cases where he would rather I hadn't."

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Scientists and Radium

THE effect upon George of the knowledge of the discovery of radium which was instantly communicated to him by his friends, was marvelous. His last vestige of confidence in the late Professor Huxley's judgment had been shaken to the very foundations, as we have seen. He could trust no man's judgment where his interests or theories were at stake: and least of all could he trust to scientific men. With all their gabble about fair play, about scientific methods, about verification, about certainty; with all their fine phrases and strong language about scientific truth and the scientific method applied to other subjects, about easy credulity and acceptance, without proof, on mere authority, he felt there was no realm of knowledge where practice contradicted theory, or where the very vices and defects which science so vehemently decried, were to be found in so great abundance as in the sciences themselves. "Why, it is all humbug from beginning to end," he said to himself; and his whole soul revolted with all the impetuosity of his strong and generous nature against the imposition and false pretensions. Where it was not flat, unfounded credulity, it was a simple begging of the question. Where it was not bold, broad, wanton, insolent bluff, it was a pleading for toleration. It was dishonesty — misrepresentation — subornation of fact, and cool, impudent assumption of intellectual superiority. "There are," he thought, "honest, superior men in the ranks of science; but they are not those whose voices are heard from the housetops. They make no clamor in the street. The

bruised reed they will not break, and the smoking flax they will not extinguish. They make no rout about their work. They have no pretensions; yet they are the real glory of our age — the real giants in science. They are men deserving of honor — the real benefactors of mankind."

"What a great, vast humbug is the world, anyhow," he thought, "and its pride and its lusts are buried in a day!"

By a singular coincidence, it was George's privilege, on the same day on which the discussion mentioned in the preceding chapter took place, to attend one more scientific meeting It was an Eclectic Scientists' Convention in which gentlemen from the various provinces of science met and exchanged views. Very interesting and very accurate was the knowledge discussed on this occasion. There were present scientists from all parts of the United States and a few of the more or less distinguished ones from England, France and Germany. There was hardly a phase of scientific thought that was not represented. The leading question was: What, in the light of our full, noon-day scientific knowledge, was the actual age of the earth — of life on the earth? With this was coupled, as far as the discussion would admit, a discussion of the duration of the sun and its heat. There was a variety of opinions on these points, and the debate at times waxed fierce and strenuous. But the pole star which guided the discussion throughout was: How long did Darwin require for his theory of the transmutation of species? And, to do the scientists justice, they were nowise niggard of the commodity which seemed to be their possession. They were willing to accomodate him to any required limit, regardless of any inhibition from such vulgar things as facts.

Professor Jones of Abingdon was chairman of the convention. In the course of his paper on biological science, its scope, its history, its discoveries, its requirements, its accuracy, its exactions with regard to time, etc., he made some most interesting statements of facts which there was no question-

ing. "The nebular hypothesis" he said, "was a fact — an unquestioned, if not an unquestionable fact." The coalescence of the vapors, the flame, the revolutions upon an axis, the extraordinary heat, the cooling, the hardening, — in a word, all the germane questions were brought into the debate.

He threw upon a screen some very interesting photographs of a nebula which he had observed in the constellation Taurus and said "We can see them forming there now. It is a stupendous thought. We can look on at new worlds in the making. We not only know that it is done, we not only know how it is done, but we can actually see the process in the act of performance with our own eyes aided by the tremendous power of a modern telescope. Just think of it, gentlemen! In ancient times vast amphitheatres were constructed, built for men to behold an interesting spectacle like the Lupercalia, the struggles of the wretched Christians with wild beasts in the Arena, the performances of the athletes, the races and so forth. Vast was the throng, wonderful the structure, but most wonderful of all was the spectacle. It has been so in our times, too. We have hippodromes and gardens in their vastness surpassing everything on which the ancients prided themselves, but what are they all compared with the auditorium of the entire earth, with the whole human race, the spectators? And what is the spectacle? The creation of a new world! We behold the cradle of new planets, the factory in which nature moulds and fashions them. We behold vast solid worlds with their rocks and mountain chains and metals of various descriptions as volatile as ether. We behold them in their incipiency when they are far more aqueous than water. far more gaseous than oxygen — we behold this solid earth when it is a mass of burning flame — gas whose heat is so intense that our planetary heat is as ice compared with it. We gaze upon it in its various stages of transformation, its gaseous particles, its phosphorescence, its coalescence, its brilliancy, its radiance, the adhesion of its particles — closing

up rapidly as the heat passes off, its solidification, the wonderful reduction of its dimensions as it is transmuted by the wonderful alchemy of nature's process from gaseous to liquid and from liquid to solid form — the entire cooling process, the mass of heat still clinging to the centre and then the formation of the outer crust gradually cooling, then the manifestations of life on its surface, the fungous growth, the burning molten mass within, the cooling crust of the exterior and then — life; — green fields, trees — plants — animals — all living things. Come, my fellow-scientists; come, my colleagues; come and see the beginnings and the progress and development of things — the wondrous loom of nature suspended aloft, out of which is woven the new heavens, the new earth, with the wonderful tapestry of green islands and blue seas, and mountain and lake and rolling river — come and see it all. It is mighty. It is wonderful. It is stupendous. It is overwhelming. It stupefies the mind of man to think of it. Who would ever have conceived that this could ever be discovered by man with his feeble instruments?''

There was a universal outburst of applause at the close, and the discussion commenced.

''You have no doubt about all this?'' said Professor Love, a renowned biologist.

''There is no room for doubt,'' blandly replied the Professor. ''We can see the worlds forming up there now.''

''How many millions of years do you suppose it requires for the gaseous nebula to assume solidity and then to become cool enough for the accomodation of life upon the spherical surface?''

''That is a question which it is impossible to answer with any degree of accuracy. The time for the condensation of the gaseous forms is something which we can not even conceive; and then we have to compute the remainder of the time from its condensation to its solidification into the Cambrian rock, for instance. We can form no estimate whatever

of the extent of time it took for the cooling process, first from the nebula to a form of condensation, then to solidification, then to geological formation. No, no; we can form no estimate whatever of the length of the cooling process."

"You are quite sure there must have been a cooling process?" asked George.

The professor opened his eyes wide in astonishment—much as an ancient abbot might have looked at a young miracle-worker of his monastery who began to express doubts about his belief in God.

"You do not, I hope, question the authority of La Place?" was the reply in as severe a tone as the impertinence demanded.

"I have been taught by recent knowledge to question *everything*, to take nothing on faith — and above all, to take nothing on the mere authority of great names."

"Professor Edwards has not abandoned the scientific faith, I hope?" he said in astonishment.

"Professor Edwards has learned by a severe lesson to believe nothing in science but what is proven. If not demonstrated it is not science. It is not fair to ask the world to call science what is merely guess-work. The entire modern science is nothing but a piece of patchwork of scientific guessing."

"This is somewhat strange."

"That, however, is not the question under consideration at present. The question is, how long has the world lasted? How long does it take from the time the process of condensation sets in until the globe becomes habitable? And then how long since that time; that is, since life first appeared on this earth?"

"That question is answered by computing how long it has taken for the earth to give out its heat — the length of the cooling process."

"Are you sure there has been a cooling process?"

"As sure of anything in science."

"And that it must have been long?"

"And that it must have been long."

"And why must it have been so long?"

"Because Darwin requires it."

"Very good," said George with a grunt that was quite audible throughout the spacious hall.

"At about how many years would you estimate it?" he added.

"The Darwinian theory requires according to its author an indefinite period of time. 306,000,000 years or over for the denudation of the wealds of Kent and many times that for the carrying out of the biological idea. The time required for the earth to cool to such an extent that life could endure upon its surface is incalculable — practically infinite; and then the time required from which it became cool enough for the development of life upon it through all that is known to us, is equally incalculable, hundreds and hundreds of millions of years."

"And all this is required for the cooling of the earth's surface?"

"Most certainly."

"But," and again came the question, "how do you know the earth had to cool?"

"You would not question the theory of La Place, would you?" was again the response.

"How sure are you that the nebular hypothesis is the true one?"

"Is it not the accepted theory of all science?"

"So was once the now abandoned corpuscular theory of light. Hence you see the acceptation of science does not constitute certainty."

"Well it is in the highest degree probable. Is not that sufficient?"

"Not at all. We are dealing with questions of science, not conjecture. Certainty alone will be accepted. We can

not accept any degree of probability — no matter how strong; it must be certainty. Among the fundamental truths of science there must be no confusion between what is certain and what is more or less probable.''

''But Darwinism requires this length of time,'' he protested somewhat petulantly.

''But you are exceedingly accommodating, are you not? to distort your scientific chronology to suit the theory of Darwin.''

''Yes, but Darwin seems to have struck the proper theory, the most probable one.''

''Then you admit that your own yields in probability to that of Darwin. In other words yours is an adjustable theory of chronological arrangement, developed on a sort of sliding scale to suit emergencies.''

''It is fairly certain that the earth is cooling and the sun is also cooling. A few thousand years more or less in the calculation does not alter the question materially.''

''But what if the earth is not cooling at all?''

The others laughed a scornful laugh.

''What is the proof that it is cooling?'' George insisted forcibly.

''Why as for proof since you are so exacting, there is none. It is an accepted theory equivalent to a certainty.''

''But what if it should prove to be false?''

''That is impossible. It is one of those questions which like Darwinism, for instance, can not be proved false.''

''Nevertheless it has been proved false within the past twenty-four hours.''

''What? Is there any new discovery?'' came from a dozen scientists at once, while all were excitedly interested. Professor Edwards was always sure to have reason for his statements.

''Gentlemen. Fellow scientists;'' said George impressively. ''Is it not about time that we put an end to the

dogmatism of science, and that we should put nothing forward to the world as science except what has been indisputably proven — what rests on an irrefragable basis? More credulity has been lavished on silly and unfounded scientific theories than has ever been squandered on all the superstitions of all the ages put together.''

''We do not want a sermon; we want to know on what grounds you presume to say that the theory of La Place, of Kant, of Goethe, of all the scientists that have lived since the days of La Place have been proven false,' 'called out Dr. Bumpus angrily.

''On the strongest of all grounds — grounds that are not at all debatable, the real ground on which all scientific teaching should rest and on no other — the ground of solid fact.''

''What new fad has Professor Edwards been discovering? He should not have kept it secret,'' said Professor Bumpus derisively, addressing the chairman instead of George.

George did not deign to notice the derision. ''Within the past ten days,'' he continued, ''there has been discovered a fact so far-reaching that it has distanced all former discoveries in physical science — a tremendous fact, an incontrovertible fact, a fact which upsets all the calculations of scientists for the past two centuries. The earth, the sun, are so far from being self-cooling — requiring millions of years for the process — that they are not self-cooling at all; on the contrary, they are self-heating, it seems. A new element — radium, as it has been called, has been discovered by that illustrious scientist — and by his no less illustrious wife — I mean Professor and Madame Curie, which from the standpoint of physical science, far transcends in importance everything that has yet been discovered. All that has been said on the subject of the earth's cooling, has been so much wasted breath — all that has been written, so much waste paper. All the scientific calculations that have been made with the assumption of a cooling earth as the basis are completely overturned;

they are absolutely worthless. All the hypotheses — and they are many — regarding the earth and its constitution and duration, and history, into which this theory has entered as a necessary factor must have revision. All the theories, all the claims on this basis have been nothing but the routings of a rabble, the mouthings of a mob. Let us hide our heads in shame. It is a terrible rebuke to our scientific pride and insolence. We have been domineering, intolerant, insolent, arrogant. In our overweening confidence we have been overbearing and falsely authoritative. We must now bow our heads in shame for our arrogant and foolish assumptions. But the lesson should not end here. It gives a salutary if awful lesson to all generations of speculative scientists. Science can never again be dogmatic in its theories. The discovery of radium has upset all the calculations of speculative science for the past two centuries. Let it be hoped that science will not forget the lesson. Never again should man — sane man with all his senses — undertake to dogmatize about any hypothesis, however plausible, since he can not be sure that a day will not come when a discovery, like that of radium, will upset all his calculations and bring shame on the dogmatists. When we reflect that it has entered into every calculation of speculative science for the past two hundred years, that the earth has been a molten mass cooling off gradually, and that the same was true of the sun; and when we further reflect that the discovery of this new substance disposes unquestionably of this notion forever, we see our folly — the folly of science. We had introduced it into our popular theories of geology, of astronomy, of physics. We had proclaimed it from the housetops. We had made it the one thing certain in science — or as good as certain — and we had ridiculed religion on account of it. Woe betide the man who dare question it. Ridicule, sarcasm, all the batteries of wit and scorn were turned on the unfortunate wight who

might have the hardihood to challenge it, for the doctrine had come to be regarded as fundamental.

"And now, how many theories about which we speak with equal confidence is science fondly cherishing? How many such have we? And on what surer foundation do they rest? How many are they? Every theory that is not proven. And yet we are just as arrogant about them today as we were yesterday about the cooling process. To-day there is a vast hole in the world of science. The doctrine itself must not only drop out of sight, but it has filled so large a place in the supposed substantiation of other doctrines, that, like Milton's archangel, it draws with it the third part of the scientific heavens. Our other theories may some day have their radium; or they may not; but it is well to give fact as fact and theory as theory without arrogance or dogmatism. Let us, gentlemen, be honest in the field of science, if we wish to enlarge the disc of truth. There is little more to be said. I, for one, abandon the field of speculative science forever. Its half-truths are not worth the labor. Truth is sweet when it is truth. But what is equal to the overwhelming mortification of having been discovered as the intolerant champion of demonstrated error? And our intolerance has been in inverse proportion to the falsity of the supposed truth."

There was much crowding around the platform. They all had heard of the discovery of radium. They all suspected more or less its far-reaching results; but they were not quite prepared for such an upsetting of a doctrine which they had regarded as impregnable, a veritable Gibraltar of science.

But George had, with one bound from the platform disappeared — and disappeared from the ranks of speculative science forever.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Cancer Hospital

JUST one year later as the new nurse at the Cancer Hospital was dressing the wounds of a patient whose cancerous bleeding sore was the source of much pain to the patient and much distress to the quiet, gentle and sweet-faced woman who so tenderly dressed the wound, a slight commotion in the hallway attracted the attention of the suffering victim.

"There, good nurse, there is a sufferer who will claim your attention and your sympathy more even than my wounds."

"How is that?" asked the nurse blushing violently; for her eye had caught a glimpse in passing of the patient's profile and there was no mistaking it.

"I know, for the reason that I got a glimpse of his face, and there is no mistaking the countenance of those who have the most malignant and painful kind; I have had experience with my own though it is only one; I can not be mistaken in the matter; and that poor man can have no less than ten; his whole body as well as his face seems to be afflicted. I noticed even his hand is being devoured by the cruel disease."

"May God give him the courage to sustain his sufferings patiently and console him in them. I fear he will have need of God's help to endure it all. The pain in its intensity is bad enough; but the nausea and disgust engendered—" but she bit her lip instantly as she remembered to whom she was speaking — a sufferer who would realize the truth of her remarks.

"We have to stand it. We can not get away from it if

we would. But how can you, so young, so sweet, so delicate, so beautiful, how can you stand it? How can you bury yourself here in this living grave, in this charnel house of suffering where the scoria and effluvia from our loathsome disease must stifle your nostrils all day long? Why do you stay—a lily on a dung hill? And yet, if you should decide not to stay it would be like taking the sun out of the heavens. I can imagine what would be the joy of the lost souls if an angel should pass through hell. How joyous would be the sufferers, since it brings such joy to us poor unfortunate sufferers here to look upon your sweet face, to say nothing of the sweet and kind words and angelic ministrations.'' And the poor fellow in the warmth of his gratitude took her hand and kissed it as devoutly as if she had been the Madonna.

''Hush! Edward,'' she cried hurridly. ''Please pardon me for the words I have uttered. I have been very thoughtless indeed. I believe I have wounded your feelings — the last thing a nurse should do; but I was thoughtless and distracted by the sight of the new patient who, as you say, seemed to be suffering such violent pain.''

''You could not wound if you tried. Your tongue could not wound any more than a rose leaf. I hope they will not take you away altogether from the care of me. I notice, however, that the worse the patient is, the surer you are to be called to attend him. That is why I have so much of your angel care and gentle ministrations because my pain is the greatest. I shall be madly jealous of that newcomer with all his suffering, if they will be so great as to absorb all your attention and take you away altogether from me. In fact I am beginning to get jealous of his many cancers already, and would gladly have mine increase in number so that I might have the blessed privilege of your watchful care and tender words.''

''I fear I shall be obliged to chide you if you talk naughty

language like that," said Rose laughing, though her heart was sad.

But just then there was a messenger to summon nurse Rose to come to number 17, where was installed the new patient.

There was no denying it; it was George — a mass of sores and ulcers from head to foot. They were no new development. He had simply borne up with heroic courage under them — never even letting his colleagues know of his condition.

From the moment that he had given up all hope and faith in speculative science, he, too, determined to still serve mankind like a doctor in the ranks of science. He could not teach man anything new about his origin, his destiny, his last end. He could not read the riddle of the universe for men, as he had so hopefully promised himself in days gone by. He could not throw any new light on man and his history. He had made the discovery all to late, that the doors from the side of science were all tightly closed and sealed against him. When he had fully realized this, he turned his mind to practical science and to that section of it in which he could be of use to his fellowman. The X Ray he regarded as one of the most wonderful as well as the most useful of modern discoveries. It was a scientific fact which no man or scientist could blink; and he believed there were vast possibilities in the fact which could be still further extended for the beenfit of suffering humanity. Many additional improvements had already been made, and he believed that further modifications and consequent applications might be made for the betterment of suffering men and women. He had been drawn to this study from the time that his faith in speculative science began to waver; and he embraced every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the operations of the scientific process. He at first hired an expert to give him private instructions; but it was only a matter of a few days when he could teach the

expert, whom he soon dismissed, and began experimentation on his own account.

He had got himself established as X Ray expert at the Hospital of Emergency. This gave him ample field for his genius, and in a short space of time he was able to register many improvements in the application of the instrument, which precluded all danger to the patient from its frequent use. By constant attention and experiment he had succeeded beyond all hope. Indeed, so expert had he become that one patient had been "X Rayed" as he called it, not less than three hundred times without suffering the slightest inconvenience from its use.

But, to become thus expert, he had been obliged to practice with this singular instrument, and it might safely be said that what he had saved his patients he had paid in suffering out of his own body. The result was that from the constant contact with the instrument and unceasing experimentation with cancerous and other diseases, he soon became a mass of cancerous sores painful and frightful to look upon. Like Faraday, he became the victim of his instruments and experiments. This condition, of course, did not manifest itself at once. The disease worked upon him gradually. The mental strain under which he labored for the past few months undermined his strength, and when the final act of his relations with his work was completed, he broke down instantly and completely. The cancerous poison had obtained a complete mastery of the whole man, his will alone excepted. It actually seemed as if the force of his will was able to set limits to the disease and to check its pace. But the disease soon reached a vital spot, and it was decided to take him to the hospital where a specialist was giving at least a little relief, if he was not curing the disease.

For many days, however, after he had left the scientific convention, in the dramatic manner related in a previous chapter his mind, still seemed to be weighing in the balance

the hopes and prospects of his future life. One of his first acts was to go Randall Street where the Carmelite church was located, and ask for the superior.

The next morning the little throng of daily communicants who crowded about the altar railing found amongst their number a young man of unwonted pallor, noble demeanor and unwonted piety. He seemed heedless of everything around him. So completely was he absorbed in his devotions, that it seemed as though lightning might have struck the church and levelled it to its foundations, without in the least perturbing him. A deep sigh escaped him as he knelt at the railing; but he was apparently as unconscious of the presence of others in the edifice as if he were stone blind and stone deaf. To him there evidently was in the vast edifice just the presence of God and himself alone. He lingered after the others had departed. And when his private devotions were ended, he moved, or rather seemed to drag his emaciated form to the stations of the cross. He used neither book nor set form of words. Indeed, his lips did not move at all, but he gazed earnestly at the sculptured figure of the suffering Christ, and the look of devotion on his face spoke of the ardor of the soul within and of a devotion which, perhaps, has been equalled in its intensity only by the devotion of the seraphic St. Francis.

His devotions finished, George was about to take his departure when a messenger boy walked up through the aisle, and handed him a telegraphic despatch, saying: "I have been to your office and to your room; but failed to find you. A Carmelite Father told me I might be able to find you in the church."

George made no reply but tore open the yellow envelope in an absent-minded sort of way. Telegrams were everyday occurrences with him in connection with his History. Still he marvelled in an absent sort of fashion that the district messenger should take the pains to hunt him up. These

things were a sort of substratum in his mind, and caused him to wonder vaguely. He was hardly looking at the envelope or its contents when suddenly the date and Toneton caught his eye. He now glanced eagerly at the message below. It read:

> "Your mother died suddenly at seven this morning. Everything awaits your arrival or instructions. Heartfelt sympathy.
>
> Archibald Pembroke."

George, who had been standing since the arrival of the messenger clutched at the back of the pew in front of him, to prevent himself from falling. The news was not unlooked for. Nevertheless, it made him dizzy. He sat, or rather sank back in the pew. A tide of sorrowful emotion swept over him. The old love for his sainted mother was yet down deep in his heart. He was glad he was in the church; for he felt that were he elsewhere nothing could have kept him from crying or shrieking aloud in his heartfelt anguish. His heart swelled and surged with emotion. He felt that it was no sacrilege to indulge it freely here in the sacred place in the presence of the Holy of Holies. Nay was not his grief an act of religious and sacred reverence. His mother was a saint; and he was simply going to commune with her.

Besides, he wanted to take an internal account with himself. There were yet two hours before the departure of his train and he had no preparations to make.

The solemn stillness of God's house was subduing. He sat in the pew and folded his arms and bowed his head and closed his eyes, while the mind began to work with all its native energy. He was alone in the world now. All whom he had loved had been driven from his side. His mother had departed from this earthly scene; those of them who had not departed were lost to him forever. God was his only friend now; and why should he not linger in His house and ponder

his grief even in the shadow of the sanctuary itself. Why not speak to Him of everything which interested him — temporal as well as eternal. The sands of his own life were running out fast. That life so full, so rich, so rare in its promise, its endowments, its advantages, its opportunities. And now it was all ending in this strange — this inglorious way. The promises of his youth; the glowing and effusive eagerness which filled his young heart; the blessings of friends and home and love and affection; the virgin love of his young fianceé — all the blessings of youth and life! And then the spectre of a false science had stalked across his path and brought a blighting curse upon everything. What was it but the old temptation of the serpent: Ye shall be as gods? And for this he had flung aside and poured out in waste, the richest and rarest wine of this wondrous vintage! He had not pursued the path of pleasure, or of dalliance, or of wealth, or of gaming, or of song, or of wassail; but the blight was there just the same — the blight of infidelity. Surely the madcap intellect was more terrible in its consequences than the madcap senses. Intellectual profligacy was even a greater curse than moral profligacy. Behold the desert it had made around him! His own heart a wilderness! His life a wreck! The sirens of the intellect were worse than the sirens of the senses. Here he was a prodigal sitting among his empty husks; a Job seated on an intellectual dunghill with scoriae and effluvia all around, scraping his intellectual sores with a broken potsherd. He was seated among the ruins of his intellectual Nineveh, amid the wreck and ruin of his intellectual, his social, his family hopes and ties and affections!

He was dazed, stunned, stupefied. Soon, however, the emotions of the heart came into play and routed the phantoms of the intellect. But they brought more agony. His mind went over the whole of his history, and his relations with her who had just been taken from him. And his heart smote him with self-hate as he recalled his ingratitude, which seemed

to him all the more criminal that it had been mere thoughtlessness and intellectual self-seeking. He had during the past few weeks been picturing to himself the joy he would bring to her when she learned of the return of her prodigal. That very day he had intended journeying to Toneton to be an eye witness to the joy which would be hers on learning the change. No other tongue must break the news to her. No cold pen and ink, or type-written document could be permitted to convey to her the precious information that her lost child had been restored, that the good shepherd had at last come up with the lost sheep, which is now being carried home in triumph on his shoulders. Great would be the rejoicing he had thought! No one could be permitted to break the joyful tidings but his own lips. And now. . . .!

He started up in dismay, when he realized that now it was impossible!

Reader, have you ever thought that you would have a confidential or heart to heart talk with a dear friend — and the pleasure that would come of it? And then all at once it dawned upon you that the ears into which you were to pour the story of joy or of grief are cold in death? Have you ever felt the frantic realization, that such things can never again possibly be; for your friend lies in the silent grave? It is this view of death that makes the death of friends most terrible to the living. The thought, that never again can they have the confidences of old, sometimes makes men frantic. When you are in trouble or difficulty, or when you have a joy which you wish to double or a sorrow which you wish to halve by communicating it to the friend who was always by your side — and then awake to the full realization that this can not be — that it can never again be — this is the real bitterness of death. This is the separation of death brought home to us as it can come in no other way. We feel as if in a prison and beat against our prison doors in vain. This is what came to George.

He now felt that he could never hear the words of forgiveness. He would never have the joy of a penitent confession of his wrong. But yesterday it was all so easy. Only a few hours on the train to Toneton and the joy and gladness of repentance and forgiveness! And now! Now it was impossible forever! The thought crushed him. The spirit within him was smitten by the reflection, as a green bough is smitten by the lightning blight. The walled tomb of death opposed an impenetrable barrier and his mother could never again — never while his life lasted — hear him pour out in her ears the story of his joys, his hopes, his fears and sorrows. And the thought sank like lead upon his spirits. It made him almost frantic. He could scarcely restrain the impetuous feeling that almost compelled him to roar and cry out despairingly to the whole world.

He knelt in prayer for a moment. He buried his head in his folded arms. The image of the crucifix above him seemed to have painted itself on the retinue of his imagination. He beheld the lacerated form upon the cross as if he had been one of the spectators on Calvary. His strong imagination brought the whole scene vividly before him. He saw the bowed head, the parched lips. And he heard the piercing cry of agony, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He beheld the head sink upon the breast and again that other cry that closed the last chapter of the sacred tragedy, "It is consummated." Yes; for him too it was over. The consummation had come. His mother had only gone before him into Galilee. He would soon follow. Farewell to glory, to fame, to intellect, to science! Farewell — a long farewell to all his hoped-for greatness! At last he summoned all his manly resolution and praying earnestly for heaven's assistance, he braced himself for the sad and trying ordeal before him at Toneton.

The funeral over, he placed everything in the hands of his cousin and Dr. Pembroke, and hastening back to the

University buried himself in his Roentgen work more deeply than ever.

But one year before Mrs. Edwards had been laid in the tomb in Goshen, as Father Ramsay had foretold, and now George was fast travelling to the vacant grave by her side.

. . . .

In a moment Rose was at the side of the new patient. Yes, there was no mistaking it. It was George Edwards. He had been brought thither at his own request. Naturally, however, from the nature of his disease, it was the proper hospital for him.

But he did not recognize Rose. Pain, suffering, grief, the mental strain to which he had been subjected for some time, had all told upon him, fearfully. Death, reaching out its icy hand soon to lay it upon his bosom, was rapidly approaching; but at present a burning fever was consuming his strength and his senses were locked in delirium.

During the thirty-six hours that followed, Rose never left his side not even for food. No other hand should have the sacred charge of caring for him. During the wanderings of his senses she frequently heard her own name mentioned in imploring accents that went to her heart. The sad story of his life was chromatically rehearsed by him in brief snatches — from his boyhood when he was with his mother — through his college days with Father Ramsay and Father Johnson — and later, through the tragedy of his apostasy and his disillusionment and undeception. But throughout it all, like a minor chord woven into a musical theme ever and anon, came Rose herself and Mrs. Edwards. She had never doubted the depth of his love for her. She now realized how much she had been a part of his existence.

The ordeal was for her a trying one; but she bore up heroically; and when she realized how her sacrifice had been accepted and how the stray sheep had been restored, she

sank on her knees in devout thankfulness to heaven for the part she had borne in his life, grateful that her holocaust had been so efficacious.

The end came peacefully. The mind cleared for a few brief moments, but he soon fell into a coma from which he never rallied.

. . . .

When his papers were examined, it was found that he had left all his property to Rose in trust for the institution to which she had attached herself.

On the broad table in his library was found a large chest carefully sealed. On opening it, it was found to contain all of "The History of the Inductive Sciences," to all appearances, carefully prepared and bound, typewritten manuscript, ready for the printer.

On opening the volumes one after another, it was discovered that he had taken the pains to draw a brush heavily dipped in printer's ink over each separate page of the neatly prepared manuscript. Page after page was turned. Volume after volume was examined. But every page, every line, every word had been carefully obliterated.

When the last volume was taken out for examination there came with and, attached to it, a large card in George's own handwriting in large characters and it read:

"No sponge is required to obliterate the history of the speculative sciences during the last fifty years. There has been no such history, for there has been no such science. Nothing but guesswork.

"But let him who will and can, if he wishes to chronicle a real glory, write "The History of the Industrial and Practical Sciences," during the same period; he will find that ten volumes are insufficient, and that the pages will blaze with glory. What the world wants most of all to learn, is to discriminate between the sciences."

Dr. Archibald Pembroke and his wife Edith Kingsley now occupy the stately Edwards' mansion in Toneton, and they never fail, once a week, no matter what the season or the weather, to visit two graves in Goshen. It is also said that no matter what the season or the weather, both graves are decorated continuously with columbine and heart's ease, and that it is the special duty of one man in the Edwards conservatory to raise these flowers and deck the graves.

The Modern Science Club still exists in Toneton, with Dr. Pembroke and his wife, Father Ramsay, and Father Shairp, still its most active members. For Father Shairp has been appointed pastor of the new parish which the rapid growth of Toneton has necessitated. There are those who say that the intelligence and skill with which it is conducted is not without its effect even upon the university. Whatever the cause, the university is the most sane of institutions of its class, and strange to say has not a single freak among its professors. It is said by those who have a right to know, that dread of Father Ramsay's quiet incisiveness and Father Shairp's biting comment has a most wholesome influence on the entire atmosphere. Even Lady Gushington hesitates before accepting all the conclusions of Science.

Many — some hundred, indeed — miles distant, a magnificent hospital, called however, "The Home," — and if you inquire more particularly, you will be told, "The Edwards Home" — houses comfortably and cares for sedulously some hundreds of victims of cancer, while a sweet-faced gentle woman, still young, but with traces of sorrow on her features which the spirituality of her face can not wholly hide, lights up the faces of the sufferers as she makes the daily rounds of rooms and wards. Some of the patients will even tell you that they have at times beheld what they have termed a heavenly light upon her face, and that the same light shining in her eyes has dazzled them so that they were forced to turn aside for the moment. Be that as it may, certain it is, that

the light and sunshine of her gentle smile beguiles many a sufferer for the while of his pain, which is entirely forgotten during the moments of her ministrations. The teachers of modern altruism in its various forms might perhaps profit by a visit to The Home.

THE END

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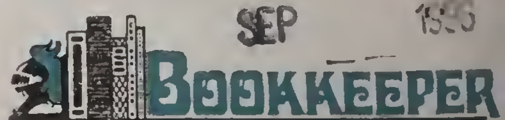

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